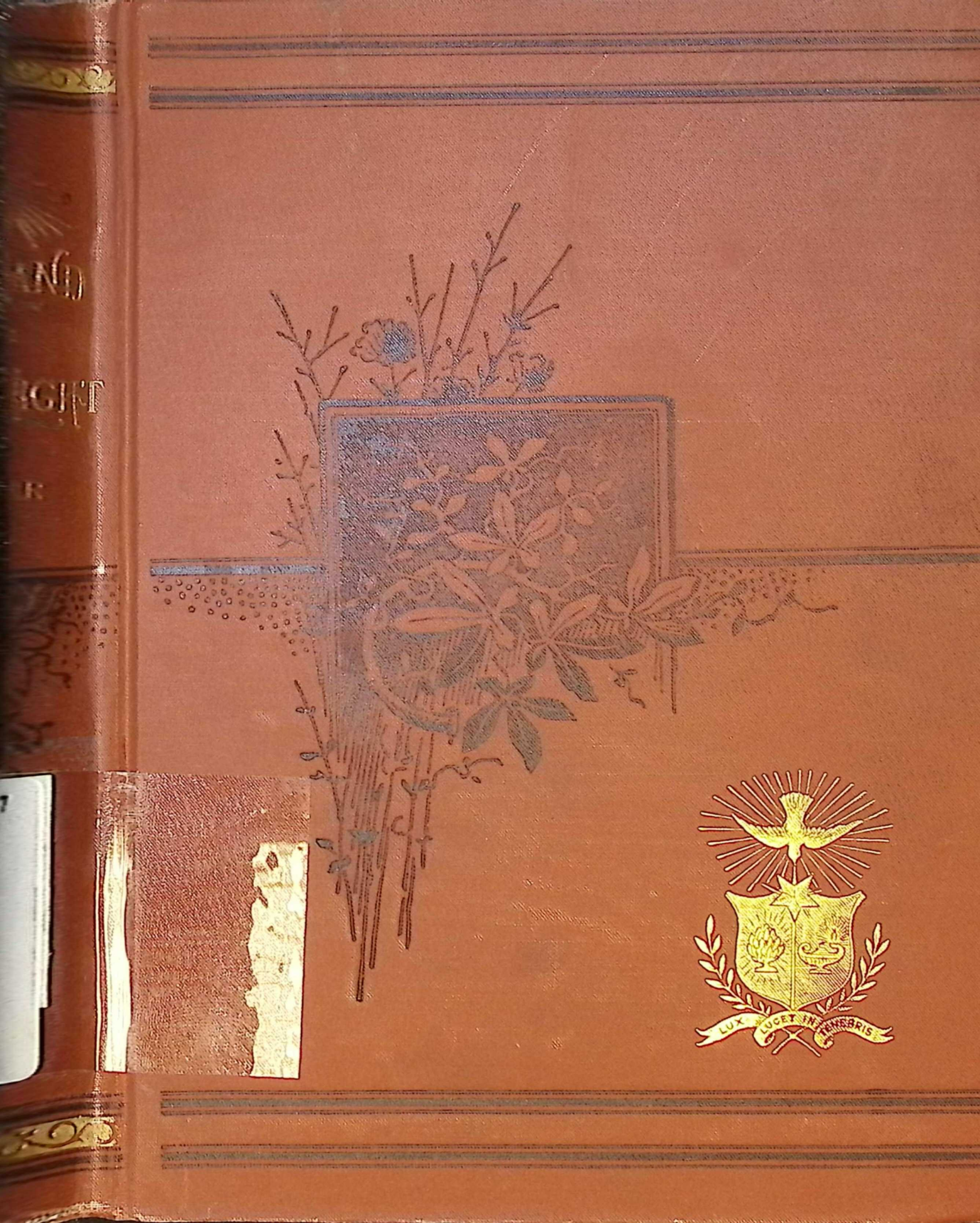
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THE HOLY LAND.

1 Baalbek.
2 Mt. Lebanon.
3 Mt. Hermon.
4 Damascus.
6 Sidon.
7 R. Leontes
8 Tyre.
9 Dan.
11 L. Phiala.
12 Bethsaida.
13 Capernaum.
14 Chorazin.
16 Cana.
17 Nazareth.
18 Mt. Tabor.
19 Mt. Gilboa.
21 Esdraelon.
23 Accho.
23 Mt. Carmel.
24 Mt. Ebal.
26 Samaria.
27 Cesarea.
28 Joppa.
29 Ramleh.
31 Jerusalem.
32 Bethlehem.
33 Hauran.
34 Mt. Gilead.
36 Mt. Nebo.
37 R. Jordan.
38 Jericho.
39 Dead Sea.

THE

LAND OF HOLY LIGHT:

A Book of Travel

THROUGH BIBLE COUNTRIES.

BY

ROBERT POLLOK KERR, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "PRESBYTERIANISM FOR THE PEOPLE," "THE PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF PRESBYTERIANISM," "THE VOICE OF GOD IN HISTORY," AND "HYMNS OF THE AGES."

RICHMOND, VA.:
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.
1891.

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1891.

PRINTED BY
WHITTET & SHEPPERSON,
RICHMOND, VA.

ELECTROTYPED BY
L. LEWIS,
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TO HIS WIFE,

Mrs. Ellen Webb Kerr,

AS A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE

TO NOBLE CHARACTER, TRUE WORTH, AND INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN HIS LIFE-WORK,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

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PREFACE.

EVERY book must have a preface, and the preface is usually the author's apology for writing the book. In case of a book on Bible lands there would seem to be eminent fitness in its having an apologetic preface, for there are volumes innumerable, attractive and profitable to read, on these most interesting portions of the earth. Shall there be no end of books on Palestine and Egypt? No; not so long as new generations continue to arise desiring to see and hear of things classic and sacred from their own standpoint. The traveller will always see what he looks for, and what his generation look for; and his generation, if their traveller be true to them, will read his writings upon the oldest subjects.

The present traveller, while journeying through the region of the origins of Christianity, saw and felt something he has not met with in other writings on the same subject. He did not always see objects just as others have done; not his fault, for he had only his own eyes to see with. Some in reading his book may say, "Well, we have been over the same ground, and

FLO Mr. and Mrs. John S. Munce

did not see these wonderful things." No, they did not, but he did; and it is nobody's fault if where they found a stone he beheld an angel, or if where they trod upon a dust-heap he walked among the glorious realities of history.

The writer has, by the journey herein described, acquired something, in fact and feeling, upon the most sacred of all themes, and brought it home with him; and if by the means of these pages he can communicate it to others, helping them to knowledge, to duty, and to worship, he will be happy and thank God.

The warmest thanks are due the accomplished scholar and the writer's honored friend, the Rev. W. A. Campbell, D. D., for his valuable criticism of this and other works from the same hand, before their publication, as well as for his painstaking assistance in getting them through the press; and to Messrs. Whittet and Shepperson, and their assistants, for faithful and most satisfactory work in producing in handsome form this volume, and two others which have preceded it, and for the uniform courtesy and kindness which have characterized all their dealings with

THE AUTHOR.

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THE LAND OF HOLY LIGHT.

Blessed country, home of Jesus,
O thou Land of Holy Light,
Lit with flame of sacred story,
Gleaming through the world's dark night,
Throw upon our life's deep shadows,
Beams to cheer our onward way;
In the time of doubt and sorrow,
Point us to the cloudless day.

Show us him who is the brightness
Of thy long enduring fame,
Him who gave thy hills the glory
Of his own immortal name;
Let us see the shining presence
Which, in luminous attire,
Prophets and apostles worshipped
On the mount of heavenly fire.

Land of sacred brook and river,
Holy hill and solemn sea,
May thy very dust and ruins
Tell us, while we think of thee,
Wondrous tales of love and blessing,
That our souls may not repine;
How were healed the sick and sorrowing,
By the lonely Man divine!

Show us now in holiest visions,
Him who wept and prayed and died,
In the garden, on the mountain,—
Show us Christ, the Crucified;
Lead us to him in the morning
Clad in resurrection might;
Bring us near our glorious Saviour
O thou Land of Holy Light.

The Land of Holy Light.

CHAPTER I.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

"ALL ashore who are going ashore!" the sounding of the gong, and the loud shrieking of the whistle on the *City of Rome,* indicate that the giant steamer is about to turn her back upon America, and her face towards the stormy sea. There is a rush of porters aboard, with baggage and steamer chairs, a running up and down of nervous people, seeking to assure themselves by actual sight of their trunks and bags that nothing will be left; a dashing down the gangway of those who are afraid of being carried off, in their haste plunging like rockets into the crowd waiting on the pier; hurried "good-byes," "God bless you," a few sobs, kisses and embraces, the dragging of chains, rattling boatswain's whistles, and the gentle throbbing of the screw, all making manifest that we are off. The last picture on the mind is of a black mass of people at the head of the pier, waving their handkerchiefs to us as we sail away.

Who are on board? A burly English Baptist mis-

sionary, Rev. W. G. White, going home from Japan, after ten years, to rest in his native land. Big-headed, big hearted, broad-shouldered, he belongs to the church militant. We got a good gospel sermon out of him on Sunday, at a solemn service in the saloon. A gentle, brave Presbyterian missionary, Rev. W. L. Whipple and his wife, are going back to Persia, with four young recruits, and seem impatient for their Christ-like work. Mingling in the crowd is a sporting man, getting up bets on what run the steamer will make in competition with the *Aurania*, which is our rival ship, and which sailed simultaneously with us for Liverpool. Here go some Colorado ranchers—an Englishman who has taken on all distinctive American peculiarities, and his companion, an American who has become altogether English. Among the rest are some decent people Palestine-wards bent. May they have a prosperous time and learn much.

The ship is a remarkably steady one, and seems not to be given to such dissipated habits as do sometimes disgust good people who travel on less sober vessels. She burns three thousand tons of coal in crossing from New York to Liverpool; and as the distance is three thousand miles, it requires a ton per mile to drive this monster over the deep. She is five hundred and sixty feet long, remarkably comfortable, and well provisioned—probably as good a ship as sails the sea. Let us join the promenaders on the long wide deck. Come,

Brother Whipple, let us walk and talk about Persia. Did you say it is still just what it was in the days of Daniel? Yes, the East is *semper idem*, from age to age. The people eat, sleep, sing, weep, marry, live, die, just about as in the days of holy story. Christianity is the newest thing in Persia, but is getting a good hold. A Doctor Holmes (physician) was appointed medical attendant to the oldest son of the Shah, a few years ago. The crown prince loved him because, as he said, he was the only man in his dominions who would not lie, and took him into the highest favor. The royal patron begged Doctor Holmes to become a Mohammedan, saying that was all he needed to make him perfect, and offered him knighthood and four wives if he would accept the faith of Islam. The proposal was declined with thanks.

Mr. Whipple says a female traveller and correspondent visited his home some time ago, and in honor of the European guest his wife brought out a handsome silver service, which had been given her by friends on a visit to America, that they might properly entertain their guest. The guest returned the kindness by writing for European and American papers a picturesque and sensational account of the luxurious life of missionaries. She forgot, however, to state that they lived in a mud house, and only received $1,200 per year for the support of the whole family; that they were five thousand miles from home, among heathen,

and, at the cost of the greatest self-denial, preaching to dying men the gospel of Christ.

As I came on board a letter was placed in my hands from a nun in a convent of New York, addressing me as "Reverend Father," and "your reverence," beseeching me to take an interest in a little seven-year-old girl in the steerage, who had been spirited away to America from her people in London, and which "Little Flower" Sister A.—— was very anxious to save for the Holy Roman Church. The little creature told me the story of her being carried first to New York and then to San Francisco, and now back to London by order of a British court. The good "sister" had seen my name somewhere, as one of the passengers per steamer *City of Rome*, and imagining that I was a faithful son of the church, out of the kindness of her heart added this postscript to her letter: "Wishing your Reverence a pleasant journey." Her pious wish was fulfilled, for excepting two or three hours of fog off the banks of Newfoundland and a stiff gale of twenty-four hours, our journey was remarkably fine. By the way, this passage was made just before, during, and after the equinox. What will the believers in equinoctial storms do with this fact? Perhaps they had better accept the declaration of a Scotch sailor on board to whom I mentioned the subject, and who said, "Ach! the equinox is all imagination and humbug!"

THE SULTAN, ABDUL HAMID.

CHAPTER II.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE GATE OF THE ORIENT.

FROM Vienna to Constantinople we came down on the "Oriental Express," a train composed entirely of "*Wagons de lit*," or sleeping cars, a dining coach, and one *luggage van*. The time is forty hours, and the accommodations most delightful. The sleepers of the "International Sleeping Car Company" are divided into state-rooms, some for two, and others for four passengers. A hall runs the whole length of the car on one side. To say that they are as good as Pullmans, is to pay the highest compliment. After our forty hours' ride we were not in the least fatigued.

The Turkish custom-house was the scene of a close scrutiny of baggage—in some cases the inspectors going so far as to open letters and read them, to see if they contained anything dangerous.

The weather was absolutely cloudless after we came to the East, until the fifth day, when a gentle and needed rain began to fall. Under an azure sky, we took a boat, the day after our arrival, and crossed over to Scutari, the Asiatic quarter of the city, situated in Asia, to see and hear the howling dervishes. They were found, after threading our way through the nar-

rowest, filthiest streets, among donkeys and dogs innumerable in a neglected little wooden building, just beginning their monotonous service. The dervishes encircled the lower end of the room, while at the upper end stood the priest before a shrine, on which hung a few swords and some curious-looking objects, which I could not make out in the dim light. The whole order of exercises consisted of singing in a kind of monotonous nasal whine, while the performers, about a dozen in all, swayed their bodies to the right, left, and forward as they stood. The swaying and whining became more and more animated as it proceeded, and a few bystanders entered to kneel in the centre of the sacred circle. Among the rest was a negro as black as a coal, an officer in the Turkish army, who outdid all the rest in his mighty gymnastics and singing, which was a loud squeal, varied by a hoggish grunt almost like a roar, whenever he had completed the circle of movements and began over again. A little smooth-faced boy, with a blue dress and green turban, now danced into the ring and spun around like a top in the most marvellous fashion, his skirts standing out nearly horizontally, for twenty-seven minutes. We looked for his head to drop off or for him to fall in a swoon. But he was used to it, being under training for the order of dervishes.

As the squealing and grunting and roaring grew louder after a full hour, and the interest was culminat-

ing into an ecstasy, the performers, wet through their clothes with abundant perspiration, went in turn to the priest, prostrated themselves, face downward upon the floor, and remained thus for him to stand on their backs, and punch and grind them under his feet. This is the crisis, and from the debasement thus effected they rise and depart. *Islam*, the name most used for Mohammedanism, means absolute submission and humiliation, and here we have seen it illustrated.

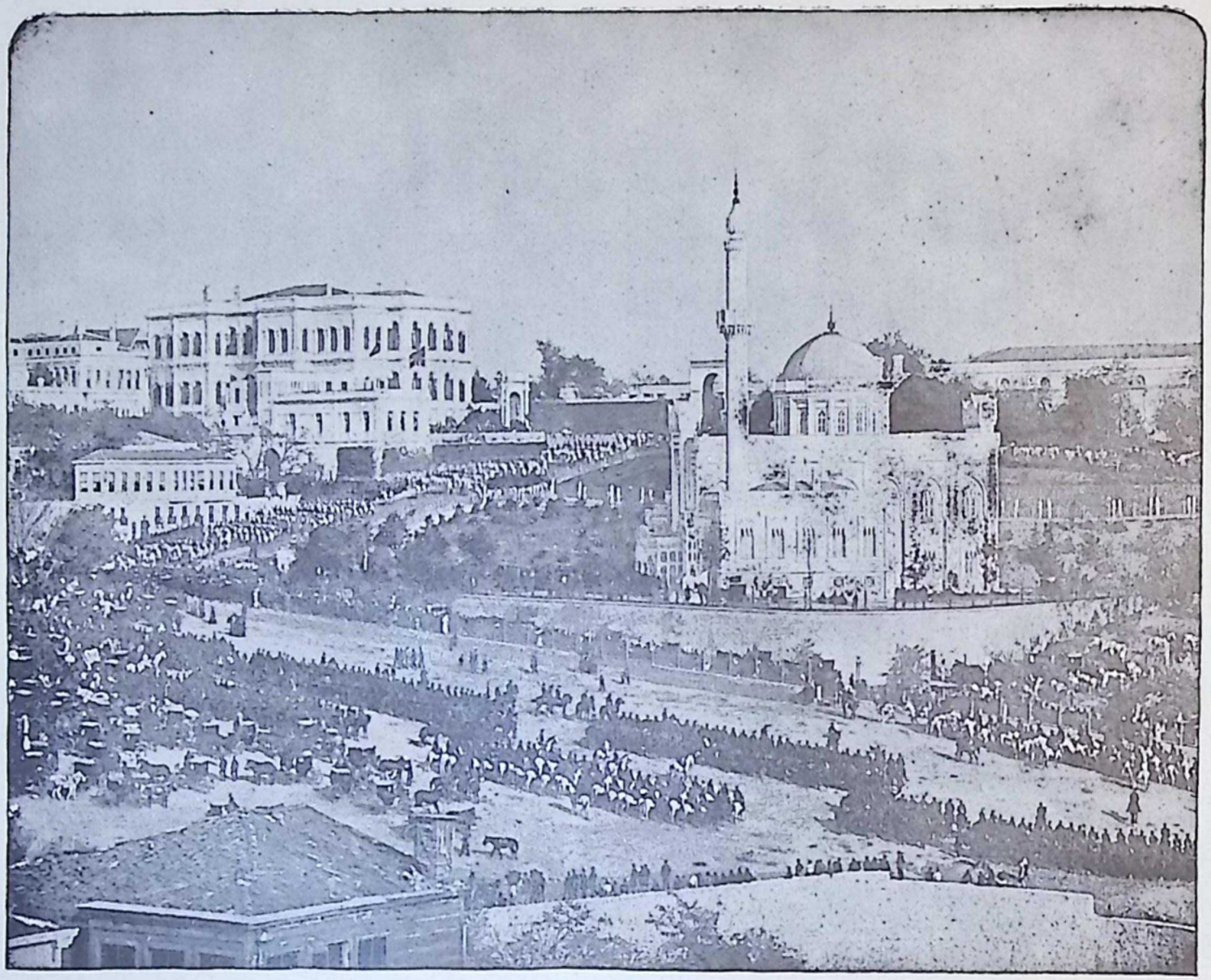
The dancing dervishes we also saw. The scene is very like the one just described, differing in this, that the performers all spun around like tops, their white skirts flowing outward in a horizontal position, while a choir in the loft sang an insane chant, to the accompaniment of a drum and a flageolet. This is kept up an hour and a half, the faces of the performers being turned upward and their hands and arms extended towards heaven, while the perspiration sprinkles the floor. It has been for generations the custom of these dervishes to cut themselves with knives when they reach the ecstatic state at the close of the service, but by order of the Sultan they are forbidden to do it now oftener than once per year.

Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, and the Sultan goes to the imperial mosque for worship at the hour of twelve. By the courtesy of the American ambassador we had places in the royal pavilion as

guests of the Sultan, to see the monarch and his court enter the mosque. It was the most magnificent demonstration I have ever seen. Hard by where we stood were the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenberg, in the window of one of the palaces. Before us stood the magnificent mosque, as white as if quarried from the eternal snow of Mont Blanc. Thousands of spectators lined the streets and squares, covered the roofs of houses, and crowded every foot of standing room. Several regiments of well-mounted cavalry galloped down from the city, taking their positions south of the mosque. Next came the Turkish Zouaves, with flaming trousers and blue turbans, and guarded the front; the east and west being covered by the rank and file of the imperial guard. Fully ten thousand troops encircled the sacred edifice, and regiments of soldiers lined the streets all the way to the palace. Bands played in various positions in turn, and the multitude waited full of expectation.

At last a bugle-blast announced the advent of the despot of the East. His carriage, drawn by superb horses, was preceded by a procession of distinguished officers of the state and army on foot. The Sultan bows and touches his brow to the multitude, and to us in the pavilion, while all stand silent until the soldiers give a regulation cheer.

The Sultan enters the mosque, while from the minaret above a muezzin calls to prayer. After worship



THE SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOFLE.

the Sultan drives himself home behind a pair of magnificent white horses, and the pageant is over.

Thus does barbaric tyranny impress itself upon the ignorant multitude and declare its greatness. But it is of no use. The vast structure of the empire is crumbling; the city, beautiful from the Bosphorus, or from an eminence at the head of the Golden Horn, is falling into decay; the houses in the Turkish quarter are rotting and reeking with filth, while the people are lazy and degraded. "The land mourneth for the wickedness of those who dwell therein."

We took an excursion by steamboat up the Bosphorus to the point where it enters the Black Sea. This is one of the finest water trips on earth. Sailing out of the Golden Horn, we turn our backs upon the enchanting groves of Seraglio Point, where stand the old palace and harem of the Sultan, glancing at the dome and minarets of St. Sophia, in Stamboul, and thread our way among countless steamers and sailing craft past Galata into the great artery, the Bosphorus, which connects the waters of the Mediterranean and Black seas. On our right Scutari rises beautiful from the water's edge, until it reaches the tall cypresses which crown the hill, indicating the great cemetery, two miles long and packed with tombs, running away down to Florence Nightingale's great hospital at the gate of Marmora. Before us lie on the left the palaces of the Sultan, along the water's edge. It is a scene of tran-

scendent beauty, as the eye wanders along the embroidered shores, which are resplendent with marble domes and minarets.

As we sail forward we pass the celebrated Robert College, an institution founded and supported by Americans, and doing a vast work in bringing the benighted of these countries to Christ. Within a short distance stand the ruins of a great stone fort built by Mohammed II., at the point from which, after having crossed the Bosphorus, he descended upon Constantinople.

The residences of the Russian, German, and English ambassadors occupy fine positions at the water side, and dispatch boats of these several nationalities are anchored hard by.

But behold the Black Sea! Here it lies, with great steamers setting out for eastern ports. How fine the broad expanse of liquid sapphire! We linger awhile, thrilled with the marvellous beauty of the scene, and then turn back to seek again the Golden Horn. As we make the port, the sun is setting behind the minarets of Stamboul, and pouring a wealth of crimson light afar over land and sea.

CHAPTER III.

ATHENS.

WE have this moment come from a most delightful interview with the celebrated Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, who unearthed ancient Troy, Mycenæ, Sparta, and so many other interesting places in the realm of ancient history and romance. Entering his superb mansion, which stands among olives, oranges and roses, we found ourselves in the basement, which is the portion of the building where he has the treasures of thousands of years arranged with scientific precision. In a hundred cases were lying the implements, religious, scientific, artistic, agricultural and martial, of races long passed away, which, though trifles in themselves, tell as no other history can, the story of the life of an extinct civilization.

While walking among these marvellous treasures, we observed an aged man passing about the different rooms. A few words with him revealed the fact that the square-built old gentleman with the stooped shoulders and dome forehead was no other than the distinguished archæologist himself. He showed us all his collections with evident satisfaction and extreme courtesy, explaining everything and telling us of his great

delight in the discovery of what has become so famous in recent times. After he had completed the round of his immense collections, we were invited into his parlor, dining hall and reception room. The floors were composed of the finest mosaic work, the walls covered with paintings in the highest style of art, and with diplomas and honors of many kinds, conferred by nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. His study was peculiarly interesting, not only for the fact that it was Dr. Schliemann's, and for the rare objects collected there, but also for the view obtained from the Doctor's window. In the building of his house, he arranged to have his study lighted by a very large double window, looking out on the Acropolis, which is surmounted by the imperial ruin of the Parthenon. Here, in full view of what stands for more of the glory of history and legend than any other pile of crumbling stone, the great philosopher of the past sits to labor, and whenever he raises his eye from his toil it is confronted by those magnificent pillars, which stand out boldly against the solid blue of the clear Grecian sky.

With the simplicity of true greatness our distinguished host answered all our questions, not seeming to condescend in doing so, and when we told him we were Americans, he hastened to say that though he was a Prussian by birth, he had the honor to be an American citizen. He asked us if we had ever heard of the "Queen of America." On being told that we

had not, he related the history of a little incident which occurred in his presence on board a Mediterranean steamer. A Greek priest asked a fellow passenger, a lady, if she belonged to the Orthodox Church. She acknowledged that she did, and the priest congratulated her upon her faith. But, she said, "I belong to the Orthodox Protestant Church, and I am from America." The priest then, with more subtilty than honesty or sense, replied, "Well I am sorry you do not belong to the Orthodox Church, but you must be baptized at once as a member; and I have to tell you that the Queen of America has just been baptized in the holy orthodox faith." "Where is America?" asked the lady. But the priest was ready for her, and responded, "America is a little to the east of here, just beyond the city of Jerusalem!"

"Come to the window," said Dr. Schliemann, after the conclusion of his little recital, "and see the face of Mr. Gladstone, on the profile of the south side of the hill of the Acropolis. And sure enough, outlined against the sky, there it was, as correct a likeness as could be desired. He required us to subscribe our names in his visitors' book, and bade us good-bye, while we wished him the honor and the happiness which his character and great labors deserve.

If any one imagines that the intellect, the culture and the nobleness of the Athenians are altogether in the past, let him but visit this one of the handsomest

cities of Europe; let him stand on the Acropolis, and sweep with his eye the splendid scene which lies before him from the Hymettus mountains to the Piræus and the sea. There is no city which has such a wealth of marble decoration—the public buildings are of the handsomest character, the museums, the university and the palace are all superb structures of their kind. The most attractive of all is the academy, which is entirely of marble, costing over two millions of dollars, and was the gift to the city of one man. The lecture hall of the academy is as transcendently beautiful a chamber as can be found on earth. Everything in it is of the finest marble, even the benches being of that snowy stone furnished so plentifully by the quarries of Greece. Such a city could be built only by people of culture and refinement. The noble city of the past is making remarkable strides toward the realization of her former self. Hail! august Athena, thou mother of art, of history, of philosophy: the Roman, the barbarian, and the Turk have ravished thee; the world has wept over thy sorrows, but millions wait to help thee to thine ancient greatness! All thou needest is strong courage, faith, and the hand of Christ.

We have listened with great interest to the discussions concerning Greek aspirations for regaining former territory. Just now a national election is on hand. Mr. Tricoupis and the party in power are for peace, and patiently waiting until a favorable time for aggres-

sion; but the other party are for an immediate attempt to regain Candia and Macedonia. One night, in front of our hotel, in the public square, a great crowd assembled for hearing a campaign speech. Before the evening closed there was a collision between the parties, in which a number of shots were fired, and, as we learned, three men were killed. However unwise this procedure may be, one cannot help sympathizing with these people who have been so cursed by Turkish cruelty. But what have the Turks touched that they have not blighted? Ah! there is a God of justice in heaven, and it is impossible not to believe that the Turks shall some day be driven back to Asia, whence they came.

In walking to-day through the ancient cemetery, which antedates the Christian era, and looking at the inscriptions and carvings, which would have been effaced long ago but for the fact that they have been covered up during two thousand years, and are just now being brought again to the light of day, I was struck by the most common and singularly beautiful bas-reliefs on the tombs, the most of which were based on one idea. Cut in marble, are figures representing the departed friend girded for a long journey, clasping the hands of his sorrowing loved ones for a final farewell. In some cases it is the father, in others the mother, a son, a daughter, or a friend who is going. One exquisitely-carved group impressed me more than all: a lovely woman was going away upon the long

voyage, and stepping into Charon's boat, while a group of friends stood weeping upon the shore. She was handing them what seemed to be a small casket containing the last treasure of precious memories. The world was much the same then as now, and it is no new thing for human ties to be sundered by death nor for hearts to break and eyes to weep bitter, salt tears. But there was one fine thought prevalent above it all. In the whole of this great gallery of sorrow the idea of real death was not apparent; it was not death, but going away—the long journey. It was the record, in chiselled marble, of the triumph, even without revelation, of the soul over death and annihilation, refusing to consider the appalling mystery of silence and decay as the end of existence, but rather as the emigration of man's better part to the life of a far-off land. This is the finest thing in the history of civilization without the gospel; but these sweet hopes and reasonings are like the pale processions of the aurora borealis in the wintry sky at night. The words, the life, the death, the resurrection of the Son of God, make visible to faith the eternal city whither our loved ones who leave us go, and death is shown in fact to be what the refined Greeks dreamed it, that final going away of which St. Paul spoke when he said, "The time of my departure is at hand."

We were delightfully entertained by Rev. Dr. Kalopothakes and his family. He is a member of the

Evangelical Church of Greece, which was for many years a mission supported by the Southern Presbyterian Church of the United States, but now an independent, self-supporting body. The work under the care of this faithful laborer is doing very well. The church at Athens is filled every Sunday, and additions are made from time to time. The Doctor certainly dwells in a classic spot, for just in front of his residence and church stand the glorious ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. He has completed a pretty new church at the Piræus, and is establishing a congregation at Patras. The work among the Greeks in Greece is no longer a mission from America, but an independent, self-supporting church.

It is very interesting to see pure Christianity getting a hold upon Athens and Greece after so many centuries of superstition. It was an inspiration to stand on Mars Hill, at the base of the Acropolis, and think of St. Paul standing there eighteen hundred years ago, to boldly lay down the simple gospel of Christ for comparison with the classic and time-honored religion of the most cultured people of that day. He was not ashamed nor afraid, and the glorious sequel shows he had no reason to be.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE ÆGEAN SEA.

WE had come down from Constantinople to Athens, a thirty-six hours' sail, passing in sight of the plains of Troy, gliding over smooth waters, than which no ocean could be more calm or beautiful. Had spent some days in the classic capital of Greece, and now embarked again, this time in an Egyptian vessel, to cross over to Smyrna. Twelve hours' steaming brought us into the magnificent harbor of the metropolis of Asia Minor.

After the usual delay with the quarantine officers, and the confusion incident to getting ashore in small boats, we are pleasantly housed in an hotel overlooking the bay. It is, next to Naples, the finest combination of land and water on the shores of the great mid-sea. A great number of vessels are moored in sight, flying the flags of all the eastern nations. Camels walk slowly along the quay, and lazy Turks sit in the shade here and there, smoking their nargilehs. We should have enjoyed more thoroughly these glimpses of oriental life if the mosquitoes had not peppered us in such a distressing manner. They were a not too pleasant reminder of some portions of our own country.

We are told, however, that the mosquitoes are not the worst pests of Smyrna. Smyrna, which is fairly prosperous for an oriental city, is infested with thieves and outlaws from all the shores of Asia; and we are warned by missionaries and others, on no account to wander unattended away from the street which fronts on the bay. Some Europeans who had disregarded such advice had been, a short time before, knocked down in the suburbs and robbed of their valuables. Not having come abroad so much for adventure as for learning, we determined to do as we were told, and go no where without our guides. It is pretty hard on the Turkish government, but the opinion of the writer, after extensive travel in the Ottoman empire, is that human life and property are no where safe, without a guard, under the sway of the star and crescent.

The next day after our arrival being Sunday, we attended and participated in the English services at the Seaman's Bethel on the quay. It was very pleasant to sit with these good Christians so far away from home; to sing, pray, and hear God's Word, in that quiet place of worship. During our stay, we went down on a special train to ancient Ephesus. The road is good, the cars first rate, and we sped through the vineyards and olive, orange and fig orchards at the speed of forty miles per hour. When we arrive at the station nearest our destination, we descend from the train and mount small horses and donkeys, for the ride about the ruins.

The saddles and bridles are of every fashion and degree of decay, but the beasts are so gentle and our feet, when mounted, so near the ground, we have no fears of accident, and set out in some style for an afternoon of archæological research. After one or two attempts at galloping, we give up all thoughts of equestrian feats, and settle down to a slow gait. The distance is not great—only about five miles going and coming—and, after all, it is not best to rush through historic scenes.

In the time of the Apostles, Ephesus was the greatest city of Asia-Minor, and the fame of its magnificence extended throughout the world. It possessed a great commerce, and the wealth of the shores of the Mediterranean was brought to its port. An artificial harbor was built in the very heart of the city, where vessels could lie at rest, for loading and unloading. The theatre mentioned in the history of St. Paul's trials there is still to be seen, though in a ruined state, and shows its vast dimensions. It was capable of accommodating 25,000 spectators. Here it was the great multitude assembled when their fanaticism was stirred by the address of Demetrius, crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Of the temple erected to this goddess, which was, when in its prime, one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," there is no part left above ground. Explorations, conducted under the direction of the British government, have unearthed the founda-

tions and ruins of this mighty structure, and measurements have been made which show it to have been 239 feet broad, and 418 feet in length. It was found during these investigations that three temples had stood upon this site. One of them was burnt on Alexander the Great's natal day. It was replaced by a structure which was two hundred and twenty years in building. This was the temple whose dimensions were so vast, and which was awarded a place among the world's wonders.

The ruins of Ephesus cover a vast area, including, among other interesting spots, the alleged site of the tomb of St. John. Eusebius declares that this apostle spent the closing years of his life in this metropolis of Asia, and that during that time he wrote his Gospel. Here Apollos first preached (Acts xviii. 24–28), and here the Ecumenical Council met (A. D. 431), which stated the doctrine of the true nature of Christ's person, against the heresy of Nestorius. The church of Ephesus enjoyed the distinction of being founded by St. Paul, and of having an Epistle addressed to it by this great apostle. His first visit here was on his return from his second missionary tour, in company with Priscilla and Aquila. On his second visit, he sojourned in Ephesus three years. (Acts xx. 31.)

In this city he was subjected to many trials, and we read that "after the manner of men" he "fought with beasts at Ephesus." The foremost of the "seven

churches" of Asia was the one in Ephesus, and to it was addressed the first of the Epistles sent from heaven to those congregations which had enjoyed such exalted privileges and yet so sadly fell. (Rev. ii. 1–7).

No better illustration of the instability of human grandeur could be desired than that which is afforded by the present desolation of this mighty city of ancient times. Its site is little better than a wilderness, a home for wild beasts, and the tenants of its ruined magnificence are thieves and robbers.

The eye wanders down towards the site of Miletus, which is the ocean suburb of old Ephesus, the most interesting thing in the history of which was the pathetic scene of the Apostle Paul's last interview with the Ephesian elders, whom he had sent for that he might admonish them as to their duties in caring for the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them bishops. In melancholy attractiveness it would be difficult for anything to surpass the parting between him and them on the shore, after his final exhortation, when "they all wept sore and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words he spake that they should see his face no more."

We were filled with deep thoughtfulness as, after nightfall, we returned on our especial train to Smyrna, feeling that this had been the most profitable day of our travels, so far, among the scenes of Bible history.

When our ship raised anchor to sail away again in

the blue Ægean, we gazed back intently upon the panorama of Smyrna, rising up on its amphitheatre of hills, and were shown a tall cypress tree far up in the distance towards the south, which marks the alleged site of the martyrdom of Polycarp. This holy man was born in the first century, early enough it is thought for him to have known the apostles. It is related that when he was brought, in his old age, before the Proconsul of Smyrna, the Roman magnate was greatly touched at the venerable appearance of the prisoner, and abjured him to renounce his faith in Christ. He responded calmly, in presence of the multitude: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?" "Let me remain as I am," he said, when the executioners were about to bind him at the stake, "He who has enabled me to brave the fire will strengthen me to endure its fierceness."

Looking out over the beautiful Ægean, in the soft light of evening, we see the mountainous island of Lesbos to the north of our course. It is very fertile; and it is easy to discover, though we are several miles distant, that there are thrifty vineyards and orchards in its valleys, with here and there a bright little village by the shore, or perched half way up a mountain side. The ruins of Mitylene, the ancient capital, are still to be seen, and we are disappointed that we cannot go ashore to visit the place where St. Paul landed the day

before he stopped at Miletus, on his way from Greece to Jerusalem. (Acts xx. 14.) Steaming out into the most classic of all seas, in the mellow light of a sunset which is as beautiful on the glassy water as in the purple sky, we discover the dim outlines of high islands scattered here and there in fine disorder. Every one of them has its legend, or its romance, in ancient story. We are now sailing through the very heart of the domain of classic poetry. As our ship turns its head to the south, we make straight towards the isle of Chios. A star is kindling its silver lamp above its pale outline, and we remember that this is the island which laid perhaps the best claim to being the birthplace of the Father of Poetry.

> "A living Homer begged his bread;
> Five nations claimed a Homer dead;"

but there was not much to be said in favor of any of them, except Symrna and Chios, with the weight of evidence decidedly in favor of the latter. If there is a place on earth which seems to possess every element of natural beauty fitting it to be the cradle of poetry, this is the one. The sea, the sky, the enchanting islands on either hand, are of such a character as to kindle the tenderest feeling and the highest flights of the imagination.

It hardly seems right to go below, and give ourselves up to sleep, even at eleven o'clock, while we are gliding through such vistas, the places of which we have

dreamed all our lives; but human nature demands rest. However, we are comforted by knowing that we shall see at dawn a more classic island than even Chios, and one far more nearly related to the poetry of the soul.

The first lustre of morning was discernible in the pale east, when we came on deck to look for Patmos. Sure enough it was plainly visible over our starboard bow, on the west—a high rocky head lifted above the waves. On the topmost point of the small isle, a white convent, named for St. John, of course, with a shining cross above it, indicated this as the home of the eagle of revelation, before, its wonderful flight on earth completed, it spread its wings and soared away to heaven. On these severe headlands God vouchsafed his last interview with man. John's banishment was the culminating privilege of him who was "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and whose own love brought him nearest to the Master's heart.

It is interesting to note that even the Holy Ghost, who is the author of all harmony of nature, of life, and of thought, in communicating divine truth to men, gave it a figurative clothing not out of keeping with the scene in which it was revealed. The Book of Revelation is preëminently the book of the Bible most affiliated to the sea. The book of Job reminds one of the desert; the Pentateuch of Moses, of the solemn grandeur of the mountains of Sinai; but the Apocalypse carries all through it the imagery of the deep. This is

the book in which we read of the "sea of glass mingled with fire;" "the voice of many waters;" and that "the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea, and it became as the blood of a dead man; and every living soul died in the sea." John says, "And I stood upon the sand of the sea." But there is one passage in which the highest heights of sublimity are reached: "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire; and he had in his right hand a little book open; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth; and cried with a loud voice as when a lion roareth; and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices. And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write: and I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not. And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea, and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth and the things that therein are, and the sea and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."

If there is a passage of writing, human or divine, containing more grandeur of description than this majestic vision, it would be hard to find it. What a glo-

rious book is the Apocalypse, or Revelation of St. John, giving an account of the end of time, and of endless eternity! How fitting a close for the inspired volume! It is said that Homer *made* Alexander the Great, though the poet lived long before the day of the great soldier; but Alexander passionately read the Iliad and Odyssey, carried it with him on his campaigns, and in his battle tent slept with it under his pillow. That may be true, but this certainly is: that the Bible, begun by Moses and finished by John, has inspired the faith, hope and love of millions. The sailor, the pilgrim, the soldier, the scholar, the philosopher, the peasant and the king, have carried it in their hands in toil and rest, and when they died have desired no softer pillow than its heavenly revelations.

Towards noon we discovered in the northeastern horizon the towering heights of the Taurus mountains, marble white in their mantles of snow. This splendid view kept in sight all the way to Rhodes, which we reached about 4 P. M. The sea being so entirely at rest, it was altogether safe and comfortable to go ashore in small row boats, after the ship had dropped her anchor. We were surrounded on the quay by the usual throng of beggars, and clamorous guides, who raised such a riot about us that it became necessary for us to have a guard to keep them at bay while we walked about the place inspecting the bazaars, the little Jewish synagogue, and the ruins of the buildings.

erected during the crusading period, by the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John. The Masons of our party found great food for thought among the associations which these crumbling structures possess in connection with their historic order.

Another one of the seven wonders of the ancient world had its location here—the famous Colossus, under the legs of which, as it bestrode the harbor's entrance, it was falsely stated the commerce of Rhodes used to come and go during the period of Greek glory. No trace of it is left, but the most colossal thing about the place is the utter degradation and misery of the inhabitants. We only obtained peace by lifting anchor and sailing away, for not only were the streets made impassable by beggars and sellers of various wares, but these persistent tradesmen covered the deck of our ship, offering walking canes, olive-wood work, and sea-shell trinkets, at prices declared to be unparalleled for lowness, and turned the quiet scene of our meditations and studies into the bewildering whirl of an oriental bazaar.

If any person on board had doubted the comparative superiority of Anglo-Saxon civilization to that produced under Turkish rule, he was compelled to change his mind when, the next day, we steamed into the harbor of Larnica, the principal port of the British island of Cyprus. Only a few years ago this plantation was acquired by the Queen of England, Empress of India, but during the short period of English possession the

whole character of the place has changed. A fine iron pier runs out into the harbor, on which is drawn back and forth from vessel to vessel a movable steam derrick for handling freight. A handsome new stone custom-house ornaments the quay, and, best of all, there is not a beggar in sight. We walked about the streets of this goodly old town with as much quietness and comfort as one could find in Dieppe or Southampton, looking at the people plying the industries of life in order and contentment. A stable government and the Bible will reconstruct any barbarous community in time. Red coats were marching down the street to the tap of the drum, and the British flag was floating as composedly from its pole as if it had been in Cyprus for generations.

We visited a Greek Catholic church built centuries ago over the reputed site of the tomb of Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead. The tradition is that the good man of Bethany was obliged, together with thousands of other Christians, to take refuge in Cyprus during the persecutions that arose after the ascension of our Lord. A wreath of olive leaves and flowers was lying on the modest tomb in the crypt below the high altar, from which we plucked a withering rosebud, and made our way back towards the ship.

Speaking of Mohammedan rule reminds the writer to say that among our ship's company down from Smyrna were a Turkish colonel and his three wives, at-

tended by a half-grown Ethiopian eunuch. The ladies were decidedly modest and gentle in their manners, but were watched incessantly by this black minion. The master—one could hardly call him husband—wore as brutal a countenance as I ever beheld, and the ugly cowhide which he carried about in his hand every day during the voyage indicated that he was accustomed to enforce obedience to his sovereign will. The Turkish ladies seemed disposed to look at our people, and were evidently pleased to see some types of Western civilization. But when the knight of the cowhide observed that they were regarding us, one of them particularly gazing out of two of the saddest eyes I ever beheld, he ordered them off the deck, and forthwith they were led below by the Ethiopian, while his lordship lit his nargileh and enjoyed a quiet smoke. If I could not lay that stout whip across the fat shoulders of this Turk, I can at least have the satisfaction of writing him down a brute with my pen. Women of the Christian world, you should thank God every day that you were not born under the crescent, but under the cross!

When we retired at a late hour, it was with the assurance that in the early morning we should see the Holy Land.

Mr. Jacob Hishmeh.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST GLIMPSES.

THE first whisper of dawn was coming over the crests of the Lebanon mountains, as we made our way up on deck, to catch the earliest glimpse of the Land of Holy Light. The lamp at the mast head was faintly glimmering, and no one was visible except the motionless watch in the forecastle, and the officer on duty who paced up and down the captain's bridge. There was no wind, and the surface of the long rollers over which the ship was treading was smooth enough to throw glancing reflections of the stars and waning moon from their undulating curves. The day star was flashing above the dark peak of Jebel Sannîn, its pale light seeming to prophesy its own extinguishment, and to say, in prospect of another greater orb which we could not see behind the east, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

The mountains looked black and awe-inspiring, with the glow of dawn behind them, and seemed about to overwhelm the city of Beirut, which hovered at their base along the rim of the shore. A few early lamps blinked from the windows of distant houses, and the light on the headland shot its sharp arrows far over the

sea. The news of approaching land soon pervaded the vessel, and the deck began to fill up with hastily-dressed passengers as we strode onward. Exclamations of delight at the beauty of the scene could be heard in many languages, and not without reason, for we were, indeed, about to drop anchor in one of the most magnificent bays in the world.

The sun had not shown himself when we descried setting out from the shore a great flock of boats rowed by strong oarsmen, coming towards the ship to transport the passengers and their luggage to the custom-house. In only one Mediterranean port do I remember vessels landing alongside a pier. The harbors are poor along the Syrian coast, and the ships can only come within half a mile or so of the land, while everything must be carried back and forth in small boats manned by the celebrated Syrian oarsmen. Sometimes, when the sea is rough, it is not a little dangerous either to embark or debark, and in stormy weather ships are obliged to go by without even landing the mails. As the fleet of small craft, perhaps fifty or seventy-five in number, came darting towards us in eager competition, we were surprised all of a sudden to have our ship abruptly stop, back her screw, and steam away from them all towards the sea. The boatmen seemed disappointed and puzzled, and so were we, while for an hour or more our ship dodged up and down the bay, followed by her pursuers, but always eluding them and

keeping at a good hundred yards distance. It finally transpired that the officers of the ship were waiting to ascertain definitely from the sanitary authorities of Beirut whether or not the city was "clean"—that is, whether the cholera, which was raging in a number of towns along the coast, had reached that point. If the place were not "clean," the ship would become "unclean" as soon as the first boat touched it from the shore, and it could not thereafter be admitted to any "clean" port of the Mediterranean until it had served out its time in quarantine. The admirable quarantine regulations of the East are rigidly enforced, and this is, perhaps, the only reason why the cities, nearly all filthy, are not often invaded by epidemics.

After a long period of suspense, the proper certificate was sent from the land, and we were rejoiced to hear that Beirut and all the country through which we expected to travel were clean, though the dread plague was raging seventy-five miles north of Baalbec. Just behind the surgeon of the port came the crowd of impatient boats, and in an incredibly short space of time the deck was covered with a clamorous crowd of dragomen and hotel runners, pressing their claims and extolling their own merits, or the merits of those whom they represented, in most absurd French and English, almost at the top of their voices. It was evident that this horde had survived from the time of the Babel builders, and their speech afforded abundant proof

that the time was not near at hand when mankind would all unite in the use of one universal tongue. Their pertinacity and impudence would have done credit to any of the enterprising peoples of the West. A traveller would hardly have been more badly treated in an American railway station. The hotel runners made savage attacks on any pieces of luggage which happened to be on deck, and even ransacked the state-rooms below, bearing valises and rugs aloft on their heads as they emerged from the gangways, to the consternation of the passengers, who saw their effects so unceremoniously handled. Credit must be done these fellows by saying that they did not seem to have any thievish intentions, and nothing was stolen. It was only an enterprising business spirit, which was determined to carry off as many victims as possible. Having been warned beforehand, I had gathered all my effects out of my room, and made a heap of them in one corner of the deck before the ship came to anchor, and when the marauders came aboard I stood guard over my goods. Presuming that I was an important personage from the number of my pieces, several of these brave knights attacked me at once. I kept them at bay for some time, telling them that my arrangements were already made with an hotel; but at length, when my back was partly turned, one of them made off with my large valise. I recognized it being carried overboard, and made pursuit just in time to save it

from being deposited in the bottom of one of the boats. While I was after this fellow another one took up all the balance of my baggage and was gravely walking away with it. By this time I began to warm up a little, and may not have been any too gentle in snatching my property from the spoiler. Having gotten all together again, I drew out of my shawl-strap a stout walking-stick that I had purchased in Constantinople to defend myself from the famous dogs of that metropolis, and, brandishing it in a warlike manner, gave notice to the crowd that I was a dangerous character, and they had better keep at a safe distance. At last a messenger from the hotel where I had previously engaged lodgings came to my relief, and I was glad to follow him down the stairs which led over the ship's side to a boat. The little vessel was rising and falling on the ground swell of the sea, and it required some care to get into it; but watching an opportunity when a wave lifted it up near the foot of the steps, I jumped at the right moment, and alighted safe in the midst of a pile of valises and rugs. The row to the shore occupied but a short time, and when we arrived we found ourselves on a stone pier under a broiling sun, with no shelter of any kind, and standing in dust two inches deep, to have our baggage examined by the customs officers.

If any reader of these lines has been tried in schools of patience, and gotten his diploma of graduation, let

him avoid the *Douane*, or custom-house of Beirut. For after having gone through with many of the heavy trials of human experience, it would be disappointing to lose his character over a few small pieces of baggage. The chances are ten to one that any modern Job would show his temper here. He could stand it to be ordered peremptorily to open his parcels, as if the examiner had just caught him stealing something, while the poor traveller quite overawed and taken at once with a vague impression that after all perhaps he was a thief; but he had better mend his hold on his feelings, when the Turk unceremoniously runs his hand down to the bottom of his treasures, and finding some suspicious object in the depths, grasps it; and in bringing it to light, empties the whole stock in trade in the dirt, only to discover that he has fished up a box of Mason's blacking! It does not cool the victim's wrath much, while he is gathering up his handkerchiefs, collars and tooth-brush, and dusting them off, to have the dazzling official pounce upon his Baedeker's guide book, an old paper-back novel, and his Bible, and pronounce them contraband. By a true instinct the Turks have found out that the worst enemy of the Ottoman empire is books, and so all such dangerous commodities are confiscated, or kept for the traveller until having completed his visit to the land of the Crescent and Star, he humbly begs for them on embarking again for Europe. Some friends of mine met with just

this experience on the quay at Beirut, but having been forewarned, I took all my books out of my baggage and put them into my coat tail pockets, and the pockets of my heavy overcoat, which latter garment, intended for the cold heights of Lebanon, I found it convenient to wear through the ordeal of the Turkish customs, though the mercury was up in the nineties. The officials would have given the books back to their owners, if some silver pieces had been slipped into their hands; but as that was not done, they carried them away to headquarters, and they were only recovered the next evening through the agency of the American consul, and then on the bestowment of liberal "*backsheesh*," or gifts.

We were met at the landing place by our dragoman or camp chief, who had been engaged for us some time before. He proved to be a very good-looking man, a Syrian and native of Nazareth. His name was Mr. Jacob Hishmeh. A thorough Christian, he reflected credit upon the English mission in Nazareth, which had been the means of his conversion, and under the influence of which he had been educated. He wore the costume of the country, his long coat being of blue worsted material bound about his waist with a pink sash, while his head gear consisted of a red fez, and light purple scarf wound several times around the middle of his head above the ears and on his brow. Mounted on his good steed, which was also well ca-

parisoned and hung all around with fringe and tassels, Mr. Hishmeh made an imposing figure at the head of our column on the desert or mountain side. We found him thoroughly competent, courteous, brave and honest, almost an ideal dragoman or conductor of Palestine parties.

But the most important person whom we met in the crowd on the quay at Beirut was Mr. Rolla Floyd. This walking encyclopedia of history and legend in the Holy Land is the traveler's best friend in Palestine. He is an American, and his business is that of tourist contractor for the Orient. Any one may safely entrust himself in Mr. Floyd's hands. He knows the land inch by inch; thoroughly understands the people of the country, knows how to manage them, always recognizes a good man when he sees him, whatever may be his race, and is withal a person of profound piety and knowledge of the Scriptures. Having been in this business for many years, he is master of the situation, and has all the apparatus of travel, from a splendid Egyptian tent to an English saddle and bridle. It is no small undertaking to manage for a party of fifteen, which was, including the conductor, the number of ours; and to provide them all the means of safe and comfortable living on mountain, desert and plain. Mr. Floyd can do this, and in such a proficient manner as to mark him a genius in his chosen work.

Having had correspondence with Mr. Floyd before leaving America, I was glad to grasp his hand, and look into his broad, honest face.

As soon as we all got through with the customs, we were whirled away in carriages to the New Hotel, a handsome and remarkably comfortable hostelry within fifty feet of the waves of the sea, which made pleasant music on the rocks below. In that thoroughly business-like way which is characteristic of Mr. Floyd's operations, we were told that as soon as we had identified our baggage and found our rooms, he would expect us down in the street in front of the hotel, to settle the very important question of what horses we were to ride through Syria and Palestine. We found a large number of Syrian steeds assembled before the portal, and the whole party at once resolved itself into a committee on live stock. It was not difficult to get suited, for the horses were generally good, and though small were fairly well gaited and very hardy. Being busy getting the ladies and older members of the party provided for, the best horses were all taken before my turn came, and an ill-mannered beast named Mohammed fell to my lot. He proved to be a very hard riding steed, his walk being too slow to keep up with the rest, and the trot by which he was accustomed to catch up being distressing in the extreme. I will anticipate sufficiently to say that two days of "bodily exercise which profited little," on the creature's back

were all I could stand, and Mr Hishmeh, with characteristic unselfishness gave me his own gallant horse, Massoud, securing from a peasant another for himself, and that on this noble animal I took the entire journey through Palestine and Syria.

An elegant dinner awaited us in the hotel, the most salient feature of which was the bountiful supply of luscious Syrian grapes. The first business of the evening was to go among the bazaars and supply ourselves with whatever was lacking of our outfit, each one purchasing such things as he would need during the long ride just before us. A pair of spurs, leather leggins, a rubber coat, a large sheet of oil-cloth to tie about the body, covering saddle and lower limbs, to keep off the rain; a cork or canvas hat, a pair of leather gloves, and a pair of saddle-bags, were among the articles purchased for the journey. A few medicines, such as quinine, essence of ginger, salts, brandy, paregoric, laudanum, and subnitrate of bismuth, were laid in for sickness. To ride through the Holy Land, one should carry both summer and winter clothes, and must be able to adapt his clothing to constant changes of temperature without dismounting from his horse, there are such differences between the morning and midday, between the air of the valley and the mountain top. The best underwear is flannel, and the traveller must always have his overcoat at hand, though he will find a thin grey alpaca coat very desirable for the heat of the day.

All our preparations completed, we retired for the night, full of pleasant anticipations of the beginning of horseback and camp life on the morrow, and fell asleep, lulled by the sweet monotony of the waves breaking on the rocky shore.

CHAPTER VI.

UP THE LEBANONS.

"I pray thee let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."—DEUT. iii. 25.

THESE words are part of a prayer by Moses, the man of God: "I pray thee let me go over." He was then on the east side of Jordan; he longed to cross it, and walk up and down the hills and valleys of the promised land; but amongst other things, he desired to see that goodly mountain of Lebanon. It is rather comforting to know that this prayer was not answered for Moses, not answered literally. There never was a real prayer that God failed to answer; but God does not answer our petitions just as we expect. We know that from experience. Moses never passed beyond Jordan, and never saw the goodly mountain of Lebanon. Did God answer his prayer? Yes; he answered it by taking him across another river, to a better land, and into the higher mountains of eternal rest. And so, very often, God translates the language of our petitions into our greater needs, conforming them to his nobler purposes, and instead of granting us the mere request we offer, bestows upon us a blessing with a wider comprehensiveness. And, in some cases, when we ask a temporal gift, he bestows the correlative in that which is eternal.

Early on a morning in the beginning of November, our party of fourteen friends, with a conductor, thirty servants and sixty horses and mules, might have been seen in the dim twilight of dawn winding through the streets of Beirut. The city was still; here and there a light glimmered in an upper window, where a laborer who had risen early was eating his morning meal; or where, perhaps, some one was keeping lonely vigil by a sick couch. In the bay blinked the lights of the vessels, and on the point of land which terminates the geography of the city on the sea side, the light-house was wearily flashing its signal to sailors out on the deep. As we passed out into the suburbs of the town, we could see clearly the outlines of the mountains up against the grey sky. The road led among mulberry orchards, kept for silk worms; among pomegranates, rich and ruddy, hanging from the trees, and oranges spread by tens of thousands over the groves, while here and there a palm reared aloft its plumy crest. Our path led through that fertile plain that lies at the foot of Lebanon. Our course was onward, and yet we often looked backward. As we ascended the Lebanons, and looked back on Beirut, the city grew more beautiful, with its buff-colored houses and red roofs, set off against the blue of the Mediterranean beyond. The sea began to wake up with the day, its trembling water reflecting the sunrise. We thought much of that great body of water that has been called the "Mid Sea which moans

with memories," as we looked upon it; that sea which has borne upon its bosom so many of the noblest of mankind; so much of the world's poetry and romance, and so much of its might and power. We might almost say that the Mediterranean and its shores have given to the world its history, its laws, its philosophy, and its civilization, and that it is the mighty mother-sea of all ages.

Below us lies Beirut, a city of about eighty thousand people, of all races and creeds, the Christians growing in numbers constantly by accretions from Europe and America, as well as accessions from the Mohammedans. On that point of land projecting out into the sea stands one of the best buildings in the place, called The American College. It is a light that lightens the Gentiles. There noble men have labored and are laboring for the physical good of the people, and for their spiritual welfare. There are physicians and ministers, two classes of professional men who should always work together. Here are men who teach the Syrians and others the love of Christ, by first healing their diseases, striving to redeem their lives from destruction, and then crowning them with loving kindnesses and tender mercies which are born in heaven. Such men are Dr. Post, Dr. Jessup, Dr. Eddy, Eli Smith, and old Simeon Calhoun, names that are pass-words for Christianity in the Orient, standing forth as some of God's best nobility. They say that old Simeon Calhoun, who gave

his life for the instruction of young men, in the mountains of Lebanon first, and afterwards in Beirut, was trusted by all the people; that when the Maronites and the Druses carried on bitter conflict, both sides came and placed their treasures in old Simeon Calhoun's cottage, that he might keep them until the war was over. He came to America on a visit, which he thought would be his last, to see his old friends. All the time he was here, he was impatient to get back to Asia, longing for the lonely hills, for his humble pupils, and their plain and simple life. His friends besought him to remain in America and be buried amongst his own people, but he said: "There are two cedars in Lebanon just wide enough apart for me to lie between them; there is my place; I have marked it." But God willed otherwise; for, before the time came to return, old Simeon Calhoun passed away, and was laid to rest in his native land. Volumes could be written about the missionaries in Syria; how they are the traveller's friends, and how, in their humble abodes, the wayfarer can always find a bed, comfort, and safety; how they are laboring among the people, not in the expectation of some great, sudden revolution, but by that patient, painstaking work which should characterize Christian efforts everywhere are building for the future; building in the lives of young men and young women, and preparing from the people themselves those who will save the people. If Syria is ever saved, the Syrians will have

to do it; if China is redeemed, the Chinese must be the preachers. The wise missionary gathers around himself some boys and girls, brings them close to Christ, waits until they are grown, and then the work goes on, best, perhaps, after he has passed away.

As we ascended this acclivity of Lebanon and looked down on Beirut, we saw what always impresses the traveller in the Orient as being one of the most picturesque features of the towns, the domes and minarets of the mosques. The mosques are all built in the same style of architecture, with their oven-shaped domes and straight towers, or minarets expanding in a little portico near the top. Five times a day the clerk, or muezzin of the mosque, standing in this little portico, his garments flying in the breeze, and his head bound with a white turban, calls the people to prayer, just at dawn, at noon, at four P. M., at sunset and at dark. His cry is a peculiar one. It is a combination of a wail and a song. It is unlike any other sound heard among the children of men. There are some good elements in Mohammedanism—for we must condemn few things utterly—but there are also some very bad features. The Mohammedan practices polygamy, and he claims that in heaven they shall have seven wives each. He can divorce his wife without legal formality, by uttering a single sentence. It happens often, too, that their homes are by no means happy. One good thing about Mohammedanism is that it exacts temperance, or,

rather, total abstinence; for no good Moslem is allowed to touch wine or strong drink. They are forbidden to use swine's flesh, and are required to be hospitable to strangers. There is nothing that strikes us more pleasantly when travelling in Mohammedan countries than, when one meets strangers in the highway, to receive their greeting, "Salaam Elekum"—"Peace be unto you"—while we are expected to reverse the order, saying, "Elekum Salaam"—"Unto you be peace." What could be more beautiful? The best thing about Mohammedanism is its hostility to idolatry. Mohammed, born in Mecca 570 A. D., grew up in the midst of a people utterly degraded by idolatry and superstition, but having learned some truth from the Jews and Christians, he attempted to create a revolution against the worship of images. It was monotheism against polytheism. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The first of these statements is one of the essential principles of our religion; in this Mohammedanism and Christianity agree. We believe in the unity of God as much as they do. The Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and nearly all the heathen nations of the earth, worshipped many gods. When the Apostle Paul came among the Athenians, he said they were too religious—that is, they had too many gods. There is only one God, and whenever the muezzin climbs into his little portico he shouts a great truth—for it is a truth—forth over the heads of the people, "There is

no God but God." The other clause is not true, "Mohammed is his prophet"; yet the first truth is strong enough to stand, even though this ugly falsehood is leaned against it. So far so good. If the Mohammedans have that much truth, let us thank God, and go on from that to what is better still, to show that this one God exists in three persons, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and that Jesus Christ is not only, as they declare him to be, a great Prophet, but that he is the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, acknowledged by God, before angels and men, the Redeemer of mankind.

Lebanon means white, because most of the year Lebanon is white with snow on its higher peaks. Nearly every country uses essentially the same title for its highest mountains; Sierra Nevada, Mont Blanc, and Himalaya all derive their names from the fair mantles which they borrow from the skies.

As we ascend Lebanon we find cool breezes. We have come by the "French Road" that runs from Beirut to Damascus. What a thoroughfare! Hundreds of camels pass us in solid processions, as well as donkeys and mules without number, all bearing burdens. Diligences, carriages, wagons, and companies of men and women on horseback, come and go on this broad artery of the Orient. This constant movement continues from dawn to sunset, and during the night the rumble of the road seems never to cease.

We stopped on the summit and looked back on the sea; then before us, down on the plain of Coele Syria. There is old Hermon down there on our right. Glorious Hermon! It is a wonder some one has not written a great poem about Mt. Hermon. It is one of the first great landmarks one sees in Palestine, and again from time to time throughout the country it looms up, seeming to follow the traveller; and it is the last point seen of the Holy Land when, the journey over, one sails away from Jaffa towards the west.

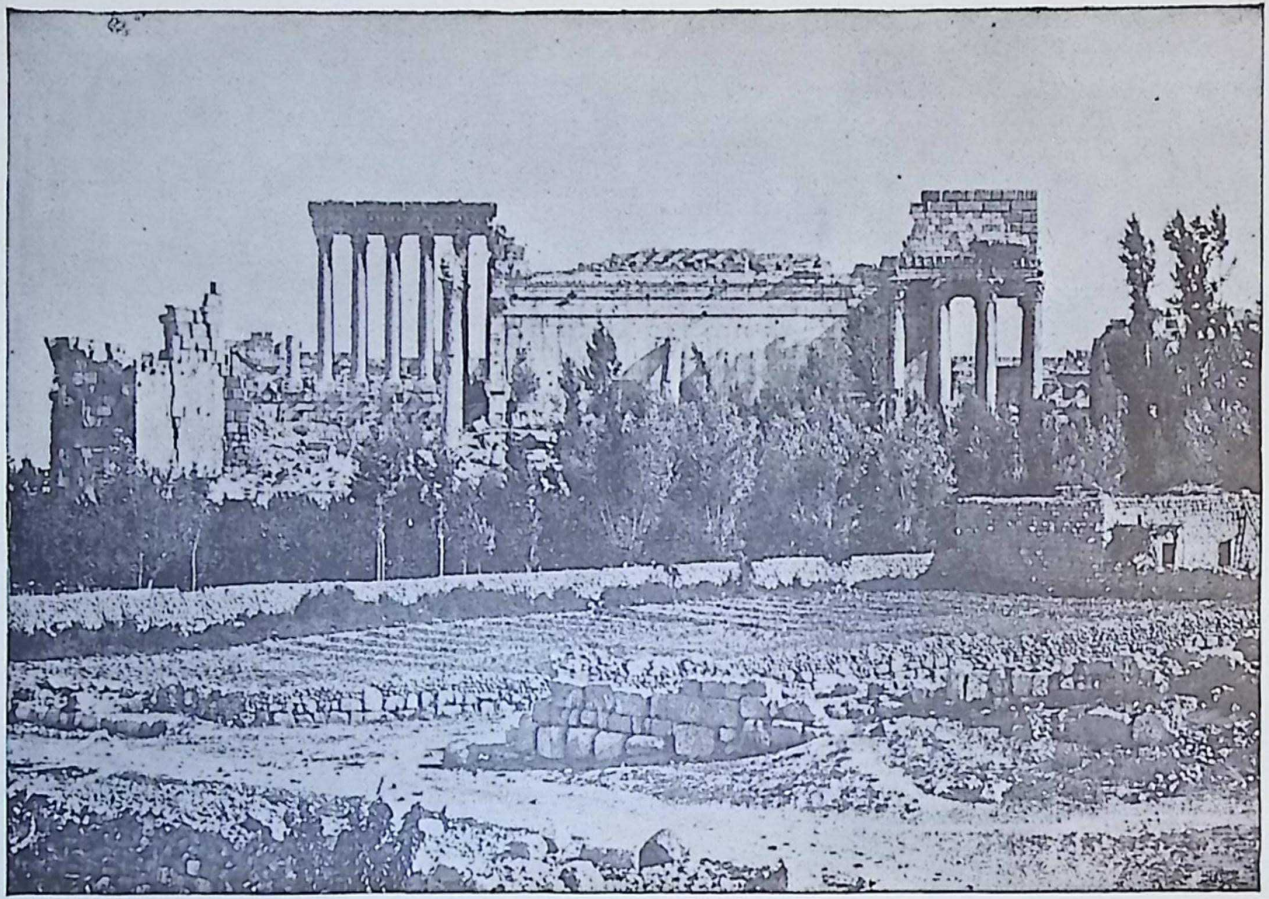
CHAPTER VII.

BEKAA AND BAALBEC.

NEAR the highest point of our ascent of the Lebanons, we found lunch prepared by our Syrian servants, and ate it seated on the carpet spread in oriental fashion on the floor of the Khan. A spring was trickling over some rocks hard by, and a few trees spread their cool branches between us and the flashing sunbeams.

An hour or two of rest and we are off again, descending the eastern slope, in full view of the plain of Bekaa, the Anti-Lebanon range, and Mount Hermon, which is ten thousand feet high. The views are grand in the extreme, and cannot be described. We feasted on the ever-changing vistas, and before we were aware, the day was done and the sun sinking in the west.

It was refreshing to find our beautiful white tents pitched, and dinner all ready when we arrived at Khan Mekse, and an American flag flying over the encampment. We were greatly surprised and pleased at the elegance of our accommodations. The dining tent cost $1,000, and the sleeping tents about $250 apiece. All were furnished with carpets, camp stools, tables, and iron bedsteads, and were most richly ornamented with every color which oriental taste could suggest. The



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

fare is far better than at most hotels. To give an idea of tent life under the auspices of Henry Gaze & Son's Palestine Superintendent, the well-known Rolla Floyd, it need only be mentioned that at dinner in the evening, about 6:30, we have from five to seven courses every day!

It is well, however, that we do have good fare, for the rides are long, the sun is warm, and we need all we get.

As we sat in camp beside a little stream to take our evening meal, we began to think of the great things that have happened in this neighborhood; how the Phœnicians used to be here, mighty men of war and commerce in their times; and how Joshua came with his army in the early days of Israel. It was his most northern point. He came across Anti-Lebanon and swept this valley of Bekaa with his triumphs, for Joshua was one of the greatest generals of any age, a proper successor to Moses, the mighty lawgiver. From these mountains, down which we have just come, now so bare of herbage, were taken the cedars for the temple at Jerusalem. The Egyptians have been here, not only as conquerors, but as builders; Nebuchadnezzar with his troops marched hither from the east. The tramp of the Roman legions has been heard between these ranges of mountains, the mightiest of all peoples in ancient times. And they did some great building, too, as we shall see.

The second day's journey is begun early. The horn blows at 5:30 A. M., and breakfast is ready at 6:15. Away we go at 7, up the plain and valley of the Litany river.

As we pass up the valley, we are shown some places of interest. The guide leads us to a tomb near Zahleh, a very long one—one hundred and twenty feet in length—and gravely tells us that here Noah was buried; that Noah was a great man in his day, and a tall man; that a grave of one hundred and twenty feet was not long enough for him, so they had to dig a well at the end of it for his lower extremities; and that his feet rest in the well!

On a high peak across the valley in the Anti-Lebanon range, we afterwards saw a white tombstone where they say that Abel's body rests. The legend is, that when Cain killed his brother, they having quarrelled about their possessions, he was very sorry for it, and carried his body on his back for five hundred years, not knowing what to do with it. At last he saw a bird which had lost its mate wash it in a stream and cover it up with earth. Cain then followed the example of the bird, and laid away his brother to rest. The legend is pretty enough to tell and to remember.

On either hand are vineyards, stretching to the foot of the mountains. The rich bunches of grapes are tempting. We offer to buy some, and find that the price in Syria of the finest grapes in the world is three cents

(American) for five pounds. Some of the bunches are large enough to fill a hat. There are no such grapes to be had outside of Syria: so sweet, it is a luxury to eat them, and yet so delicate, one can hardly become satiated. We leave the vineyards, and ride into a plain absolutely devoid of verdure. It is yellow sand and rock, without a leaf, and without a drop of water. The mountains in the distance are burning red, and an occasional whirlwind lifts the dust in columns towards the sky. Miles and miles we plod, on our weary horses, too tired to talk, too dusty and thirsty for anything but eager hoping for rest. At last we see a green oasis before us in the trembling air. Tall trees wave their branches to welcome us, and above them tower the stately columns of the ruin of the temple of the Sun at Baalbec. Drawing nearer, we hear the sweet plash of falling waters, and the voices of birds singing in the pomegranates and vines. We are soon shut in by the precious greenness, and as we dismount at our resting place for the stop at Baalbec, we forget the consuming heat of the way.

The ruins are among the most magnificent on earth. Think of stones 64 feet long each, and 14 by 13 in other dimensions, built into a wall, and stupendous pillars, richly carved from base to capital, that have stood since a time to which history does not extend, through earthquakes without number. Of course, the two temples—Jupiter and that of the Sun—are in

ruins, but a number of stately stone shafts have refused to crumble, and do now declare, in their own way, that they intend to be in at the death of time. Sauntering about these mysterious ruins there is a profound silence brooding over the prostrate stones, covered as they are with weeds and vines; only here and there a huge lizard rustles the leaves, as he flies frightened at the sight of man. We are in the tomb of millenniums. Here are the buried secrets of nations and races. O what revelry, what pomp of worship, what glory of war, and what mighty industry of peace these immortal fragments could tell if they would! Some say the Phœnicians built these great structures, others the Hittites; but who knows? At any rate here are the marks of universal Rome in the days of her mighty empire, of the Saracens, and the Crusaders, while at present the crescent floats languidly above them all. While lingering under a richly carved roof of the great portico, a number of children approached, and as I attempted to speak with them, found they were Syrians, and could understand nothing but Arabic. One little black-eyed child about eight or ten years old attracted me especially, and she seemed to be very anxious to talk to the stranger. After a number of sentences, not one word of which I understood, she stopped to think, and then said, "*Sweet Jesus.*" Ah! that was a magic sound. I grasped her hand, and touched her rosy cheeks, repeating after her most earnestly the words,

"Sweet, sweet Jesus." Here was a word which, when used by us both in this strange land, meant something which transcended ordinary words. We walked about together, and she plucked a handful of flowers for me, presenting also some old copper coins she had found in the ruins. The dear little girl had won my heart, and I was sorry to part from her. I gave her my note-book and pencil to write her name. She did so in Arabic, and pronounced it for me—Hafefeh Rystom. A little companion wrote her name also Tochla Tourmah. We shook hands and parted in the twilight.

The next day was Sunday, and we went to the American Presbyterian Mission, to communion services in Arabic. There I found the two little girls, Hafefeh and Tochla, in their best clothes, with their parents at church. Through the medium of the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hoskins, we were introduced to all the native converts, after the service was over, and the sweet little Syrian maidens seemed greatly delighted to find us in their own Sunday-school and church. The wife of the missionary asked if I knew Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va., and when I told her I did, wished me to send her love to him, and to say that she was a Miss Eddy, daughter of a missionary at Sidon, where Dr. Hoge had made a visit some years ago, and that the impression made there by Dr. Hoge and his friends was still cherished by the missionaries and many of the native Christians.

The whole service was in Arabic, but when the Lord's supper was administered we could all understand that, the universal language of Christianity. It was one of the most delightful communions I ever attended. Mr. Hoskins' work is quite successful, especially at Zahleh, his principal station, down the plain about fifteen miles. They have there 160 communicants.

On looking at the great ruins which stand out in full view of the door of this little church, I fell to meditating as we walked away. Man cannot build anything material on earth that is immortal. He has tried to do it and failed. The Coliseum at Rome is a crumbling ruin; the Parthenon of Athens is in decay; the Pyramids have stood a long time, but they too show that they are giving way; and here are the mighty temples of Baalbec, little more than an historical conundrum. Man's work is not like God's. God builds the hills, and the valleys, and the seas, the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons, and Hermon, and they were just as now thousands of years ago. All the mighty tides of men that have swept up and down this plain have gone over into forgetfulness, but nature is the same. God builds for all time, and nothing can destroy his work but himself. But man's work is temporal. Did I say that man can make nothing on earth that will endure? Yes, he can; there is only one thing that he can build that is immortal. He can rear one thing that will outlive temples of stone, mortar and iron. That is, character.

We are building what will survive the stars,—*characters*, good or bad. They are going to live as long as God lives, forever and forever. And the humble missionaries in Syria, we found, were building stronger than the nations who laid the foundations of these temples with such vast blocks of stone. A blessing on them and their noble work.

In the afternoon it was our privilege to hold service in the Episcopal church of the village. The Church of England had there established a strong and prosperous mission. Of course, I love my own house best, but there is a peculiar satisfaction in going over and sitting at the fireside of a neighbor; to go into an Episcopal church, as I did that afternoon in Baalbec, in the northeastern corner of Syria, and from the Church of England hymn book give out those universal songs of praise which we nearly all know by heart, was very pleasant. The service, of course, was held in English, for the benefit of the English-speaking part of the community.

We returned to our lodging, and, after sitting a little while in my room, I heard a tap at my door. In walked my Arab servant, in his peculiar dress, not taking his hat off, because they do not take off their hats, but touching his brow, and saying, "*Sa edie*," which means, Good evening! He handed me a small parcel and a note. The note was from Miss Gertrude Butlin, a lady teacher in the Church of England mission, saying she

had sent me a little memento to keep me from forgetting them and their work. It was a tear bottle, taken from the ruins of Baalbec, and supposed to be several thousand years old. In the note she referred me to the fifty-sixth Psalm, eighth verse, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." The Psalmist seems to have referred to a custom in early times, when one went to call upon a friend in affliction, which was to carry a small bottle to catch his tears, that he might bear them away and keep them as a souvenir of sorrow.

What pleasant little episodes occur as we journey about the world, and how many ties are established that bind together those who labor in most widely separated fields. Christian fellowship is one of the most potent factors in the life of man.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS THE ANTI-LEBANONS.

IT was just in the line of the incident of the evening that, when we arose next morning before the sun, to begin the ascent of the Anti-Lebanon range, and were making our way out of the town, we saw by the road a group of people sitting among the tombs. They were women, for women in Asia, as in America, love longest, love strongest, perhaps, and do not forget so soon as men, and here, in the early morning, these women had come to weep over the graves of their dead, sprinkling their tears upon those cold mounds before the dews of night were dry. I could not but take off my hat as we rode by the path leading within a few paces of the little group. The world is all very much alike, and the life of man runs along the same lines, whether in the mountains of Syria or in the favored countries of the west. Throughout the earth there are sicknesses; there are griefs and anxieties; there are great bereavments, and loved graves and mourners, and broken hearts. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and we felt that those were our sisters there, and only wished we could say to them what our hearts were feeling.

We went on up the mountain side, ever climbing onward by the narrow path. There was no herbage, but the view of the valley of Bekaa became wider and more beautiful. We began to feel the cool breath of the wind. No matter how warm the valley, there is always refreshment on the heights. When we got to the top and looked down into the broad plain, our eyes wandered over toward Baalbec, which we could still discern, then away down where the Litany wound its ribbon-way to the sea. As we gazed up at the heights of Lebanon beyond, we were overwhelmed with the beauty of the scene. There are few such vistas anywhere. The mountains are not what one would expect. One hears so much about the cedars of Lebanon he thinks of these mountains as covered with groves; but they are bare, not a cedar in sight. There are very few cedars in all the mountains of Lebanon, and they are in inaccessible places, or probably they would not be left. The mountains have been stripped of every particle of verdure, and now they stand naked, treeless; nothing to wrap themselves up in but the clouds, or the memories of the past. They are gray and buff colored, almost red, in some places. Behind them, in the moistureless air, is an absolutely blue sky, and between us and them some of the azure comes down into the valley, giving a rich tone to the landscape. We find it very cold; our cloaks must be untied from our saddles, and wrapped around us. We sit there on our horses, who

are impatient to be moving, with our garments flying in the wind, while we gaze upon the beauty of the scene before us.

We now begin to descend on the other side of the range, where the waters run towards the city of Damascus, and soon feel the hot breath of the Syrian desert. Before we had gone half a mile, we were quite out of the coolness of the mountain top. The air became dry and burning. The horses felt it, as we all did. Dust from the hoofs of the animals filled the air; dust upon our clothes and faces; dust in our nostrils and eyes. Oh, for a cool draught of water! We knew that there was a stream down the valley. About noon we stopped for lunch, in a wonderfully pretty place, the headwaters of the Abana, or Barada river. It is one of the largest fountains in all the land. We did not stop to look at the ruins of the ancient temple which once stood over it, nor to think of the legends of the place, but rushed forward, sprang from our horses, and, lying on the ground, drank deep of the cool waters. While on the earth I heard heavy steps behind me, and looking up I saw my faithful Massoud, impatient for his draught, coming to drink beside his master, and I thought it quite right that the partner of my journey should put his head in the stream just below my own. There is something very noble about these faithful animals that do so much service for man, and I am glad to find mention made in the Apocalypse of horses in heaven; that not only

Death rode a horse which was of somber hue, but that our Saviour rode a white horse in John's celestial vision. We ate our repast, spread at the fountain's side, under the pomegranate trees hanging with ruddy fruit, listening to the rushing of waters down the hill. Then after a little rest, we went on, following the river toward the south. Never until one travels in that country can he understand what it means to be "like a tree planted by the rivers of water." There was not a blade of grass in all the landscape, nor a sign of verdure, except along the banks of this stream. Here were olives, pomegranates, poplars, and sycamores. And they were always green. To these independent trees it mattered not what the season was. They are planted by the rivers of water, and bring forth fruit in their season. And it might have never rained, so far as they were concerned. These streams are not dependent upon the seasons; they come out of the deep bosom of the mountains. The Christian grows like a tree planted by the rivers of water. The river is God's grace. The Christian can flourish in the desert, because he is watered from heaven, and the stream that nourishes him will never run dry.

We come on down the valley of the Abana. This river is mentioned in connection with Naaman, the leprous Syrian captain. Unless one has seen a leper, he cannot imagine how desolate was the condition of that Syrian officer. Go through the lepers' hospital in

the suburbs of Damascus and see the poor people, men and women, shut off from their race. Go, see these poor people, with their faces so disfigured that one cannot attempt to describe them; every expression of their whole being one of utter despair, as if there were nothing left for them to do but die. Stand at a distance; do not go too near. Then remember Naaman the Syrian. God sent him word to go and bathe in the river Jordan. But the proud man disdained this lord of the Jews, and would not obey him. "Are not the rivers of Damascus better than the waters of Israel?" he asks. But at last he had to succumb, and the proud spirit of the soldier bowed before that God who is "no respecter of persons."

As the day closes we enter a broad valley, covered by a carpet of green grass, with here and there fields of barley, enclosing orchards and vineyards.

Perhaps it would be well just here to tell in passing how we spent a day in Syria, travelling through the country. We rose early in the morning, at half-past five, and after breakfast started on our journey at seven o'clock. We stopped for lunch at noon, and rested an hour or two under the trees, if there were any to be found, or under the shade of some great rock. In the evening we arrived at camp, finding our tents all ready, and had five o'clock tea. After dinner, about half-past six, we retired to the largest tent, and one person, appointed beforehand for the purpose, would read from

the Scriptures passages bearing upon the scenes of that day. Then we would sing two or three hymns. The chaplain of the Seaman's Bethel at Smyrna had given us twenty-five or thirty old hymn books, we having omitted to carry any with us.

No singing ever sounded sweeter to us than "Nearer my God to Thee," "Amazing Grace," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages," and many more of the brave old hymns of the church, as they echoed among the holy hills of Palestine, sung by our little company, as each evening we pitched our tents a day's march nearer Jerusalem. How impressive, too, the Scriptures seemed, when we read accounts of events which transpired millenniums before on the very ground where we stood. The last thing was always on our knees to offer up thanksgiving, confession, adoration, supplication, and intercession, to the Giver of every good, closing with the Lord's Prayer repeated by us all, and followed by the benediction. It was blessed to know that we could pray for dear ones at home just as well with a continent and two seas separating us, as if we knelt around the same altar, and to feel that they, too, were praying for us.

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

CHAPTER IX.

DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS is a disappointment. Seen from a distance, the city, with its round domes, slender minarets and palms, is really beautiful, lying like a bouquet on the sands of the desert. It owes everything to the contrast of its environment. There are fifty other cities in Europe and America which surpass it immeasurably. When one enters the gates of this place, called "Paradise on Earth" by Mohammed, and the "Eye of the East" by the present generation, the last element of beauty vanishes. It has not a single good street, nor a decent building of any kind within its walls. The great Mosque, an ancient Christian church, defaced, degraded, and painted like a circus tent, is a half ruin; the shops are cages or styes, averaging ten feet in all dimensions; the miserable passways called streets, seldom wide enough for two-wheeled vehicles to pass, are positively pestilential with filth and bad odors. It had not rained in Damascus since last February, and the air was thick with horrid dust. By the courtesy of their owners, we were permitted to enter the houses of three wealthy gentlemen, each of them representing respectively the three great religions of the earth. The first

was that of a Christian, and though the surroundings were unattractive enough, the interior was truly beautiful. The next was the residence of a Moslem. The ladies of the harem had to be corraled in a corner of the garden, behind some lattice work and vines before we were permitted to enter. The fountains were playing in the yard and in the summer salon, everything being marble, every color of this stone being used to produce striking effects. One of the babies of the family was brought in, a fine, fat little Turk, and properly caressed by us all. We took our leave, and were escorted through a street about six feet wide to the residence of a wealthy Jew. On arrival, we were astonished to be ushered into a white marble parlor of the utmost magnificence. It is enough to say, that, after going through many of the royal palaces of Europe, I had never seen an apartment more beautiful. The appearance of the house from without was poor, but this marble chamber, enchanting.

Damascus is called the oldest city in the world. We do not know when or by whom it was built, but in the very beginning of the Scriptures there are references to it. That makes it very ancient. Damascus is the very hot-bed of Islamism.

We were informed that it was necessary to have a guard if we visited the great Mosque, so we had a Turkish soldier, armed with his sword, and one from the American Legation, to stand between us and harm as

we walked up and down the church of St. John, built originally for the worship of Christ.

The Mohammedans say, "Christ was a great man; Mohammed greater, and Abraham greater still." One of them said to me, "I believe the whole world is going at last to accept our prophet." I could only smile as I told him I believed that the whole world would accept our Lord Jesus Christ as its Sovereign King. The Mohammedans call one of the towers of the great Mosque the Minaret of Jesus. They say that after a long time Christ is coming back to this world, and that he is going to alight from heaven on the point of that minaret. There are a great many curious legends connected with Damascus. But the Christian associations of the place are most interesting to us. It was in 1860 that a most terrible massacre occurred in that city. Two thousand five hundred Christians, mostly heads of families, were killed in thirty-six hours. The city was given up by the authorities to the fanatical Moslems, and they held high carnival of blood in the narrow streets, slaying men and women. Our Syrian guide said to me, as we passed a small shop, "Do you know what those men were saying as we came by? This is what they were saying: 'A curse upon these Christians.'" One of the last sayings of Mohammed was, "Oh, God, destroy all Jews and Christians." I would not reciprocate that kind of feeling; but I would say, "Oh, God, bless all men; win the hearts of this

benighted people, and bring them to love all other people throughout this great world, until Asiatic, African, European and American—men of all nations—can join in that glorious prayer, and say together, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' recognizing the universal brotherhood of men."

Out in the suburbs of the city we are shown the spot which is said to be the place where Christ arrested Saul of Tarsus and claimed him as his own. Hard by, they point to the corner of the wall where they say he was let down in a basket.

We are getting very close to Bible history when we stand on this spot, which cannot be far from the place where Christ spoke from heaven, and, arresting the destroyer of his people, performed one of the greatest miracles he had ever done. It was something to heal the deaf and sick, to raise the dead to life, but it was just as great a miracle to change the heart of Saul of Tarsus. God humbled that proud spirit. Paul thought it was his mission to go into Damascus and kill Christ's disciples. There was never surprise greater than that in the bosom of Saul that day when, in the intensity of his purpose, he was going to Damascus, and Christ called him from heaven. It could not have been very much of a surprise to him who believed himself to be God's missionary to receive a revelation, but the surprise lay in the response to his question: "Who art thou,

Lord?" when the answer came back: "I am Jesus!" the one whom Saul understood to be an imposter and dead speaking from out of the midst of a brightness transcending the glory of the sun, speaking in offended tones, "I am Jesus." It was enough to bring the man to the earth. So Saul surrendered, and it was a great surrender.

While in the city we were shown "the street which is called Straight," and the traditional house of Judas. Traditional places are of little interest. Most of them have been fixed by the people for mercenary reasons. It is quite thrifty to name a spot after some event of sacred history, and charge all comers a frank or two to see it. In the Orient one sickens of this kind of fraud, especially where the heart of the devout is yearning for the holiest associations. But the best thing we saw in Damascus—and we considered it the best because it was what it professed to be—was the tomb of Saladin, a truly beautiful and impressive place, reminding one in its air of grand solemnity and repose of the tomb of the great Napoleon, in the Hotel des Invalides in the City of Paris. Here in the midst of Damascus lie the ashes of the great Saracen chieftain, who, by his manliness and truth, made himself immortal, though by his courage and ability he crushed the army of the Crusaders.

When Saladin captured Jerusalem the Christian people in that place expected that they would be

treated as they had served the victims of warfare on former occasions; for the Crusaders, though they were contending under the banner of Christ and for King Jesus, did not always show the spirit of their meek and lowly Master, who fought not with weapons of steel, but with tenderness and grace. And so, when Saladin came, the people thought that he would put thousands to death, as had been done by Christians, and came out to meet the mighty conqueror, imploring his grace and mercy. Saladin bade them rise, and return to their homes, saying that their lives and property should be safe.

When the great man at last came to die, he commanded an attendant to take his winding-sheet, which was already prepared, and displaying it from the flag-staff above his tent, to make proclamation, as it waved in the wind, "This is all that is left to Saladin the Great, of his victories, his fame and his glory. This is all that is left; this is all that is left."

And might not that proclamation be made from the death scene of every one on earth, however great or humble; from the beggar's as well as the monarch's? For death is a great democracy; there all men fare alike.

CHAPTER X.

ALONG THE SLOPES OF HERMON.

AFTER an early breakfast at our good hotel, Dimitri, in Damascus, we mount for the journey southward at a quarter past seven o'clock. Two members of the party have been suffering from short attacks of cholera-morbus, caused by the too free consumption of good grapes and bad water, but are fully convalescent now, and all set out in the cool air of dawn, glad to be on horseback again, and to return to our delightful tent-life. We say good-by to the hotel people, who have treated us very kindly, and to the few friends made during our residence in Damascus, and begin the long march. The horses were greatly refreshed by their rest, and some of them so exhilarated by the luxurious life of the past few days as to be unable to walk together in such order as was becoming to our dignified company, and showed a disposition to bite and kick one another, at the same time expressing their fine feelings by neighing and squealing. Those most conspicuous for these energetic demonstrations, on this occasion and many others, were the horses which had for their riders two gentlemen from Kentucky and Tennessee, where the stock is all supposed to be aristocratic and

spirited. This suggested that these picturesque antics were caused by something derived from the two knights of the blue grass. The ebullition of spirit on the part of the saddle-horses attracted the attention of the animals in the baggage-train, and they applauded the kicking tournament lustily, the mules whisking their tails with great delight, and braying at the tops of their voices. One donkey, however, was immensely amused over it all, and above everything else could be heard his shrill note of ungainly laughter. After all the rest had regained their usual dignity the donkey continued to roar, and now and again during the morning as he ruminated he would break out whenever he thought of the occurrence. About ten o'clock, as we rode through a wheat field where another donkey was standing, tied to a stone with a rope about twenty feet long, our small humorist evidently recognized an old friend, and told him, in his own happy manner, what had taken place up the road, and the two had a good laugh together, the stationary one dancing around his anchorage, yelling and kicking up his heels in an uncontrollable fit of merriment.

We wind along the plain of the river Pharpar, one of "the rivers of Damascus," riding two and two, or single file, according to the width of the path. Not far from the city we passed a cluster of tents, which belonged to a company of British engineers who were making a survey for a road, we were informed, from

Haifa to Damascus. Mr. Hishmeh fell to talking with us about the foreigners in the country. He said the people were glad to have them come, bringing new ideas, enterprise, and money. They would rejoice to have any good European government drive out the Turks and take the land, giving law, order, and justice. As soon as a poor peasant got five sheep the agents of the government took three of them away from him. Any accumulation of property was a signal for the licensed harpies to pounce upon a man who showed signs of thrift and provident care of his family. Perhaps no people were ever more cordially hated than are the Turks by the Syrians, and surely none could more richly deserve it. Nothing but the ghost of the "balance of power" between the jealous nations of Europe could keep the Turk upon his decaying throne, and it will be strange if, in some great political cataclysm, the Turkish rule is not, before many years, swept away forever.

In the fields we see men gathering thistles for burning in the lime-kilns, and in the highway collecting the offal of the road for fuel in their homes. The Turks do not allow a tree to be planted without a tax being paid for it, consequently there are almost no trees in the country, except those which pay for themselves by bearing fruit.

At the head of our column goes Abdoo, our jolly Mohammedan guide, clad in white pillow-slip trousers,

blue socks, red Morocco slippers, with blue coat and jaunty turban. A picturesque figure he cuts indeed as he rides, often side-wise, or with his back to his white horse's head. Abdoo tells us, through an interpreter, that he has only two wives, and that for various reasons he finds it pleasanter to keep one of them in Beirut, and the other in Jerusalem, which indicates that human nature is much the same under all skies, and that, notwithstanding the laws of the Koran, it is not much more comfortable for two women to possess one man in Syria than it is in the West. Abdoo is a singer: his repertoire is not extensive, but his few songs are effective. We had become familiar with his favorite piece, having heard it a great many times on mountain and in valley, by night and by day; sung as a solo, or with Abdoo leading, by the whole company of servants. Sometimes the tourists caught up the strain and all sang the chorus:

"Nachilee, Nachilee, Nachilee, O!
Nachilee, O! Nachilee, O!
Nachilee, Nachilee, Nachilee, O!
Nachilee, O! Nachilee, O!"

The dragoman, the only one of them who could speak English, one day interpreted the song, and it may be paraphrased as follows:

"Honey is sweet, Honey is sweet, Honey is sweet, O hoh!
Honey is sweet, Honey is sweet, Honey is sweet, O hoh!
The bee makes honey, the bee makes honey, O!
But the bee has a sting, the bee has a sting, O hoh!

"Love is sweet, Love is sweet, Love is sweet, O hoh!
Love is sweet, Love is sweet, Love is sweet, O hoh!
But Love has a sting, love has a sting, love has a sting, O!
Love has a sting, love has a sting, love has a sting, O hoh!
Nachilee, Nachilee, O!"

Abdoo was quick witted enough, and learned a good many English words from us, becoming able at last to exchange all the salutations of the day and to ask if we were well; usually closing the brief conversation, which consumed all his English, with the words: "Abdoo, jolly good fellow! You, jolly good fellow!"

We stopped for lunch that day in an olive grove, at one of the several places which claim the honor of having witnessed the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Our mats are spread on the ground in a shady spot, and, after grace, we proceed to discuss with good gusto the canned sardines, pickles, plums, cold ham, mutton, and chicken, together with bread, cold tea, Appolinaris water, and bunches of luscious grapes. Lunch over, some betake themselves to quiet nooks for a nap, others tell stories, or talk over the events of the day. One or two write up their pocket-journals, while Abdoo gets up games and a Nachilee O! concert among the servants and the children of the village, who have come to eye the strangers.

When we arrive at Kefr-Hawâr, in time for five o'clock tea, we find our tents all pitched, as usual, by our faithful Syrians, who had preceded us, placing

every man's tent in its proper position in the circle, and all his baggage inside, by his little iron bedstead. The animals are enjoying the grass which grows about the spring and stream, and the fragrance of a good dinner preparing over a charcoal fire comes to us with pleasant prophecies. After all the business of evening is over, from eating a lot of fresh dates to singing our closing hymn, we all retire to our respective couches; but, unfortunately, not to sleep. The warm blankets are hardly drawn over us, it being cool nearly always at night in these regions of moistureless air where the heat of the day is quickly radiated away after sunset, and we are floating in a dreamy whirl of visions made up of the domes of Damascus and the church steeples of America, when we are startled by a strange sound from the distance. It is made up of barks like a dog's broken speech, but yet it has a human tone—no, inhuman; for it is more as one thinks bad spirits would cry when frightened or angry. Many voices join the revel, which seems to be one of a most uncanny character. These unhappy creatures, in their hatred of the good, are persecuting us, and if any one were hapless enough to be caught alone on the hill-side they would pursue his flying footsteps with mad delight. Why should they hate us living men and women so? Why can they not rest like honest folk? Now their cries take the form of sarcastic laughter, which rises and falls in hideous cadence. Ugh! Ugh! Every one is awake,

and from several tents may be seen a dishevelled head projecting in the moonlight to inquire what kind of ghouls these are that infest the night. Mr. Hishmeh emerges from the dining-tent and pronouncing a single word, "Jackals," breaks into a reässuring laugh. Whereupon the little donkey, which had such fun in the morning, sees the joke, and yells with wild ridicule of our fears, drowning every other sound that had vibrated down the valley. The moon was the only thing visible that did not laugh, and when the donkey subsided, the jackals had fled out of hearing, for they could not stand his monstrous caricature of their voices, and the ridicule he heaped upon them for their failure in trying to make us think they were ghouls.

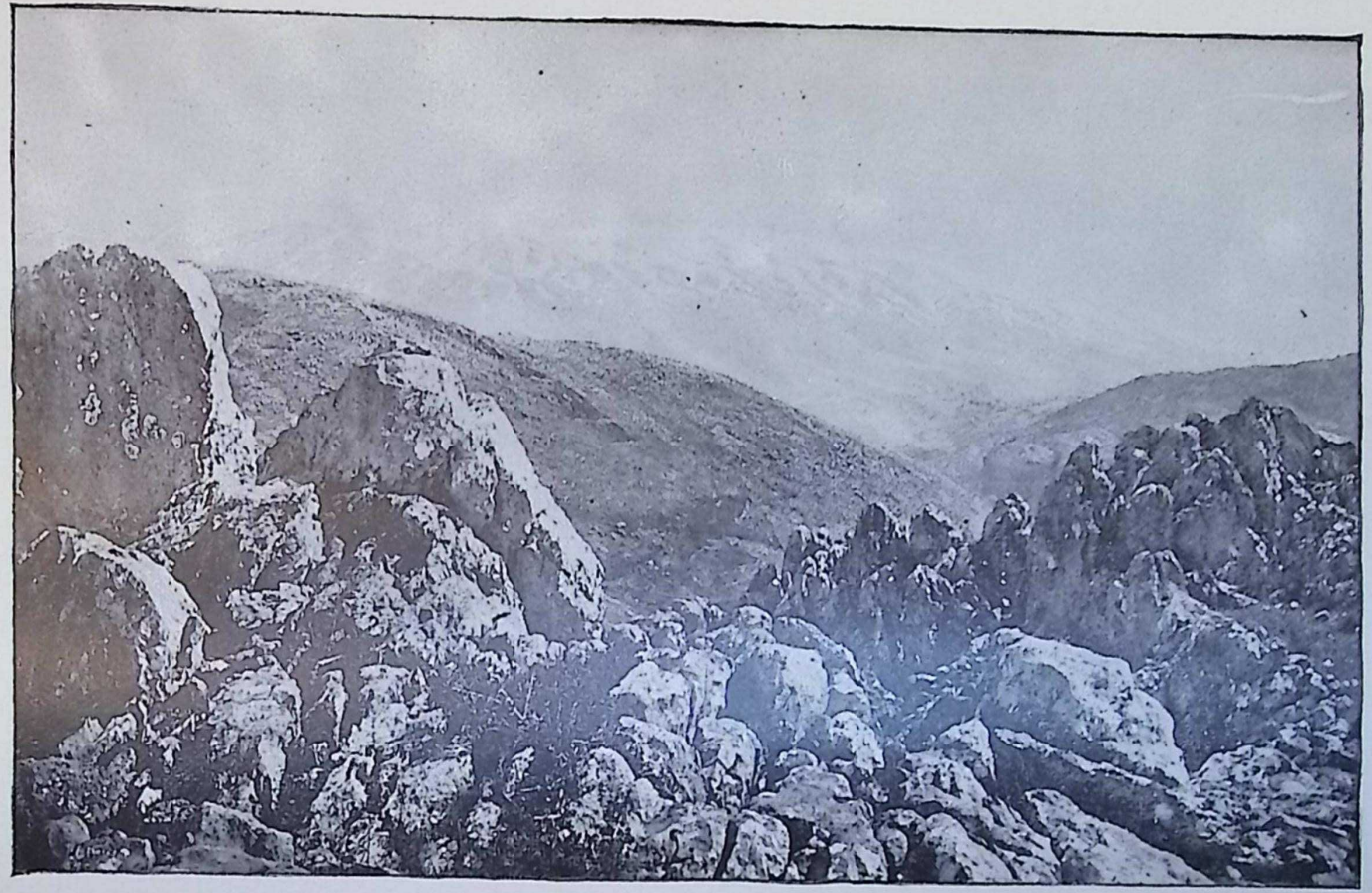
We should have slept well all the remainder of the night, but that occasionally our donkey awoke to laugh over the jackal incident!

Next morning the camp was astir betimes. The servants had fed all the beasts, and began preparing our breakfast before the bell rang for rising. We were usually allowed half an hour to make our toilets, which were not very elaborate, the main trouble being in getting our leggins buckled up, and our small baggage packed. But as I stood performing the office of barber on my own face by the dim light of a candle, all of a sudden my tent was surrounded by thirty natives, and, in a twinkling, was picked up and carried away,

all of the marauders shouting at the tops of their voices, "Nachilee O!" in barbaric chorus, while they performed a war dance about the spot where I stood, razor in hand, under the sky, discomfited and dismayed. It proved to be some of Abdoo's mischief, and that he had instigated this early attack, though the inspiration of it all probably came from the fun gotten up by the jackals and the donkey during the earlier portion of the night.

These Syrians seemed a good natured lot, and withal as faithful and efficient servants as one could wish.

The bright gleam of the sunrise, not yet visible to us in the valley, made the highest peak of Hermon glorious as we rode out of camp, and set our faces toward the southwest, intending to pitch our tents in the evening where the Jordan river is formed from the springs at the base of this noblest of Bible mountains.



HERMON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOLY MOUNT.

AS we ride along, we see a great dome in front of us, a little on the right. Not a dome raised by the Mohammedan religion, nor by the Christian faith, but a dome erected when the world was born, when the stars shone first, and the sons of God shouted for joy—great Hermon, reared by Him who laid the foundations of the mountains and of the seas. There it stands, with its summit resplendent in the morning sunlight, God's great workmanship, towering in the skies.

Hermon means "the lofty peak." It has been called Shenir, and Sirion, the glittering "breast-plate" of ice, as if the mountain were a gigantic warrior clad in shining armor. It is also named Sion, or "The Lifted Up." It is callod by the people of the present time, Jebel-esh-Sheik—the mountain of the "Old White-headed Man." You have guessed from these titles that Hermon, during the greater part of the year, stands clothed in snowy robes, borrowed from heaven.

Around the base of Hermon, in the ravines that mark its side, there are many ruined temples—temples without names and without histories. The gods, and the people who worshipped them, have alike passed

away, and left not even the scratching of a chisel upon a stone to tell who they were.

Hermon is sacred to us, not because it is the place of so many old temples, erected possibly by the Phœnicians, or Græco Syrians, or by the degenerate children of Israel, who forgot Jehovah for blocks of stone, but because we believed it to have been the scene of the Transfiguration. In the first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter, the elevation on which this transcendent event took place is called "The Holy Mount." It used to be said that it was Tabor, but that is given up now as highly improbable. Many things concur to indicate that it took place on Hermon, the greatest mountain in the Holy Land. There seems to be an eminent propriety in this mountain, which had been the holy place of the heathen, being redeemed from idolatry and re-consecrated by the baptism of heavenly fire.

As we pitched our tents on Saturday evening at the base of the mountain, it was impressive to think, while the sunset glow was all over it, that there was the meeting place between Moses, and Elijah, and God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, together with Peter, James and John, whom he had called to be his servants. The Master led these three chosen ones with him up to this high privilege, and they were the same three he took with him down into the darkest shadows of Gethsemane.

It is very sweet to think of Jesus as a man. In the grandeur of his divinity sometimes his human nature is lost sight of. There are spots on the sun, which we cannot see because of the glory which surrounds them. It is sweet to think of Christ as a man of toil; to think of his tears, of his sighs, and his prayers; to think that when he went up into this mountain, there were two purposes in it: that not only did it include a blessing for Peter, James and John, that they might see him as the angels saw him, and that in preparation for the impending trial of his death they might be prepared, by this transcendent scene, to withstand the temptation to give up all as lost, but also that there was a reason in himself, that he needed that heavenly communion in prospect of his sufferings and death. We read that Elijah was there, who had gone up from the earth in a chariot of fire, and now came down in a cloud of light. Moses was present, the man who ascended the mountain of old with God, as if arm in arm with a friend, that he might die. Moses had been raised by divine behest, Satan contending with the Arch-angel sent to bring him, protesting, perhaps, that the time had not yet come. But the mightier spirit insisted, "I will have Moses." God commands him to heaven, and Christ calls him to the mountain of Transfiguration. Moses and Elijah, two monumental characters who mark the Old Testament history, came to meet and speak with Christ, and bless him in prospect

of his end. And how do we know this? Because when Moses and Elijah came down upon this Mount of Transfiguration, we read they "spake of his decease." They did not speak of his resurrection, so far as we are informed, nor of his triumphal entrance into heaven; all that was taken for granted; he needed no comfort for them. They spoke of the mightiest event the mind of man ever dwelt upon—the thing the world was made for—the sacrifice of Christ; that which was talked of in heaven was the subject of the conversation in the dazzling light on Hermon's summit. Thus, in some of the most transcendent moments the saddest thoughts come; but if there is a sorrow in sublimity, there is also a sublimity in sorrow.

The healing of the lunatic boy immediately succeeded upon the Transfiguration. We were wondering just where it happened; might it not be here by this stream, or there by that fountain which comes out from under the mountain's side, with its clear waters so sweet and beautiful?

In Raphael's great picture of the Transfiguration, which hangs in the Vatican gallery, in Rome, the painter has, with wise skill, placed upon canvass, just below the Transfiguration, the healing of the lunatic boy. This is a parable for us. that when we come down from the high privilege of communion with God; when we have sung, "Come, thou fount of every blessing," "Rock of Ages"; when the soul, on wings of faith

and prayer, has risen to heaven and looked upon God, it must come down to earth and heal the wounded and comfort the afflicted. This is religion in its two phases, communion and charity, worship and good deeds, love of God and love of man.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEADWATERS OF JORDAN.

ON the way to Banias, we stop for lunch, at midday, in the Druse village of Mejdel-esh-Shems. A hospitable Greek priest, for a consideration, gives us the principal room in his house for our place of refreshment. As usual, there was nothing in the cool clean apartment but stone benches around two sides. Our mats were soon spread on these and on the floor, and, in ancient style, we reclined, to partake of the goodly meal. The handsome priest, with intensely black hair and beard, had arrayed himself in his best robes, donned his tall black hat, and came in to give us a welcome. We made salaâms, and he responded in Arabic, taking his seat in a corner to feast his curiosity by gazing at us all. It was, however, too good an opportunity to study western civilization for him to let it pass without making the most of it. So at length he rises and walks about among our company as we eat, and examines us in detail. Our hats he takes up, turning them over and over. A lady's small hand-bag being open, he is glad to be shown a smelling-bottle, a small mirror, and such like; but when I showed him a little silver whistle and a compass his delight knew

no bounds. He blew, and blew again, the whistle, and also the conductor's horn, laughing in good earnest at these clever devices for calling a servant or giving a signal.

Supposing that, as a priest of the Greek church, he would be a man of education, we tried him with the French, German and Latin languages, but to all of them he was dumb. A sentence or two of the Greek Testament were then written for him on a piece of paper, but he evidently thought it was English. Nothing was left but the universal sign language, which all nations understand. I made a cross on the floor and, with glowing eyes, he looked at me, touched his breast and gave me his hand. Here was a sign that all who love Christ could understand, and we recognized one another as brothers at once.

Bidding our friend good bye, we bought a few trinkets and old coins from the villagers who crowded about the door, and departed. The Jordan valley which we were approaching, lies far below the high country of the north, and the path leading down to it was steep. The view from the hills above Banias is very fine, as one looks down into that great depression in the bottom of which the Jordan lies. It was necessary to dismount at some of the steepest places, and allow the horses to walk before their riders. Perhaps there is no worse road in all Syria. It would be dangerous travelling for a goat. Several horses fell, and

were slightly hurt, and one of the servants had his forehead badly cut on a rock, over which his poor tired beast stumbled.

On our right stands a lofty hill, 2,300 feet above sea-level, surmounted by a huge ruined castle, which occupies the most commanding site in Syria, affording a most magnificent view of the Jordan valley, and the mountains beyond.

The village of Banias, which consists of about fifty houses, nestles at the foot of this castle-crowned hill. Its ancient name was Paneas, and here was a sanctuary dedicated to the god Pan; but when Herod the Great came into possession of this region by the gift of Augustus Cæsar, he built over the large spring a temple in honor of his illustrious patron. Philip the Tetrarch, Herod's son, enlarged Paneas, and named it Cæsarea, to which was afterwards added Philippi, to distinguish it from Cæsarea Palaestina. This was an important point for the Romans, and the ruins of their massive buildings still remain. Here Titus celebrated with gladiatorial contests the downfall of Jerusalem, and compelled captive Jews to enter the lists with wild beasts and with each other.

Cæsarea Philippi and Hermon were the most northern points ever reached by our Lord in his journeys through the land, and an early Christian tradition places here the healing of the woman with the issue of blood. At any rate, if Hermon was the scene of the

Transfiguration, hereabout must have been performed the healing of the lunatic boy.

Our tents were pitched just outside of the village, in the edge of a cemetery, on the bank of the clear stream which comes from the great spring at the foot of the hill. While the men were attending to our horses a misunderstanding arose among them, which resulted in a free fight all around, accompanied by shouts and imprecations. A great deal of commanding from Mr. Hishmeh, and a few discriminating whacks from his whip restored order, and the camp resumed its wonted aspect.

The day following being Sunday, was observed as a day of rest. We had two services and two excellent sermons from members of the party. The one in the morning being on the Glory of Redeemed Humanity, and in the evening one on the Transfiguration. All about the camp were lying hundreds of large lily bulbs without leaves, it being just at the end of the dry season. We gathered up a number and packed them away in our baggage. One of the natives, who knew a little English, on being asked what was the color of the flower, said he did not know the word, but when one assisted him by the leading question, "Is it red?" He quickly responded, "Yes, it is red, and very beautiful." Another one being plied with the same questions, answered, "O, yes, it is blue." One of those lilies is now growing luxuriantly in a window near

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where the author sits writing these lines, five thousand miles from Banias, but is not yet sufficiently advanced to show the color of the flower. The plant has a beautiful secret enfolded in its bosom, and we are very anxious to have it divulged.

The country about Banias is quite fertile, and terebinth trees, as well as innumerable olives, abound. It is a region of fine springs, though the water is not very cool, and thickets of oleanders crowd the banks of the streams with lovely pink blossoms glowing among their leaves. The papyrus, too, is found here in beauty and perfection. The gathering together of these waters constitutes the Jordan river. It would be impossible to say which is *the* source; there are so many sources. But few rivers have a more beautiful birthplace than this flowery cradle at the base of the Holy Mount.

As we ride away from the village on Monday morning we observe "two women grinding at the mill," in front of a house near by, which reminds us, as does nearly everything else which we see in Palestine, of the words of the Master. We are now just entering Palestine proper, and feel deeply the sacredness of the soil touched by the feet of Him who, when on earth, had not where to lay his head, but who, up and down the country, continually "went about doing good." A short distance from camp we ascend a small plateau about forty feet above the plain, and find ourselves on

the site of the ancient town of Dan. At the extreme southern portion of the land is Beersheba; hence the expression "from Dan to Beersheba," meant from one end of the nation of Israel to the other. Under Jeroboam, Dan was the northern seat of idolatrous worship. (1 Kings xii. 28–30.) This reprobate ruler set up golden calves for the people to worship here and at Bethel. That was what brought about, in the just providence of Jehovah, the conquest of the people by the Babylonians and the captivity in the East, just as the rejection of Christ afterwards caused the final destruction of the nation and its dispersion to the ends of the earth. As they were brought back from Babylon, cured forever of idolatry, so probably shall they be, in time, restored to their country, and be made to accept Christ as Messiah and King.

From the hill of Dan we have a fine view of the waters of Merom, or Huleh, down the plain, shining like molten silver in the glancing light of morning. Our path, so rocky and rough it would be a poor road for a coney, leads us near a Bedouin encampment, the dark faces of the nomads corresponding with the sombre hue of their goat's-hair dwellings, which remind us of the black tents of Kedar. The dogs bark at us, the children stare, or cry out, "Backsheesh!" and we march on over the plain. Here Joshua, the Napoleonic captain of ancient Israel, had his third and last great conflict with the Canaanites. After the capture of Jericho and Ai, and the battle of

Beth Horon, by which he gained possession of the south and centre of Palestine, a gathering of the tribes of the country was made on this plain for one final struggle. Jabin, the king, whose city, Hazor, still lingers on the side of Hermon, was in command. Under him were the kings of the desert valley of the Jordan below the sea of Galilee, those from the maritime country of Philistia, and from Sharon, the Jebusites, and even the Hivites of the valley of Baalbec. "And they went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the sand that is upon the seashore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many. And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight against Israel. And the Lord said unto Joshua, Be not afraid because of them: for to-morrow about this time will I deliver them up all slain before Israel: thou shalt hough their horses, and burn their chariots with fire. So Joshua came, and all the people of war with him, against them by the waters of Merom suddenly; and they fell upon them. And the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel, who smote them, and chased them unto great Zidon, and unto Misrephoth-maim, and unto the valley of Mizpeh eastward; and they smote them, until they left them none remaining. And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him: he houghed their horses, and burnt their chariots with fire. And Joshua at that time turned

back, and took Hazor, and smote the king thereof with the sword: for Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms. And they smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, utterly destroying them: there was not any left to breathe: and he burnt Hazor with fire. And all the cities of those kings, and all the kings of them, did Joshua take, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and he utterly destroyed them, as Moses the servant of the Lord commanded. But as for the cities that stood still in their strength, Israel burned none of them, save Hazor only; that did Joshua burn. And all the spoil of these cities, and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe. As the Lord commanded Moses his servant, so did Moses command Joshua, and so did Joshua; he left nothing undone of all that the Lord commanded Moses." (Joshua xi. 4–15.)

This complete victory resulted in the addition of the north country, including the sea of Galilee, to the realm of Israel, and the region in which Christ was to spend the greater portion of his life was taken by the armies of Jehovah.

While we were lunching under a clump of terebinths, on the west side of the lake, a small party of Arab horsemen came up to spread their mats near us,

for the purpose of taking their mid-day meal, but Salvo, a fiery fellow, half Maltese and half Syrian, who had charge of the palanquin in which a lady of our party made the journey, contested their right, we having first taken possession of the spot, and with Abdoo at his back and several other servants, in spite of our protest against this breach of hospitality, drove the children of the desert away, grumbling as they went to seek some other place where they might eat their black bread and dates in quiet.

The camp was pitched that evening at El Mellâha, near a magnificent spring, which burst from the foot of the adjacent mountain. It poured out a bold stream of clear water, which was not allowed to reach the lake without turning the wheels of a mill, whose monotonous click made friendly music for us until the sun went down. Whether from their undue exertions during the conflict with the Arabs at noon, or from some other cause, Salvo, Mr. Hishmeh, and one of the servants, reported sick with fever after dinner. We dosed them with quinine and calomel, the result proving on the following day that what is good for Anglo-Saxons is equally efficacious for Orientals, for they all got well, and were unanimous in testifying to our rare skill as medical men. In addition to the fever, Salvo had a very sore throat, which we cleared up for him with a gargle of tincture of iron and chlorate of potash, which remedy, though not at all *toothsome*, proved a com-

plete cure in thirty-six hours. It is an interesting fact that, excepting the brush of cholera morbus which attacked two members of the party at Damascus, and an unimportant feverishness of another at Jerusalem, the sickness was all among the natives. This confirms what has often been said, that the most civilized people can best stand the deleterious influences of exposure in nearly all climates. All of our party lived delicately at home, and among them were four ladies, one of them a grandmother, though not an aged one; but they had remarkably good health, and most of them improved on the fatigues and changes of horseback life in Syria and Palestine.

Great Hermon showed up in exquisite colors in the sunset light, he being away to the north-east of us, and by reason of the height to which he lifted his head, standing in the upper regions of day some time after we were wrapped in shadows. After dark had fully come, we saw, as we often did in this dry atmosphere, twice as many stars as we ever supposed were in the heavens, while the greater orbs shone with redoubled effulgence.

CHAPTER XIII.

BLUE GALILEE.

LET us now set our faces earnestly towards the Sea of Galilee, the way to which lies over the hills before us. The Jordan circles along there on our left, about three miles away. We try to catch a glimpse of the waters of the sacred sea, but we cannot, because Galilee is 627 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and 900 feet below Merom. It is down in a valley, below the surrounding country, and we will not look upon it until we are very near.

As we pass along, we see on our right a colony of German Jews, the most thrifty looking village in the north country. The law forbids them to enter Palestine, but they seem to be coming; and whether they come now or later, the world will rejoice to see them again in possession of the land of their fathers..

At last, after a long journey, we come in sight of the lake which, lying deep among the hills of Palestine, contains more glorious history than all the other lakes in the world, though it is only thirteen miles long and six miles wide.

As we stand upon the mountain top, and look for the first time upon these waters, we feel that it was worth

TELL HUM AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

the journey across the Atlantic, the continent of Europe, the Mediterranean, the wide wastes of the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons, to get one view of Galilee, which is like a pearl resting in the bosom of the Holy Land, calm and beautiful.

We could hardly drive our horses fast enough down this dangerous path, a portion of which is well named "The Devil's Elbow." And though we pressed on eagerly to reach the shore by noon, yet still we stopped here and there to gaze up and down the lake, the guides telling us where were the principal points. On the other side we could see a great black wall of mountains, apparently rising from the very water's edge, though we learned that really they were back some distance. Over there, by an opening in the rocks, is where the swine are supposed to have run down a steep place into the sea.

A little further up, the plain of the Jordan is spread out about the lake. There we see greenness. The dragoman says that was the place where the Saviour fed the 5,000, for "there was much grass in the place." The Master often leads his people into grassy places. He might have fed them in the desert, or on the rocky hills, but He who thinks of little things, and considers the comfort of his followers, chose a pleasant spot, where the thousands that came after him might sit together in comfort, to receive the bread and fishes from his hands.

On the western side of the lake we can distinctly see a large village. It is Tiberias. The tall house outside, they tell us, is the Church of England mission.

The guide says: "Do you see a hamlet a little nearer this way?" "Yes." "Do you know what place that is? That is Magdala." Here the poor woman possessed of seven devils lived, Mary Magdalene. Mary Magdalene is a noble name. There is not a word in the Scriptures against that woman's virtue, only the sad fact that she was possessed of seven devils. It is most unjust to confound her with the "woman of the city which was a sinner," who, on one occasion, bathed Christ's feet with her tears.

We looked for other places; for Capernaum, for Bethsaida, for Chorazin. Not only from this eminence did we search for them, but walking by the sides of the lake, peering in among the rushes and reeds. It is most impressive that Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum are so utterly destroyed that even their sites are matters of uncertainty and controversy. How completely have the prophecies of Christ been fulfilled in their annihilation from the earth! Tell Hum, which is considered by many as the site of ancient Capernaum, is now a barnyard, and cattle lie among the prostrate pillars. Capernaum was "cast down to hell," but Christ, whom it rejected, has been exalted to the highest heaven.

We descend to the Fountain of Figs, at the edge of

the lake, turn over our horses to the faithful servants, and, getting into a boat, sail away upon the sacred sea.

The afternoon is hot, the sky brass, and the waters liquid metal, smooth and burning. We have three strong oarsmen; young men, like Peter, James and John, and they bend to their task.

It all brings back the fishermen of old, the disciples whom the Master here called to his side. We think of them rowing their boat with the Lord on board, and how he sat once in the bow of a vessel and talked to the people on the shore.

We sailed up near the head of the lake and went ashore at Tell Hum. We found some prostrate pillars in the yard of a goat stable, the goats standing on the blocks of marble. Outside the little stone fence a palm tree was growing, with some oleanders in full bloom hard by. We sauntered some time about the place, gathered a few souvenirs, and getting into the boat, sailed away.

We felt sorry for our poor oarsmen. They looked so very warm. We ourselves were much oppressed by the heat, but managed to sing the song, "Memories of Galilee," and thought of our Saviour, who had lived so much on these shores, and who had walked upon these very waters.

After a while we discovered our boatmen looking up towards the northwest and pointing to something with expressions of pleasure in their faces. We saw the

shadow of a small cloud on the yellow hills. It came nearer and nearer, until it reached the lake, and we could trace its course by the disturbance of the waters as it approached us. The boatmen put up their oars, raised the sail, and sat waiting for the breeze. It was from the mountains, like the breath of God's Holy Spirit which comes down from heaven upon the church to waft it onward. It was a cool breeze, and when it struck us, the little vessel bounded like a bird across the water. Rapidly we sped along, silently enjoying the holy scene, until a little before sunset, when we went ashore at Tiberias, where we found our tents pitched just outside the Jewish cemetery. Away up on the mountain side, we could see mausoleums cut in the rocks. Just below them were some new made graves, with a few weeping women and children hovering about them.

Two Scotch Presbyterian missionaries came from the town to take tea with us and join in our evening worship, which was very pleasant to them and to us.

After they departed, I went down to stand by the side of the sea. The world was still; the stars were shining their best in the vaporless sky; here and there a dim light glimmered in the distance, where some late boatman was coming home. What was it that made the scene so beautiful? Were the stars brighter than ours? Were the waters bluer than on our own Lake George? No; but the stars whispered, Jesus of Galilee; and

the waters murmured his sacred name. There was something in the dim vista that suggested the majestic presence; and I could almost hear his voice saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The many glorious events in the life of Christ come up, and under the inspiration of the scene take the form of a hymn, which was afterwards written down:

GALILEAN KING.

Galilean King and Prophet,
Thou who once bestrode the sea,
Come across the troubled waters,
Come, and bid our sorrows flee.
Let us hear the mighty mandate,
Of Thine own resistless will;
Calling calmness o'er the tempest,
Let us hear Thy "Peace be still."

Galilean King and Shepherd,
Who Thy flocks didst gently lead,
Through the fields and by the sea-side,
Now Thy sheep on mercies feed.
In the mountains and the desert,
As the thousands followed Thee,
We, the hungry, press the nearest,
For Thy bounty full and free.

Galilean King and Healer,
There are many waiting here,
Waiting with their wounded spirits,
Speaking but with sigh or tear:
Wilt Thou guide Thy white-winged vessel
Towards the sorrow-shaded strand?

Come, and give new life and blessing,
Touch us with Thy tender hand.

Galilean King and Saviour,
Here we crave Thy pardoning grace;
Wilt Thou not forgive us freely,
As we kneel before Thy face?
Cleansing, righteousness, adoption,
And renewing from Thy love,
Give us all, that we may serve Thee,
'Till we fir our rest above.

SEA OF GALILEE, AND TOWN OF TIBERIAS.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY HATTIN TO CANA.

AT break of day the servants were taking down the tents in which we had tabernacled by the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Only a pale glow of morning was seen on the mountain tops. No sound was audible, but the footsteps of the servants moving about among the beasts of burden, making preparations for departure, except that in the distance we could hear the murmur of the sea. It was sweet to think that Christ had listened to these waves; yes, and that these waves had at least once listened to him, when he said, "Peace be still."

We mounted our steeds, and with feelings of deep regret turned our backs upon the sacred lake, that we might ascend the slopes of the western hills. The zig-zag path, that at each turn takes a new ascent, shows us each moment wider and nobler views of the plain of Gennesaret and the lake, and the light was being turned on by angel fingers that we might see it better, for the morning was brightening in the east. We were on a journey that our Lord must have taken many a time. And as the Master had climbed this hillside often, he must have stopped to look back, for did he not enjoy nature? Did

not the maker of this earthly frame love to contemplate its beauty? Did not he who laid the foundations of the seas and established the earth upon the floods, look with joy upon the azure dome, the silver floor of Galilee, and the little villages that dotted its shores? Did not the Master, as he climbed these hills, often stop to look down and admire his own handiwork, and worship his Father? Yes; he did, and thought back to the time when he himself said, "Let there be light!"

But sometimes he must have thought upon that cross he knew was waiting for him, with sadness which made him wish, possibly, it was all over. Then thinking onward, he must have dwelt upon the glorious triumph beyond death.

As we ascend, we behold, far off on our right, on a mountain top, a city called Safed, built of very bright materials, for, though we never entered it, being a modern town and having no special interest for Bible students, we saw it at a great distance from almost every point of the compass. It seemed as if we could not get away from Safed. It was very suggestive to think that when the Master used illustrations, he picked them up all around him. How when he said, "Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid," he probably saw one in view, like Safed, standing on an elevation like that.

Going from Tiberias over to Cana there is no road, yet there is a highway, and one of the busiest in that

country. A great many of the caravans from Jerusalem and Damascus go this way. We marched along paths, for there are many, intersecting each other, and winding in and out of each other, and all more or less filled with stones. We are very much impressed with the people we meet. Here comes an old man with a long white beard. It is early in the day. He says, "Nehârak sa'îd!" which means, "May your day be happy!" or, if it be in the evening, he says, "El-Khêr!" which means, "Good evening!" He always speaks to you, and touches his brow and breast, and perhaps he will say, "Welcome, pilgrim!" Here comes a man leading a little donkey, a favorite mode of locomotion in Syria, with his baby on it. Another leads a camel, the "ship of the desert," with its strangely-shaped feet and queer hump on its back, walking very slowly, two and a half miles an hour. One of these camels, however, makes up in the quantity of work it does for its lack of speed. He will transport from five to twelve hundred pounds on his back, and a beast that can carry that much deserves to be allowed to walk at a leisurely gait.

The reason the writer is describing these things is because they are just what Christ used to see in going between Nazareth and Galilee.

Here comes a long procession, which requires ten minutes to pass; count: here are fifty, sixty, seventy-five camels, all fastened together, with a little donkey in the

lead and one in the rear, and Arabs here and there alongside, to keep them in order, all seeming to be at peace with themselves and the world, making their way towards some distant point. Their destination may be Palmyra or Damascus. They are carrying figs, cotton, corn and wheat, some of it grown, possibly, in America; they are carrying implements of agriculture from European cities; some of them bear long pieces of timber for railroad purposes, cut in Georgia, perhaps. This is a sample of the camel trains which one meets constantly coming and going through the Holy Land.

We continue climbing until we reach the elevated plateau. It is called the plain of Hattin.

Up here, on this high place, on the third and fourth days of July, 1187, Saladin the Great administered a final crushing defeat to that romantic mania called the Crusades, which swept over Europe through several centuries. Here Saladin destroyed the army of the Franks. This was the death-blow to that great sentiment which we cannot condemn because we must feel something like it ourselves. The Christian world now only needs some greater Peter the Hermit to make it rise up and drive the Turks from the Holy Land, which their presence desecrates.

It is not worth the blood and treasure it would cost, and yet we feel that it is bitter to have the cross surmounted by the crescent; to find a mosque where the

temple ought to be. Yet, the way to advance the religion of Christ is not with the sword, but as the Master propagated it in the Sermon on the Mount.

Somewhere on the plain by the sea, within sight of this spot, our Lord was once surrounded by a strange gathering. All the lunatics in that entire region, and all the sick people, were brought to him. Here, a father brings a little child in his arms; here, a man on a frame or litter is carried by four; there is a poor afflicted woman, who, with assistance, manages to come to the presence of Christ. All the sick and afflicted are nearest to him; at least, it ought to have been so; it must have been so. Oh, how pathetic! All the sorrows and sickness and infirmities in Galilee, that could be brought, were there, to have tender hands laid upon them by the Master. Is not that a parable of what happens every Sabbath day, when we gather in the house of God, bringing our poor ones and our sick friends on our prayers, to lay them down before him?

And so we have Christ and his congregation; Christ in his own chosen setting; Christ with the afflicted, the sick, the dying, the poor, the despised and forsaken; the Friend of Sinners with his people around him. He was sitting on his throne of mercy; not on the white horse that John saw him riding through heaven; but Christ sitting on his invisible throne of mercy by the Sea of Galilee. One name of this sea was Gennesaret, which means harp. And never harp was played to

make sweeter music than this harp. The strings of human life were stretched along its shores. Christ played on them with mighty music that can never die. Going up on the mountain, the Master begins to preach; and what is it he says? "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." What words! Ah! that is just what the poor people of Galilee are listening for: Blessed, Blessed! From the very heart of God great blessings come, and Christ is ready to lay them on the broken hearts of his people. These words were so grand, that though there were no short-hand reporters to take them down, the Holy Spirit would not let them die, and Matthew has given them to us word for word.

What a wonderful sermon!—it is to-day one of the grandest arguments for the divinity of our religion, because no man could have preached like that; no Isaiah could have spoken such words; no David. God never gave to human lips such privilege. He kept the best things of inspiration for the lips of his Son. It is in that Sermon on the Mount that we find the Lord's prayer, the liturgy of the ages; that prayer that seems to teach all mankind that God is their parent and that they are brothers, that makes them say, "*Our* Father which art in Heaven." There is a revolution in those words. If the whole world would say, and say it truly, "*Our* Father," it would wipe out all bitterness; it would bring in all charity; it would empty every

prison, heal every feud, and make war an impossibility forever. One of the best things in the Sermon on the Mount—it is hard to think which is best—but one of the best is, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

All the good laws of all ages, that God and man have ever made, are included in this.

And we read that, when he had finished his sermon, he came down from the mountain and a great multitude followed him; and no wonder, as he walked the people thronged his path. A short time afterwards, he began a long journey through the world, marking his pathway with light, and the best and noblest have always followed him. The world marks its history by the measurement of Christ's life, Anno Domini. Christ is leading a great throng to-day on the plains of earth; they have heard him say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor"; they have heard of his death and resurrection, and, bringing their sorrows and sins to him, a great multitude is following Christ across the ages; and when at last the mighty pilgrimage shall end, and he enters heaven as conqueror, there will be no small company to throng the shining gates.

It is not easy to wrest ourselves from such a scene, but we must go on towards the south.

And after a time, as we come in sight of a little village called Kenna, we begin to think of rest. It is high

noon, very warm, and the horses are tired. Ah, that is Kenna, down the hillside, in front. Some say, however, that the old Cana was over on the right. We are quite willing to accept this Kenna, and, after we get into the village, we dismount before the Greek Catholic church. A dozen little boys and girls come trooping up to hold our horses. We are glad to give them some small "backsheesh," to put our hands on their heads and say words they cannot quite understand, except that they know we mean to be kind to them. If you say a kind word to a little child, it may be in any tongue under the sun, but if it is a kind word he will know it. There is a language of human nature that is universal. So these little Syrians understood we were their friends, and were very pleased to take our horses' reins and make a little money.

We go into the church, at the door of which we meet an aged priest, in his sombre garments, with a tall black hat upon his head. He shows us the building, which is supposed to stand upon the spot where the Lord made the water wine. We do not know that it is true, but we take off our hats in reverence for him and for what he holds sacred; he believes that this is the spot and, after all, it will do as well as any. He shows us the pictures on the walls, which represent the beginning of miracles, and some of the vessels used on that memorable night at the marriage feast, made, doubtless, by some good old monk in modern times. We respect

what he respects, and walk about with solemn mien. After giving him some "backsheesh," we get on our horses and ride away down the hill. Just at the other end of the village is our resting place, in an olive grove.

Near the olive grove was a fountain; they never call them springs there; always fountains. It is the fountain of the village, and the only source of water supply. Fountains are not like temples; they always live. You can never build anything that will last so long as a fountain. Tennyson makes a brook say: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." Among the things that never will die unil the end of the world, are the fountains; their little streams that God opened at the beginning are going to play on. Here is the same fountain that has been flowing for two thousand years, yes, three times two thousand; that fountain could tell the world's history if it would. Around it just at noon, when the sun flashes down from the cloudless sky, are gathered scores of thirsty men and beasts crowding up for their draught. The sheep from the hillsides, and the hungry goats, the camels, and the men, women and children are gathering around the spring. And we sit there thinking that this is the very scene Christ must have witnessed very often, and from his day to this, beasts and men have been gathering here. And they are going to keep on probably until the end of time.

Thus we get to thinking of that day when a lot of servants came running down to the fountain with their water-pots, in haste, because the wine had given out at the wedding and something strange was about to happen, as they supposed. They come down with their vessels, fill them with water, to carry up there on the hillside; and when they bear them back and set them down before the Lord, the water from the spring is turned into wine. Thus when the water looked upon the Red Rose of Sharon, it tried to blush like the rose; and it looked up into the face of Christ returning the reflection of his own.

It is pleasant to think that the first miracle was for purpose of making a company of people happy, and that it was performed in the midst of a marriage feast; also to remember that the first great act of God upon mankind was in performing the marriage ceremony. It was the organization of society itself; when, in the garden of Eden, the place of the first marriage, while the angels stopped singing to listen, that God made the first man and the first woman husband and wife; setting on a pedestal of everlasting honor that which is the corner-stone of our happiness, giving it his benediction that dewy morning, and making it something to be defended through all time. There have been a great many changes, and there has been progress, even in the religion of God, but marriage stands unchanged even at the present day. Marriage

was at the beginning of things in Eden, and our Lord began his miracles by blessing a wedding.

And so the world's great history is going to be wound up in a marriage scene. He who made the water wine, will stand in the midst of heaven with his bride on his arm, his beloved church, and there will be rejoicing, such rejoicing as one might suppose would be made if all the happiness of all the weddings on earth were put together, when, in the presence of the universe, the nuptials of Christ and his church are solemnized.

Well, the marriage customs of those ancient times were very simple and beautiful, and they are similar now to what they were then. It was our good fortune to see a marriage procession in the Holy Land.

They always have a camel in the procession, one camel all decked over with roses, and lilies, and olive leaves, and his neck hung with jewels and shining things, valueless and valuable, and lead him in front of the procession. They have a marriage feast, and a marriage contract; but they go home instead of going on a bridal tour; go home to the house of the groom. And this is generally late at night, frequently just between two days; and the friends are expected to be present in front of the house, some of them within. They join the procession, and as they go, they throw after them wheat and barley.

And every one was expected to carry a lamp, and I

was so fortunate as to be able to purchase one of those ancient lamps from the men who were excavating the ruins of an old church over the well of Jacob at Sychar. They had just begun excavating, and I bought it from them for a franc. Here then go the bridal party, carrying their lamps in their hands, and singing their happy songs. Every one has also a vessel in which he carries his oil, and from this vessel he pours in more oil from time to time.

When they reach the bridegroom's house, they enter and shut the door to keep the rabble out, and then the merrymaking goes on.

NAZARETH.

CHAPTER XV.

NAZARETH.

WE have rested long enough under these olive trees by the spring. Let us mount from this stone wall, and start up the hill, expecting to reach Nazareth in three hours.

We had observed a strange individual, of brown complexion and peculiar dress, walking down the hill just behind us, when we came into Kenna, and who lunched under a wall near where we rested. When we mounted to go, having finished his little repast, which consisted of some figs and black bread, he tied up what was left in a piece of yellow cloth, slung it over his shoulder on a small stick, and started after our party.

After he had followed us for a number of miles, I dropped back to give him an opportunity to make himself known. He saw what I meant, and so came up beside my horse and handed me a piece of folded paper, a good deal soiled, and making a salaâm, indicated that I might read it. I did so, and found it to be a passport given by the English governor of the city of Bombay, showing him to be a priest. He was a subject of Her Majesty Victoria, the Empress of India, and

like ourselves, was bent upon seeing the Land of Holy Light. Being entirely alone, he constantly joined himself to parties who chanced to be going his way; especially when he came to dangerous regions.

At length, on arriving at the top of a hill, we had our first glimpse of Nazareth.

Nazareth is a little town, estimated at from five to ten thousand inhabitants. A majority of the people are Christians, and, therefore, live in good houses, built of stone. Christ in the heart of a man makes him strong, industrious, cleanly, honest, thrifty; makes him a good farmer, a good builder, a good husband, a good father, a good merchant, a good soldier. As soon as you come to a village travelling in these lands, you need not ask what kind of people live there. You need not ask whether or not it is a Christian village; if Christ is there, you will see it in the whole aspect of the place.

Well, we camped as usual in an olive grove. The principal trees in Palestine are the olives. This tree resembles a live-oak, and, like the pride of our southern forests, spreads its kind branches near the ground, to afford the traveller a cool shade. Our camp was near the northern end of the town, and had around it a hedge of cactus about ten feet high, with broad thick leaves with some blossoms on them. There was also some very good-looking fruit among the cactus needles, but we dared not attempt to pluck it.

Having disposed of our horses, it being still early in the afternoon, we went down to the post-office, for we had some letters to post. "Where is the post-office?" we kept enquiring along the way. At last we found it in a little street, in the second-story of a stone building. When we asked if there were any letters, the post-master looked in an old wooden box, where, with our assistance, he found some, mixed up with old candle-ends, bunches of string, pieces of harness, and other things of that sort. That was the post-office maintained by the Turkish government, in a town of perhaps 10,000 people. When the post-master was cancelling the postage on my letters, I looked at his stamp, but it did not seem to spell Nazareth, or *En Nasira*, the modern name of the town, but *Nasrie*. "What do you mean by that stamp?" I asked, "is that another name for Nazareth?" "No," said he, "that is the name of a town in the province of Bagdad; we did not have any stamp, and when they got a new one there, they sent us their old one."

This incident is given to show how slovenly—how utterly incompetent—is the pretence of government maintained over the people of Palestine by the Turkish despotism.

When we descended to the street, we could not get out of the door for some minutes, because the thoroughfare was completely occupied by a line of camels, which was passing.

There is a Greek Catholic church, which stands on a spot said to have been made sacred by the Annunciation. The Roman Catholic church of the Annunciation stands in another part of the town. It would not do for these two great rival churches not to have each a building upon the place where the angel Gabriel told Mary the most marvellous secret that ever entered a woman's heart. Whether it was on the spot enclosed by the walls of the Greek convent, or on that encircled by the Latin church, we care not. But it was within the boundary of these hills that the angel folded his wings and came to speak to Mary. Perhaps he afterward joined in the celestial anthem sung over Bethlehem when the Saviour was born.

The Protestant world sometimes fails to treat the mother of our Lord with as much respect as they should, just because some other people worship her. The angel said that all men should call her "blessed." Christ did care most tenderly for her, and when, in the anguish of her heart, she stood by his cross, he gave her to John for his peculiar care.

One looks with little interest upon the pious fraud of a stone table, alleged to have been used by Christ and his disciples, in a chapel of one of the churches. They also show us the carpenter-shop where Joseph and his Son toiled. Of course, it is all fiction; but it is, at least, true, that this is the village in which he lived. It is not fiction that Christ had hard hands once; it is not

fiction that he had to make his bread by the sweat of his brow. That is all we care to know, and here is the place where he did it. The world was made that he might work here at the trade of an artisan, and build homes for the poor, doing that which was necessary in order to keep the family in comfort. Christ labored, and so made labor beautiful, and all laborers read these things with glowing eyes.

It was very interesting just at sunset to see the people gather at the village fountain; there must have been a hundred, if not more. It is inside the convent, and the water is conducted through stone pipes out to the front, where the people come and get it and carry it to their homes. Little girls and boys, and women, come with pitchers on their shoulders, and walk away in all directions, some of them singing, while the muezzin in his minaret is calling the faithful to prayer.

Did we say that Nazareth was in a valley? Yes. Yet the Scriptures tell us, "they led him to the top of the hill on which their city was built, that they might cast him over." It is on a hill, and it is also in a valley. It is in a valley on the hill. One can go to the southern edge of the town and see a place to which they might have led him, to cast him over.

One of the most attractive places about Nazareth is the hill on the west above the village. It is very high, but is well worth the climb. The hour is not late; let

us ascend it. Here is one of the finest views in Palestine. Standing on this peak, you can see the Mediterranean and Mount Carmel, Tabor, Hermon, Gilboa, and the plain of Esdraelon. Mount Tabor is over there, on the left, covered with trees to the very summit; just behind is Mount Hermon, with its marble dome standing aloft like the great cathedral of the Holy Land.

And as we have climbed to the top of the hill just at sunset, and look abroad, we get to thinking, how, one day a long time ago, a little family party came into this village, the man leading, perhaps, a little beast, with his wife riding, holding a babe in her arms; a babe that the mother looked upon with strange affection, mingled with awe, and that the father regarded with wonder, because he knew it was not his child. How they spent thirty years in the lap of this valley; how the child grew up to be a boy, attended school, and came at last to work at his father's trade. We thought how he used to climb up on the mountain, where great thoughts would pass through his mind—great thoughts of God, of humanity, of a mighty destiny, taking possession more and more of his human soul; how he increased in wisdom as he grew in stature; increased in favor with God and man, his human nature expanding, moderated by a sense of divinity, until sometime, somewhere, in the history of that boyhood, Jesus of Nazareth knew that he was the son of God, and that he had made these hills and yonder deep blue sea; that he

was born from eternity and for eternity. To him often the thought must have come, that, by a tremendous sacrifice he was to save a lost world; and while his great soul went out for the sorrows and sins and oppressions of his race, not only of the Jewish people, but of all mankind, he felt that he was their Saviour and their God. A deep solemnity would follow when he remembered, "I have to accomplish it by dying under the guilt of sin. The victory lies beyond the cross, and I must suffer before I can say, 'Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do;' before I can say, 'All power is given unto me, in heaven and on earth.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

ESDRAELON, OR MEGIDDO, THE PLAIN OF BATTLES.

ARMAGEDDON means city or hill of Megiddo, and is simply a combination of those two words. Armageddon is considered as the type and symbol of battle, and has been taken by many to express the prophecy of a universal war which is coming to wind up the present dispensation. It is difficult to have an opinion on such a subject, or to know anything about the future—the future of this world. The Scriptures have told us some things in dim outline, which are like the figures of the aurora borealis in the northern sky in winter, that pass before us dimly beautiful, and yet indefinite. Prophecy is not intended to be sharply understood before it is fulfilled. Christ says (St. John xiv. 29), "And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe."

The object of prophecy is, then, that in the march of events, as great things occur, the observant child of God can see that they were predicted, by comparing them with the Scriptures, and thus be made to feel the hand of God on the helm of the universe, and know that he is driving the chariot of human destiny. So

we can have very little opinion on the subject of the second coming of Christ. We only know he is coming, and wish he would come to-day. We know there is a judgment day, that death ends our time of probation here; therefore, practically, death is our judgment day. We know that when we die, Christ comes to take us home; but what Christ is going to do with the great world at large, we cannot tell. About this Armageddon question, we can have no definite opinion. It is only interesting to see that the idea of this prophecy is clothed in something taken from Jewish history, and from the geography of Palestine; for Armageddon refers to the plain of Megiddo, another name for the plain of Esdraelon, which is also called the plain of Jezreel. It is about twenty miles wide, and thirty long. Esdraelon, seen from an eminence, resembles a sea, bounded, for its shores, by Mount Carmel, Gilboa, Tabor, and the hills of Galilee, and looks out upon the broad Mediterranean. It is just rolling enough to resemble the billows of the ocean, is richly covered in spring with fields of grain, and the crests of its waves are roses and lilies, which make it transcendently beautiful.

Let us start from Nazareth, which sits up in the hills, and loves to sit there, because it is the place where Jesus lived; loves to sit there, because it is under such a blue sky, and because it is surrounded by such beautiful hills on every hand, except in front, towards the

plain of Esdraelon, which is plainly visible from many points in the village.

As we take our early departure from the sacred town of the Saviour's youth, while the first gold dust of morning rises before the chariot wheels of the king of day, we hear the convent bell of the Greek church sending forth its peal, and the muezzin calling the Mohammedans to prayer. Christianity and Mohammedanism summon their devotees to worship; the Christian bell says, "Come and worship Jesus of Nazareth;" the muezzin says, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." We hear them, in the still morning, and God hears them; and as these two kinds of worship ascend to heaven, we get to wondering as we descend from these hills, how that God who like "a father pitieth his children," regards the honest Mohammedan, who, in his mistake, bends the knee and worships him under another name. And we cannot restrain a prayer that all those who look up to God—the great God of heaven and earth—by whatever name they call him, may see him as we see him, may see him in Christ, and see Christ in him, and come to the fulness of the blessing of that gospel which makes our lives so happy, and the future so bright.

It is rather a steep descent, coming down from such thoughts as these to commonplace matters, as it is also to descend from the hill of Nazareth to the plain. The roadway winds around like a serpent as

we come down to the broad valley of Esdraelon; fifteen of us on horseback, with our guide in front, singing a morning song, the air cool and bracing, and the wind so sweet from yonder western sea. It seems the luxury of travel to be in such a land, under such happy circumstances, and we find ourselves thinking of people far away, of dear faces that we would wish to see now, and how we long for them, that they might stand with us on the bosom of this hill, and look upon the splendid panorama spread out before us.

When we get into the plain, we look back and see our baggage train following: forty animals, with tents and provisions, and all the necessaries of camp life, coming slowly down the hills; and when we turn off to the left, they take their straight course across the plain towards our camping ground for the night. As we ride along, we meet a few people on the road. This is a country infested by robbers, and we have had our guard doubled, that we may be defended from the Bedouins, especially at night. This is the highway between Nazareth and Jerusalem. Along this pathway the man of sorrows must have walked. The dust beneath our feet seems to speak to us in tender memories. The past becomes the present, and we can hardly bind our thoughts down to the business of travel and guiding our horses, because our minds are full of events away back in the dim ages. Here comes a Bedouin on his prancing steed, across the plain; he has seen this caravan ap-

proaching, and has curiosity enough to draw near and have a look at us; he makes a salaâm, and exchanges a few words with our guide. These Bedouins are the descendants of Amalek; they are Amalekites, and are the same kind of robber people that their ancestors were. But this one seems very neighborly. He has a smile on his face, and is very bright and pleasant. He has a fine horse, and is proud of him, as many another man is of his steed. He gallops down the path to show us how he can go, and suddenly turns, draws his sword and charges directly upon our dragoman, as if he would cut him in twain; then he retreats, rides back and charges us from behind a little sand hill; he goes next to the east, and comes at us again with every demonstration of fierceness, but only bows blandly as he sweeps by. These fertile plains are inhabited by a happy people; but they live in villages. There is no such thing as a farmhouse in Palestine. One may ride fifteen miles through fertile fields, and never come to a human habitation. The people who cultivate the lands reside in villages for protection, and for neighborly comfort and enjoyment. They dare not live separately, as our farmers do, because the Bedouins would come and take their flocks from them, and all their movable property. It seemed very strange to us to ride over miles of wide fields, and not see any sign of humanity, save in the distance, where we could discover little villages dotted around like commas and ex-

clamation points near the foot of the hills. Mr. Hishmeh tells us that this plain is owned by a rich man who lives in Beirut; who, like a few of the rich men of the world, but not the most of them, is a very generous and just man, and he loves his people. They also love him devotedly, and would fight for him at any time. The peasants cultivate his lands; he stands between them and the Turkish power, and is their benefactor, and they are the happiest people in the country. What a blessing it is to be able to do so much for the poor.

Wealth is a gift from God, and a rich man is one of God's stewards, because he has it in his power to make so many people happy; to make so many homes bright; but how few of the wealthy men of the world understand it so? Rich man, I have a single thing to say to you: What shall you do with your money? Do with it just what you think Christ would do with it, if he stood in your position in this sad, sinning, striving, dying world. And it is his; he has only lent it to you, to use for the welfare of men, yourself, and others, and for the glory of his holy name. It was pleasant to hear our dragoman bear such honorable testimony to that Greek Christian of Beirut.

We ride on across the plain, stopping to take our mid-day meal under the shadow of a great rock, where a little river comes out from under a hill. It is called the Fountain of Jezreel, or the Fountain of Gideon.

The reason it is called the Fountain of Gideon is, because here Gideon's men came and were subjected to the test as to how they would drink, that a small band might be selected for the battle of the coming day. This stream has washed out for itself an arched cavern, and one can ride into it on horseback entirely out of view from those in the plain. We rode up into this cavern, hearing the waters trickle and sing about us. Dismounting at the head of it, we looked through the archway out on the plain, and beyond it. It happened we could just see the top of Gilboa, where Saul went to consult the Witch of Endor. We came out and spread our mats for lunch. There is no such shade as that which comes from masonry like this. God is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and the man who takes refuge in him is safe from his enemies, is protected from dangers by day and by night; the sun and the moon shall not smite him, and the cool waters of eternal rest flow close beside his life.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHUNEM AND NAIN.

SHUNEM, now called Sûlem, is a little village in the plain, watered by a spring, well gardened by the people, who come out in force to see the strangers. We care little for these modern villagers, only we wish them well; but we have come to see the place in which a certain great woman built on the wall a little chamber for the prophet Elisha, and in consideration of which God gave to her a son. That son received a sun-stroke, while he was out amongst the reapers, and died. He was brought in and laid on the bed. The Shunammite knew well what to do. The prophet lived on yonder Carmel, some seventeen miles away; but seventeen miles are nothing to a mother's heart. She mounts her steed and rides across that burning summer plain, but the heat that killed the child does not dry up the mother's love. She comes to the prophet, and he wishes to know what the matter is. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" And, though the child was dead, she said, "It is well." In the inspiration of that woman's submissive faith under God's decree many another woman has said, when her child lay dead on her

breast, "It is well; God did it; it is well." Faith is able to submit, able to trust, and to wait, knowing that whatever may be the heart-pangs and the sadness of to-day, there is a bright lining to the darkest cloud; there is a glorious to-morrow, when God will wipe away every tear. It is our privilege to triumph over sorrow, to rise victorious over death, and so, "it is well," though our hearts are bleeding, and our faces wet with the spray of the bitterest of all seas—the sea of death. The Shunammite's faith is rewarded; the prophet goes home with her; he brings his loving heart into proximity with the dead child's heart, and God uses his servant to raise the child to life again. Oh! if we are going to save men we have got to get close to them. Men of the church, we are not going to save men of the world with the tips of our fingers, or by proxy, or by messengers. We have got to come into contact with them, hand to hand, feet to feet, face to face, heart to heart, and a flash of eternal fire will go down, life-giving, from God's Holy Spirit into the dying and the dead. So he gave the boy back to his mother, and was it not well? There was a very happy home in Shunem that day.

It cannot have been by chance that a similar thing, long afterwards, occurred at the little place called Nain, which lies on a hillside just a short distance from Shunem. It cannot be an accident that God's providence laid these two sweet jewels of grace, so much alike,

side by side on the plain of Esdraelon. In the plain of battle and blood and death, God set two sparkling diamonds of his life-giving love and mercy.

We went up to Nain, thinking of a funeral long ago. The saddest processions that ever march through our streets are those which go towards the silent city of the dead. In the East, they do not put their dead into caskets and hearses, but wrap them in soft garments, and carry them on their shoulders, some walking before, some behind, mourning just as we mourn. A Syrian's sob is just like an American's sob, and the tear that steals down the face of the people of Asia is the mate to ours. There is a language of sorrow that is universal, and a funeral procession is always saddening. Sometimes people turn out into another street when they see one coming, or, if they meet one, they look almost timidly at that mournful vehicle that leads the way. Christ was going into the gate of the little city of Nain as the funeral passed out. He must have come down from Nazareth the same way we came, winding across the plain.

There is not a Christian in Nain now, yet there is a Christian church just outside the gate, and there ought to be one. There will be some Christians there after a while. This church belongs to some Catholics up in Nazareth; they put it here because they thought there ought to be a church where Christ raised the widow's son to life. We found it in the keeping of a Moham-

medan sexton. He said, certainly we could come in if we wished. It is a little stone church, and we fifteen Protestants with some of our servants walked through the portal. It was a very plain building; there was the chancel, and there the altar, and, right up above it, what had better not been there, an image of Christ. The only place in this world where should be properly the image of Christ, is on the Christian's heart. No priest was present, so I took the liberty of going up to the altar, and starting the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," to the tune Pleyel's Hymn, in which all joined. The music reverberated up in the high roof, and it seemed to us that this dear old hymn never sounded sweeter.

Jesus broke up the funeral which he met coming out of the gate of the city. It is a very simple story: "A dead man, the only son of his mother, and she a widow." A simple story, but how much it means; her only stay was dead. There is a deal of pathos in that simple narrative. Christ draws near; he stands beside the procession, lays his hand upon the bier and stops it; they that bore it recognized an imperial presence, not knowing what it was, but yet that there was something about him which must be obeyed. They wait, and while they listen, nothing can be heard but the mother's sobs. He whispers, and his whisper flies across the river of death, to call the departed soul back to life again. "Young man!"—we cannot think he said

it loudly. He who was conscious of all power did not need to speak in words of thunder; "Young man!" with an infinite tenderness, because he loved him, loved his mother, and loved all mourners; "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And while all were looking, and as the Master held him by the hand, they saw him rise from his bier, clad in vestments of the tomb, and look at Christ, at them, and look at the blue sky and sunlight, and at his mother's face. Christ never tolerated death in his presence, so far as we know from the Bible narrative. Jairus's daughter must leap into life before him; Lazarus in his tomb must step forth when Christ arrives, and the men who were to die on Calvary's cross must wait until Christ had died. Christ could not live and see death without rebuking it. What a prophecy of his final triumph over the king of terrors, when the ransomed can shout from the battlements of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Christ is going to break up this funeral and grave-yard business eternally, at last. He is going to stand in this great world-cemetery and call every mortal from the fetters of the grave, proclaiming the death of death, and the life of life eternal, to the everlasting glory of his own great name.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JENIN, AND AN HISTORICAL MEDITATION.

WE come to Jenin to spend the night. Jenin used to be called En-ganin, which means the fountain of gardens. Another name is Beth-ganin, which means house of gardens. It is a pretty village of about three thousand people. We approach it, at the suggestion of our dragoman, at full speed, riding rapidly through the suburbs, until we are in front of a Turkish fortress, where some soldiers are going through their evening drill. As this is rather a dangerous part of the country we needed a special guard that night, and three or four brave fellows were detailed to stand around our tents. It was very pleasant to us to hear them signalling to each other through the silent watches, that we might know they were doing their duty, and we fell to sleep feeling very safe, and dreaming of home. But about two o'clock we were awakened rather ruthlessly by the sound of a musket shot, then another, and another and another, and the firing of pistols right and left, the scampering of horses; and a general battle going on outside between our guard and a party of Bedouins, who are trying to get away with some of our

horses. I am delighted to say that nobody was hurt. I would have accounted it a great disaster to have stood next morning over the body of a dead Arab, and felt that, though our men had done their duty in defending us, it had cost the life of a man. One horse was caried a short distance, but he was quickly recovered.

One of our men, however, did afterwards lose his life not far from Nablous. They were on their way back, after parting with us at Jerusalem, when they were all overtaken by a snow-storm in the mountains, and one of them becoming very tired, sat down to rest and fell asleep, but before morning he was as cold as the snow around him. We heard of this just before we left Jaffa to sail for Egypt. It was sad news, for we had become fond of every one of our faithful servants.

The next morning, when the jackals were making the air ring from the adjoining hills, with what to us was merry music, we rose and looked back on Esdraelon. We began to think of its great battles, of the rich blood that had dyed its soil, and the stories that that plain might tell. The first great battle we read of there was between Sisera and Barak. Here, Jabin, the King of the Canaanites, that reigned in Hazor, and who was a son and namesake of him whom Joshua defeated long before at Merom, gathered the people together on the plain of Esdraelon, with their chariots

and horsemen. He deemed it better to engage the Israelites on the plain, because the Israelites had no chariots. The God of the Canaanites was the God of the plain, and the Israelites' God was the God of the mountains, so the Canaanites thought they must get the Israelites down from where they were encamped on the mountain hard by. But God sent Deborah, the prophetess, to encourage the Israelites. She was not the only woman who ever inspired a man to heroic deeds; history has few such women, but the world is full of them, whose names are not written in the annals of fame. Many a man is inspired by a noble woman behind him, whose love, patience, wisdom, piety, and faith, make the man of him that he is. The world gives her no credit, but God does. Deborah was the inspiration of Barak. Barak joins battle with the captain of Jabin's hosts in the fear of God, and the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The elements contended on the side of Israel. God called up the sleet, and the eastern wind, and the storm beat in the faces of the Canaanites, and enabled the Israelites to gain a splendid victory. And so Sisera left his chariot and fled up into the hills towards Nazareth, where lived a woman named Jael, who was descended from old Hobab. Do you remember Hobab, Moses' father-in-law? The Israelites encamped in the mountains of the Sinaitic peninsulas a long time, and after they had made ready to depart for Canaan, Moses asked Hobab

to accompany them. But Hobab did not wish to go; mountaineers always love their mountain homes. However, at length Hobab consented, and joined Israel, and now the family of Hobab are honorably mentioned in history, after many years have passed. One of them was this woman Jael, to whose tent Sisera came, and because he was the enemy of God she put an end to the warrior's life. So much for one great battle.

As we stand in the dawn, thinking of the past, another scene arises. Gideon and his band of three hundred men, with their empty pitchers, save a little lamp burning at the bottom of each. Gideon came the night before to hear what the enemy were talking about in their camp, and to look at the ground before the battle, reconnoitering the whole situation.

"And when Gideon was come, behold, there was a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along.

"And his fellow answered and said, This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: for into his hands hath God delivered Midian, and all the host."

Gideon was listening. God was speaking to Gideon through these Midianites and Amalekites. God is

always speaking to his people, if they will only listen. He may speak through an angel, or through the mouth of a little child, or from a star, as to the wise men of the East; he may speak in a still small voice, as to Elijah, or in the voice of thunder, as to Moses, or by the gentle whispers of his Holy Spirit.

These Amalekites and Midianites had come from far across the Jordan, covering the plain of Esdraelon like grasshoppers, and made the country poor. Now Gideon attacks them, and they are overwhelmingly defeated; but the glory is the Lord's. God would not have a great multitude of soldiers to fight for him that day. Why? Because he thought the children of Israel would be too proud of the victory. He required a small number—three hundred would be enough. That is strange; here is a vast host spread out before them on the plain, yet God says: Stand back, I only want three hundred men, that the glory may be mine; and it has been so many times in history.

From the most memorable victory, we come to the most signal defeat of Israel. It was that in which Saul (the man who was a head and shoulders above his people) figured when Israel fought with the Philistines. Now we come to dark scenes. Saul, the man of such magnificent opportunities, was, perhaps, the most magnificent failure in the history of the world. Saul, depending upon himself, proudly ignoring the assist-

ance of God, went out without his God at his side to battle with his enemies. Saul was very anxious the night before the battle, so he went over the shoulder of Gilboa to consult a witch. We saw from Gideon's fountain, the very place he must have passed to get around the Philistine's camp, which was on the slope of the mountain, on his way to Endor. There are caves about Endor now, inhabited by strange looking people. Some of them look like witches, and as you go by they curse you, and curse your father's house, and your ancestors, as far back as curses can travel. In the dark night, Saul went over to Endor, and passed through that strange experience which took the last spark of life out of him. When the battle was fought the Philistines conquered; Saul and Jonathan were slain, and a great shame rested upon the nation. Then David sang that sweetest lament over misfortune and death—that requiem of the "beauty of Israel slain on its high places;" "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not divided."

Time marches on; Esdraelon has other scenes to witness. Here comes the king of Egypt, Pharaoh Necho, and Josiah marches up to meet him. Josiah and Pharaoh Necho join battle; Josiah is conquered, and, being wounded fatally, is carried down to Jerusalem to die.

Another scene: Alexander the Great encamped be-

fore Tyre, and found it a very obstinate city to capture. He was not accustomed to such resistance. At last, however, he conquered it, but did not think it worth while to go down to Jerusalem to subdue that city, and only sent a message to the people commanding them to pay tribute. The Jerusalemites returned answer that they would not surrender. Angered at this response, the proud Greek started for the holy city, 336 B. C. The people of Jerusalem heard that he was coming, and were alarmed. There was a wise man among them, the High Priest, who said: "This will not do; we will go out to meet the Greek," and organized a company of priests for the march. "Who are these people?" said the Greek king, "They do not look like warriors." The High Priest told him that they had come out to propitiate his favor, and to invite him down to Jerusalem, trusting that he would be merciful to them. Alexander was pleased; so he said to the High Priest: "Very well; I will go back with you, and will pay the cost of a great sacrifice and festival to your God." So the procession turned about and marched on to Jerusalem, Alexander and the High Priest side by side, going to the imperial city to offer sacrifices to Jehovah.

Afterwards, Napoleon, the Alexander of modern times, with Kleber, his great lieutenant, fought a battle on Esdraelon, and a most unfortunate one for him; and with that we will close the battle talk of this won-

derful plain. But we can see now why, in Revelation, when John is describing some great conflict that is to mark a period of history, he should speak of it as "Armageddon."

CHAPTER XIX.

CARMEL.

FROM the plain of Esdraelon one sees Mount Carmel. Its verdant range runs from the coast southeastwards for a distance of about eighteen miles. There is a convent on the point looking out towards the sea, called Mar Elias, built by the French, and from its towers is raised the tri-colored flag, whenever a French steamer sails in sight along the Mediterranean.

Carmel is very beautiful, and possesses more herbage than any other mountain in the Holy Land. The name means "the Park." On the south-eastern slope of Carmel is a pile of stones called "El-Maharrakah," or "The Burning," which is supposed to mark the scene of the miracle of the baptism of fire. The spot chosen for this memorable trial was in sight of Jezreel, the city of Ahab and Jezebel, where there was a splendid palace at that time, with a fine fountain of water. A small village of poor huts is found to-day, where were once the halls of glory and sin. Up on Mount Carmel Elijah had the prophets of Baal gathered together, that they might know who was God. A great company of people came to see. At that time the peo-

ple of Israel worshipped idols, and Elijah supposed he was the only good man living; but God gave him to understand that this was a mistaken idea, that there were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

The people came, the prophets came, and the altars were built; an altar for Jehovah and an altar for Baal. The prophets began to pray early in the morning that their god would baptize their sacrifice with fire, and make himself glorious. But the answer did not come, and the prophets were frantic, for they knew it was an answer or death. They gave it up at last, and Elijah had water brought and poured over the altar until it was drenched through and through, so that there might be no suspicion of fire being concealed in it. Then Elijah betook himself to prayer. The altar and the sacrifice, and the lonely prophet on his knees before God, asking him that he would honor himself and hear his servant, and show the people that there was a God in Israel: what a sublime moment in Elijah's life! what anxiety; what a beating of his heart; what a struggle in his soul! And God's flame flashed down through the rainless skies and baptized the altar with fire; baptized Elijah with light and blessing, so that the people might see written in letters of flame, "I am God; beside me there is none else." The flames consumed the offering and the wood, and licked up the water in the trenches.

Now is the time for retribution; Elijah falls upon these false prophets and slays them right and left. With the blood on his garments, he goes up on the little acclivity above the altar that he might pray for rain. Prostrate he lies on the earth. His servant is on a little higher point, where he can look out to sea, watching and waiting for the answer to prayer. What a scene! The servant came down at length and said that there was a cloud like a man's hand over the sea. At last the rain comes, and the great drought of three years and six months is past. God has heard his servant's prayer. The great day's work is done. But the sad finale of it is this: that, after all, the people did not accept Jehovah as their God; that, after all, they went on worshipping idols; and it showed that a sign from heaven will not persuade men. Nothing but the work of God's Holy Spirit can change a sinner's heart.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG THE SAMARIAN HILLS.

WE set out from Jenin at sunrise, our faithful guide at the head, leading us along those narrow paths which pass through deep gorges, and in the beds of dried up streams. In the wet season they would be roaring torrents. In some places we go along the brow of a precipice, where, for thousands of years, caravans have been coming and going, until, in the soft limestone, they have worn a path four or five feet deep, from which the horse-back rider looks out, and is glad that he has something to protect him from sliding into the chasm below. On approaching a place like this, the dragoman blows his horn, and shouts loudly, that any one coming from the opposite direction may know of our approach and tarry until we get by, for the path is too narrow for two caravans. Unfortunately, in one of these passes his call was too late, or was not heard, and when we came to the middle we found it obstructed by a long procession of camels, tied together. There was no help for it but to climb up on the mountain side, horses and all, and stay there, perched among the scrub trees and clinging to rocks for fifteen minutes, all the time afraid that we would slide down upon the cara-

van. Along this day's route of travel was Dothan, which may probably be identified with the modern Dotan, whither, a long time ago, a young man came from the extreme south, looking for his brothers, who were shepherds. This young man's name was Joseph. Joseph was sold by his brothers to a company of Ishmaelites, and carried by them down into Egypt. There Joseph became a great man, but not because of his misfortunes. There are some persons who think misfortunes make heroes, but this is a mistake. It is not misfortunes; it is the way we bear them; it is what kind of a character we maintain; it is our humility, our patience, our courage, our faithfulness, our virtue, and our love, which make us heroes. Joseph became a great man in Egypt, not because he was thrown into that pit at Dothan; not because he was sold, and carried away as a slave, but because of his manliness, his virtue, his devotion to God and truth and duty, and because of his undying faithfulness to his father and his brothers.

The Samarian hills afterwards fell to the lot of the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, and these were descended from the sons of Joseph. There was a certain poetical or, rather, divine justice in it. These were among the best hills and the best valleys, the prettiest streams, and the richest vineyards and corn-fields; it was the choice region of the promised land. There are places just as fertile here and there, like the valley

of Jericho and the plain of Esdraelon, but there is no part of Palestine, of great dimensions, that can compare in beauty and richness to that portion which fell to the children of the man who was as faithful in the palace as in the cottage, as faithful in the glory of the court as he was with his brethren in the fields and among the flocks.

What lessons, what poems, God has implanted in the very dust of this world! and who can stand by Dothan's well and not breathe a nobler spirit? Who can walk among these hills and not feel a new impulse to live for God, trusting in him for our reward?

It is delightful to ride along the valleys and hills of Samaria. The whole country is a forest of olive gardens, and this is the country Joseph was led through long ago, possibly looking back sadly and watering his pathway with tears, little knowing that one day it would be his children's home. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

As we go through these lovely gardens, we catch a glimpse of a very unique hill, which stands surrounded by an amphitheatre of higher hills, except on the west. There are the ruins of an old Christian church, with a Gothic tower, and down here on the right is another pile of ruins in the Roman style, which they tell us was an ancient theatre. We approach this hill, and find a winding pathway leading to its summit. Here great

marble columns, lying prostrate, this way and that, mark an ancient colonnade. On the summit there are the massive ruins of old-time palaces. Would you like to know what that hill is? The people now call it "Sebaste," but it is the old city of Samaria. Omri bought the place from Shemer, when his palace at Tirzah was burned down, and built here another palace, naming it "Shomron," a name which, changed into Samaria, finally took possession of all that portion of the land, and there Omri established his court.

After awhile two famous characters in ancient history, who remind us of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, came upon this stage,—Ahab and Jezebel. Here was the ivory palace; here was the scene of revelry by day and by night; here the home of sin and glory—for sin and glory get strangely mingled in the lives of the great of this world, just as sorrow and holiness are often entwined around the brow of the Christian.

On those hills which we see to the right of us, is where Elisha beheld the fiery chariot, symbolical of divine majesty and vengeance. Herod the Great had given to him this town of Samaria by Augustus Cæsar. Herod was a mighty man for erecting palaces and massive architecture. He named the place "Sebaste," after his royal patron, and ornamented it with magnificent buildings. There was once a man—a lonely man, whom everybody wondered at—who used to pass this way, coming and going between Jerusalem and

Galilee. We have a history of this man; yes, four histories of him side by side, which give us accounts of him sitting down to talk with a poor woman at a well; of miracles performed by him on the sick, dying, and dead; descriptions of his gracious kindness to the poor; and yet, though that humble man went up and down past Samaria, there is not a word about his ever looking at the palace on the hill, at the theatre by its side, of his being impressed with the glory and the mightiness of Herod the Great. He preferred to go and sit in Peter's boat on the waters of Galilee, and preach the gospel to the poor people, rather than to walk in the palace of the king. He was "the Man of sorrows" and "the Friend of sinners." We are glad he was not the man of the palace, but the man of the cottage; the man of the lake-side; the man of humility and love.

We rode all over the lonely hill; it is dense with as beautiful an olive grove as there is anywhere. On the terraces that Herod laid off, grape vines wrap themselves around the prostrate pillars that have tumbled down and are lying one upon another. Among them the quiet peasant walks and enjoys the fruit of his toil. As it is about noon, we are conducted down the hill-side, to the ruin of the Gothic church. It was built in the twelfth century, by the Crusaders, and is called the Church of St. John the Baptist; tradition

says he is buried here. Our mats are spread on the discolored marble pavement, under the shadow of a part of the wall, which is still standing. When we have finished our meal we set out to explore the place. Come over here and look through that grating on the right, and you will see a number of Mohammedans with their mats spread upon the floor, their faces towards Mecca, going through their devotions. Just now a blessing was asked on our mid-day meal, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—within hand-reach of the Mohammedan on his knees. There are few places more representative of the religions of the world than this old ruin. The Mohammedans have taken the chapel and turned it into a mosque, and here, in front of us, we are led down into a crypt below the level of the pavement, where is said to be the tomb of John the Baptist. Then on our left, just across the church, in another chapel, we found two idols—life-sized—one having a calf's head, and the other that of a man, cut in flinty lime-stone, that had been dug up from the ruins and brought in here for shelter. To complete the picturesqueness of the scene a graceful palm-tree, which has grown up out of the floor of the church, spreads its branches overhead.

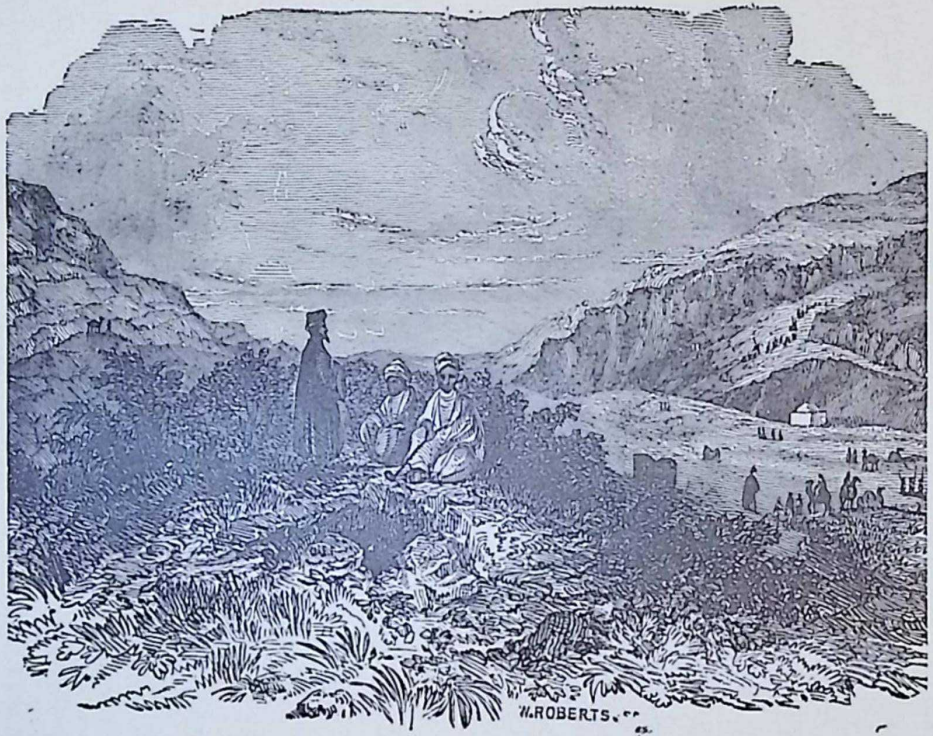
John the Baptist is a man who can stand alongside of Joseph the irreproachable. He died for the truth—a glorious, brave man—and if that be his tomb

indeed, sacred is the place where his ashes rest. We have the highest authority to say that of them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than this, Christ's forerunner—his morning star; his heroic follower—whom Herod killed at the behest of a wicked woman.

CHAPTER XXI.

NABLOUS.

IN the cool of the evening we rode on to Nablous, where we were to camp that night, and spend the Sabbath. The ancient name was Shechem. Nablous means "new town," as does Naples, both having been corrupted from the Greek word "Neapolis." The old town was probably built further down the valley. We approach it through a long avenue of trees, festooned with mistletoe, but the berries, instead of being milky white, like ours, are claret-colored. We pluck a few bunches from the lower branches, and pass them along to our friends, as we enter Nablous, perhaps the most prosperous inland city in Palestine. Nablous lies between Gerizim and Ebal, and looks very handsome from the distance. Our camp is found already pitched near the palace of the Pasha. This is a great place for robbers, so we get an extra guard from the garrison, and they are picketed all through the olive grove. After our evening meal, the figure of a tall, distinguished-looking Syrian appears at the door of my tent; and he introduces himself in good English as Mr. El-Kirreh, a Baptist pastor, who was educated in London, and who has been preach-



Jacob's Well, one Mile east of Shechem.

ing the gospel in Nablous for a great many years. He comes up to invite us to hold services to-morrow, and we ask him to come in to our evening worship, which he does, and offers a most acceptable prayer for God's blessing upon us and upon His church. On the morrow he came early, and took us to his neat little church in the city, where his wife and family and a goodly number of Syrian converts, some of whom understood English, had assembled to hear the gospel. One of our party preached an excellent sermon on the text, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The tears trickled down the Syrian minister's face as he listened to the words of the preacher. He said it wasn't more than once a year he heard a sermon preached by any one but himself.

Mr. El-Kirreh had a little nephew named Shibli, which means "my little lion." The lad was fourteen years old, had a beautiful face, bronzed a little by the heat, intensely black hair, and altogether a most attractive appearance. He asked to walk with us through the village in the afternoon. He talked pretty good English, which he had learned at a school in Jerusalem. As we passed down the main street he pointed out to us the bazaar, and the stalls where the people made shoes, and a mosque which is interdicted to Christians.

A very distinguished-looking man on horseback, wearing a sword, stopped us and demanded to know

of Shibli what he was doing leading a foreigner about the place, and called for our papers. Every good traveller in Palestine carries his papers with him, so I was ready to show him a passport bearing the signature of Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State for the United States Government, and a special permit to visit the country, from the Turkish authorities at Beirut. On seeing these documents his manner changed, he touched his brow and breast, and passed on.

Shibli told us some of his own history—how the Mohammedan boys persecuted him, and showed a scar on his brow, where he had been struck with a stone. He asked, "Do you know what those Mohammedans were saying when we passed them in the street just now?" No, we did not. "They were saying, 'Cursed be these Christians, and their fathers' house.'" He said, "Oh! I hate this land," and then corrected himself, "No, I don't hate it; I love it, but I hate the people in it." After thinking a moment he said, "No, I don't hate them, I hate their sins." Good reasoning for a little boy, was it not? He had learned this from the greatest of all teachers. God loves sinners, but hates their sins; he hated their sins enough to punish them in his Son; but loved sinners well enough to die that they might be saved. Little Shibli said: "I have been praying a long time that God would send me a man—an English man or an American man." "What do you want with an English man

or an American man?" "I want God to send me a man who can take me home with him to England or America, and have me educated, so that I can come back here and preach the gospel." I said, "Shibli, I would to God that I had the money. Would you go with me?" "Yes," he answered, "I would go with you to-morrow." All I could do was to say, "Keep on praying, my boy; God bless you, and God will give you an opportunity to preach his gospel to your people.

The most interesting people in Nablous are the Samaritans. There are only about one hundred and fifty left of them in the world, and they nearly all live at Nablous. The Mohammedans have always persecuted them, and they have fortified themselves in the centre of the town. Their high priest, Jacob Aaron, received us very cordially, and took us into the synagogue and showed us what he said was the oldest copy of the Pentateuch in existence. They claim that it was made by a great-grand-son of Aaron, and it looks as if it might have been, it is so discolored by age, though it is still quite legible. The parchment roll contained only the five books of Moses; that is the only part of the Bible these Samaritans believe in. Up behind the town is Mount Gerizim, perhaps the most ancient place of worship in the world. A flat rock on the summit represents the spot where Dean Stanley thinks Abraham came to offer up his son Isaac. This may have been the place; at

any rate, here sacrifices have been offered for thousands and thousands of years, and it is the only spot in this world to-day where sacrifices are offered to Jehovah. These one hundred and fifty Samaritans, who claim to be the only people of God, every year, at the time of the Passover, go up to the top of this mountain, and there go through the whole order of the sacrificial services, according to the laws of Moses. It is one of the most remarkable things in the history of humanity —the persistency of this little sect down through all these millenniums.

In the days of Nehemiah, the Samaritans were not allowed to help build the temple at Jerusalem, and a spirit of sectarianism was engendered, which was still rife when our Lord came to the well in Sychar, to rest, in the heat of the day. The Samaritan woman wondered that he, being a Jew, should ask drink of her. But he would have received a cup of water from any hands, as he would a look of faith from any eye, or a token of love from any heart. Though Christ was a Jew, and a patriotic Jew, he was a universal man, a man of all ages, a man of all races—the representative of humanity. Oh! the wonderful breadth and length and depth of the character, and the range of the love of the great Author of our holy religion. Would that his followers were all more like him. Moses gave orders before he died, that in this valley, between Gerizim and Ebal, when the people came to Canaan, the tribes should be di-

vided, giving the names of the tribes that were to stand on this side, and on that side, and that in their hearing the curses of the law should be read from Ebal, and the blessings from Gerizim; and Joshua afterwards carried out these instructions to the letter.

What a sublime spectacle! a nation assembled for worship in this great auditorium, with the mountains for its walls and the blue sky for its roof.

The infidel Renan, who travelled through Palestine, said it would be impossible to hear the law read across this valley. Well, we did it, and it has been done a great many times. On that Sunday afternoon, a number of our party went up on Gerizim; some stood in the plain, and a few others, with little Shibli and myself, climbed up on the mountain side of Ebal, and there we read the blessings and curses. The speakers were half a mile apart, but could be heard with distinctness by one another, and by those who stood in the plain below. This is not fiction; it is fact. And after the blessings and the curses were finished, we read the Ten Commandments, and, thinking it a pity not to have something out of the New Testament, read also the Beatitudes. We closed this interesting service with, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

We came down and congratulated each other on the success of the experiment, and walked on a little further, where the waters divide, one part flowing towards the Jordan, and the other towards the Mediterranean.

Following the stream which leads eastwards, we came to Joseph's tomb. There is the parcel of ground purchased by Jacob from Hamor, a son of Shechem, 1,700 years before Christ. Jacob dug a well, that he and his family, and his servants and his flocks and herds might drink, and it is there still.

When Joseph was dying, in Egypt, he gave orders that his body should be embalmed, and carried back to the home of his childhood. After hundreds of years, when the Israelites returned a great nation to the land of promise, Joseph's mummy was laid away in the vale of Shechem, by his father's well, where, in his boyhood, he had tended sheep and learned to love God and keep his commandments. Joseph was entombed in this valley; whether under this stone or not, we cannot tell; but somewhere within the range of these hills enclosing his little plain, lie the ashes of the hero of the early days of Israel.

There is no doubt about the identity of the well where Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria. We came to it, peered down in the darkness, and dropped a pebble, to hear it plash in the deep cool waters below. We read the story of Christ and the Samaritan woman, while the silent Syrians stood listening and waiting by. We thought of Christ and his love, and how he had sat here and told a woman things that Socrates never could find out, that Confucius and Buddha never dreamed of—glorious things, of the spirituality of

God, and the universality of his reign. It was a conversation on two subjects—sin and salvation; that is what religion speaks to us all about; nor is any man saved until he sits by the well with Jesus, and hears from him of his sins, and receives the cup of salvation from his hands.

CHAPTER XXII.

TOWARDS BETHEL.

WE find ourselves going up the dry bed of a little stream. It is early in the morning; heavy dews have covered the dead grass and leaves with the jewelry of night, and they are now lit up by the rays of the rising sun. The road is very rough, being full of stones, and the hills are barren. As the sun gets up in the sky the sand beneath our feet seems to kindle, and the hills on either side blow their hot breath down upon the caravan.

There is nothing in sight before us but the brow of the burning horizon, but we expect at the top of that hill to get a pleasanter view. Isn't this a picture of human life? How often we follow the rocky bed of some dried-up stream of sweetness and hope; nothing on either hand to cheer us but the hope of what is over the horizon! Childhood is full of this kind of thought; so is manhood, and it never dies out, however sad a man's life may be. He expects when he reaches the top of the hill to have a better prospect; and when the Christian comes to the end of his journey, and gets to the rim of the horizon of a circumscribed existence, he does have a better view—he

has a better than what we got that day—a vision of olive gardens, and harvest fields—and hears the sweetest songs coming to meet him. When the Christian has come at last by toil and long endeavor to the rim of his life in this world, and looks over it, his eye rests upon such visions as no green fields of Palestine or other favored earthly land can afford. But it is often a very rough road, and a long one, until he gets to the horizon.

The fields had all been cleaned up for the fall sowing, by the rocks being thrown out of them into the highway. This particular road was in some places from two to five feet deep with stones from the fields, and in some places it was filled up almost to a level with the tops of the enclosing walls. Some of the stones are large boulders, and it is very difficult to make one's way over them. We can see where the camels have rubbed their knees on these boulders, and where horses have fallen and hurt themselves, leaving the the stain of their blood. It was a long weary day. At one difficult place I heard the sound of a fall behind me, and on looking back saw that one of our party—a young lady—had come down on the hard stones. We thought she must be badly injured, but providentially she was not, and in a little while she was back again on her horse. Several times that day members of the party met with falls, but without injury. It is very remarkable that our party of fif-

teen went through Palestine, over dangerous roads, by high cliffs and deep chasms, without harm coming to a hair of our heads.

During the morning we came to Shiloh, in sight of which there is no human habitation. There is nothing but a huge pile of ruins on a hill.

The Tabernacle was set up there in the year 1444 B. C. It is a pretty long stretch from 1891 back to the birth of our Saviour, and from that on back 1444 years. Add these periods together, and we get the age of these ruins. After their long wandering in the wilderness, the people first localized the religion of Jehovah at Shiloh, and were gathered together to set up the Tabernacle, or house of God. In the wilderness the Tabernacle was a tent, with boards around it; but as this was to be a permanent place, the walls were made of stone, and we read that little Samuel rose early in the morning to open the doors of the house of God. In this spot the people worshipped three hundred years, and it was the religious centre of the nation.

This Shiloh is the place where Eli judged the people, and where he fell down dead at the sad news of the capture of the ark of God by the Philistines, and where his daughter-in-law, on that day, gave birth to a child, which, on account of its being such an unhappy day, they named Ichabod, because the glory of Israel had departed in the capture of the ark of God.

Another interesting event took place at Shiloh. The

Benjamites committed a sin, such a heinous sin that it cannot be described here. So the people of Israel came together, and in one day put 25,000 Benjamites to the sword. After that there was a scarcity of women in the tribe, so one day the Benjamites came down to Shiloh, at the time of a feast, captured a great many maidens and carried them off to their homes; and so the tribe of Benjamin was supplied with wives. There was no king in Israel in that day, and every man did what was right in his own eyes.

Well, we remount our horses and ride along towards Bethel. Very beautiful is the country through which the road passes, studded with olive gardens, the hills terraced up to the tops by pains-taking toil, that has gathered the stones and piled them in walls, and made level shelves on the mountain sides, where the olive and the vine may grow. We begin to think of Jacob approaching Bethel from the opposite direction, coming up from Beer-sheba, in the south, towards the north and east, journeying to Haran, fleeing from his brother Esau, whom he had offended and defrauded, going also to get a wife in the far East. While we are thinking of Jacob, the lonely traveller so long ago, we meet in the road a wayfarer, poorly dressed, with a wallet on his back, a coat on his arm, and a staff in his hand. He looks up in our faces, and says in good English, "You are Americans, are you not?" "Oh, yes." And he adds, "So am I; give us your hands,

brothers." "Where are you going, my friend?" He replies: "My name is Robert Meredith; I am from Iowa; I came across to this country to help set up two engines for the railroad which is to run between Jaffa and Jerusalem. When you get to Jaffa you will see some of my work. I am going to see Palestine; I may never have another chance." "Who is going with you?" "No one. Can you tell me the road to Nablous?" We directed him the best we could. "What weapons have you?" we asked; "this is a very dangerous country for a man to be travelling alone." "Well," he said, "my protection is my poverty; I possess but little money, and I have a Bible in my pocket."

Here was an American Jacob. We have never heard of him from that day to this, but often think of that modern pilgrim, who had slept, like the ancient one at Bethel, with a stone for his pillow, and who said that when he woke up in the morning, he was wet with the dew, but that it did not hurt him, as he was accustomed to hardships.

We are going down into a deep glen, between mountains, along the sides of which we discover what we take to be tombs, cut in the rocks; but the dragoman tells us they are caves, and that they are the hiding places of robbers. In an instant, almost, they spring upon the defenceless traveller, take all he has, and are away again before he can catch the expression of their

faces. If he makes resistance, they kill him, although they do not care to take life if they can help it.

We are on the thoroughfare between Bethel and the North. It has been a thoroughfare ever since the days of Abraham. We read that he pitched his tent at Bethel, which was then called Luz. It is still a little village in the mountains, with a small hill just behind it, as if to protect it from the strong north winds. But we are not quite there yet. It is getting dark, the road is bad, and the sky is overcast; the wind has been blowing for three days, and we think the rainy season is about to begin. The dragoman says it must commence soon. We can hear the thunder out towards the Mediterranean, and see the lightning flashing in the west. The cold wind makes us untie our overcoats and put them on; it is getting very dark, and we wonder how the guide can find his way. Some members of our party think he has lost the road, and are perceptibly uneasy. Six o'clock, seven o'clock, and still no signs of camp. We toil on, slowly and laboriously up and down the hills, until at last, to our great delight, a man meets us coming around a sudden turn, carrying a lantern, and we recognize the voice of one of our servants. When we arrive at camp, the servants, thirty in number, send up their cheers, to which we respond, and are glad enough to reach our place of rest. The first thing was to receive messages from home. Jerusalem is not far away, and there had

been sent out to us a number of good things, but nothing more highly appreciated than letters from home. Although we are hungry and cold, yet we are too eager to think of a warm dinner, which is waiting, and go at once to our tents to read the news from our dear ones far away. We imagine that our friends beyond the Mediterranean and the great Atlantic may be thinking of us even now; our hearts get warm, and we are rested and happy. After dinner, we gather together in our principal tent, and read the passage about Jacob fleeing from his brother, and how he rested here. Then we sing together, "Though like a wanderer, daylight all gone, darkness be over me, my rest a stone." And as we sing and rest and pray, we feel this is indeed the house of God, and this the gate of heaven.

In the morning we saw the hill, on the west of the town, where Abraham and Lot once stood. From that elevation they looked upon the whole country, southward down to Jerusalem, and on to the site of Bethlehem, and the hill of Hebron. They saw the hills of Judah and the plain of Sharon, and could catch a glimpse of the Mediterranean. On the left they could see the plain of Jordan, as beautiful as the garden of the Lord, and the hills of Moab beyond. Here stood the two patriarchs, Abraham generously giving Lot his choice of all the country. Lot chose what he understood to be the better portion, taking the valley of

the Jordan, while Abraham turned his face towards the west.

Abraham, on his second visit to Bethel, had a sad event to occur in his household. Deborah, Isaac's nurse, died, and they buried her under a terebinth, which they called "the terebinth of tears."

It is very significant, in reading the history of mankind, collectively or individually, to observe that they punctuate the story of their life with graves. One of the first things done when the people of Israel came to Palestine, was to bury Joseph. The history of this world is punctuated by deaths and burials, and your life is thus marked off. Here is a comma, it is a little grave; there a semi-colon, it is the tomb of a daughter or son; here is a period, which marks a time when you thought the very stream of life had stopped, you were so broken-hearted at the death of a father, a mother, or husband, or wife; but the period does not come until you die, though sometimes you wish it would.

I remember well that at the end of a story I read when a little boy there was a picture of a sunrise. It used to seem to me, then, that that picture of a sunrise was out of place; that it should have been a sunset, and I would have taken it to be such but for the name printed under it. But after all, it was proper, for the end of one day is the beginning of another in the west, and God stands by to tell us that death is not death—but life. What we call sunset is sunrise; what we call

the end, is the beginning of another existence of life and glory that will never fade.

After the death of Solomon, Jeroboam came to Bethel, and established there the religion of Baal. Where Jacob had said, "This is the house of God," and called it "Bethel," Jeroboam came and said, "This is the house of Baal," for they called the town "Beth-aven"—the "house of the idol." It is an interesting coincidence that the same word Beth-aven means also the "house of nothingness;" and that is about what it amounts to at last. The house of any kind of idolatry is the house of nothingness; it may be the worship of gold, or fame, or pleasure; but it is the house of nothingness. How many of us live in Beth-avens, and don't know it. We ought to live in Beth-el's—houses of God. However poor, however forsaken, with nothing but a stone for a pillow, if a man's heart be right with God, where he lies is the gate of heaven, just within the portals outside of which he rests is the altar of glory by the throne. If his peace be made with God, there will be no such thing as Beth-aven to him—no real disappointment, for he always possesses God, who is the greatest treasure of the soul.

Jeroboam set up the worship of Baal, built a temple, put a golden calf into it, and had a great gathering of the people, to dedicate the place. Oh! what a disgrace to Israel, when its monarch leads it astray! When the king stood by the altar to lead the worship of his peo-

ple, a stranger approached who had come from away down in Judah. Who is it? A man of God. He does not ask permission to enter; he walks with an even tread; the people are waiting with expectation; and he tells them that a man is going to be born after awhile who shall offer up sacrifices of men upon these altars, because they have sinned against God. When the king calls the people to take him away, the man of God gives a sign and says that this altar shall fall in twain; and the king standing by the altar lifts his hand, but it sinks helpless to his side, as if God would there, before the assembled nation, rebuke the idolatry, and the audacity of the king in worshipping this golden calf. Bethel stands under that same hill, hoary with age, as the place of Abraham, and Jacob, the place of angels, and of God, and of Baal, with its story to all the ages.

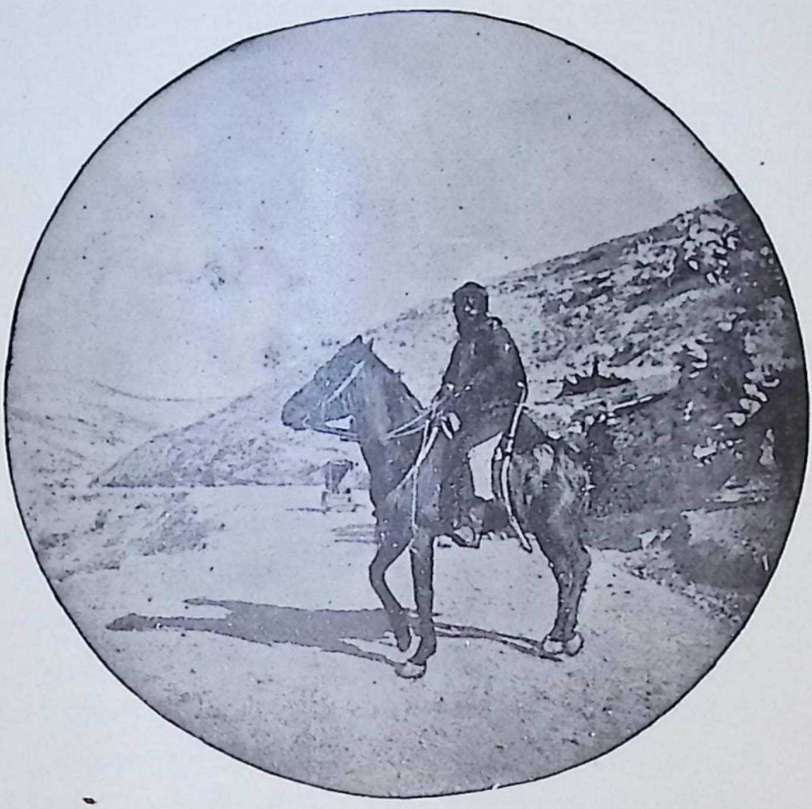
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE JORDAN RIVER, AND THE DEAD SEA.

"And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar."—GEN. xiii. 10.

THIS is a very telling comparison to any person who has gone through a garden in the Orient, where they do have such exquisite gardens; where, under the tropical sun, with a fertile soil, and with irrigation which makes them independent of drought, they can have the richest and most Paradisiacal fruits and flowers.

As we were mounting our horses to go down from Bethel into the Jordan valley, we were interested and surprised to find at the head of our caravan a very picturesque personage—a Bedouin guide, in his most brilliant attire. With his sword hanging by his side, as he sat on a wiry Arab steed, making the salaams of the morning to us, he looked every inch a hero of the desert. We were going down to that dangerous region whither went the man mentioned in the parable, who "fell among thieves." That country has been infested with robbers from the Lord's time until now, so we must have a special escort; and the safest plan for travellers in that part of the world, though it is



OUR BEDOUIN GUARD.

very expensive, is to get one of the robbers themselves to conduct them. That is what our conductor did, for the Bedouin was one of the robber tribe. Therefore, of course, we were safe. To show us how he could manage his horse, he rode some distance up towards the top of a cliff, and then dashed down again, with his sword flashing around the horse's head, as if charging us; then he went back up the side of another hill, and came forward at full speed, making his horse jump down a bank fifteen feet high, to the ground in front of us, alighting on a sandy place, waving his sword in wild, barbaric pride.

He conducted us along the deep, descending glens, which cut their ways down towards the plain by the most circuitous and precipitous of paths. The most dangerous day's travel of all our pilgrimage was that one coming down from Bethel to Jericho. It was safer for us to walk in some places and have our horses go on before us, lest a loose stone might precipitate one of the beasts upon his walking rider if he were in front. We had, from the ruins of Ai, above Bethel, our first view of the Holy City. But more about that hereafter.

The wilderness of Judea is a wilderness indeed. It is all rocks, except a little sand. There is not enough verdure on it—at least there was not when we were there—to make a repast for a flock of sparrows. Here and there we saw a great sombre bird flying high, with a straight, steady course, as if he were on a long jour-

ney, and had no idea of stopping along the way. Flinty rocks, sharp and savage precipices, and deep chasms were on every hand. There were no laughing rivulets, no beckoning palm, no sign of life, human or vegetable.

When we came at length to the place for the final plunge into the valley, the first thing that caught our eye was the Dead Sea, but it looked as little like a dead sea as possible at that time of day. It was in the morning, about ten o'clock; the sun was well up in the skies, though under a cloud to us. There was, however, not even a thin veil of mist between him and the sea, and as he poured his glorious beams down upon the waters, they seemed to be changed into molten silver. I never saw the bosom of a body of water so luminous with glory as the Dead Sea was that morning. It shows how heavenly light can make anything glorious. When the light of God's love comes down, and falls upon so dark a thing as a sinner's heart, it can make that beautiful; so sombre a thing as a human life, it can make that reflect the splendor of the skies. Yes, and when the love of God falls upon death, the gateway of the tomb is changed to a portal of glory and immortality, through which the Christian can go, singing "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Let us stand on this rocky eminence and look abroad at what is spread before us. Away up to the left is the valley of the

Jordan; before us, the mountains of Moab, which form a dark back-ground. They have a nearly level horizon, with here and there a little peak rising above the rest. The river Jordan winds its way along through the plain until it loses itself in the sea, which stretches away towards the south, where the highlands of the Desert of Arabia rise beyond it. On our right are the high hills of the wilderness of Judea, just there called the Quarantania mountains, because it is supposed to be the place where Christ fasted forty days. Below us is the glorious plain where Jericho used to stand, with Gilgal just beyond it. Within the view is the place where the Israelites crossed the Jordan, when they made their way into Canaan. How much of history lies between those mountain walls, and under that blue sky! history that has thrilled the world!

Jordan means the "Descender"; the descender, because it is always going down. It rises at the foot of Mount Hermon. A number of fountains put their waters together in Lake Merom, and then, as they leave this first reservoir, you may say that the Jordan really begins. Merom is 272 feet above the Mediterranean, and the Dead Sea is 1,280 below the Mediterranean. Well may it be called the "Descender." It comes sometimes wandering along through the plain of Merom, all fertility and beauty, where the Bedouins pitch their black tents, and where their flocks wander around in comfort and luxury upon the fine grazing;

where the oleanders bloom just as thick as they can be packed by summer's sunshine and gentle waters. There are many varieties of herbage; the oak, the olive and the papyrus cluster together in a beautiful chaos of loveliness.

The Jordan flows slowly through these bright plains, reluctant to leave them; when it gets further south, however, it finds a rather hilly region, and then it goes more rapidly, as if it would hurry on, until it reaches Galilee—sweet Galilee—and there it rests as if it intended to stay always. You can sail all around the Sea of Galilee, and unless you are very careful in your examination of the shore, you will not see where the Jordan leaves it to continue its journey. No wonder; for how lovely the plain of Gennesaret, and the cities that used to stud the shore; the scenes where Christ walked and worked his wonderful miracles.

But all things must move on, and the Jordan, true to its name and destiny, must persevere to its end. When it leaves the Sea of Galilee, it loses its lovely character; it is no longer transparent, but turbid, and it becomes earthy as it rushes on down through the deep chasms, roaring as it goes, especially in the rainy season, until at last it emerges into the plain of Jericho. It is one of the longest rivers, for the stretch of country it covers, in the world; it is only sixty-four miles from Galilee to the Dead Sea, but in that distance the Jordan travels two hundred miles, winding back

and forth on its course. When a few miles from the Dead Sea it goes straight on, moving very slowly, until it falls into that basin, which is one thousand three hundred feet deep.

How like the river of life is the Jordan! It begins in the fertile plains of childhood, among the flowers, and flows along without any definite plan or purpose, until it passes through childhood to youth; then on to manhood, descending by an inevitable necessity towards its end. Clear and beautiful it is at first; after awhile it changes, taking on much of the shore. It becomes boisterous and troubled; its bosom heaving under many a storm, wandering here and there in a strange indefiniteness of purpose, ever moving onward until at last it gets towards its end, and in old age the tide of life runs slowly, until it flows into the sea of death. It is very significant to read on the French maps of Palestine the name, in big letters, on this strange body of water, "Mer de Mort"—"Sea of Death." There the Jordan finds its tomb; so human life flows out into the great sea of eternity, and nothing can keep it back.

Let us remain here a little while, to study what is before us. Over yonder are the mountains of Moab; they look very uninviting, but some wonderful things have happened there. There is an eminence that rises slightly above the nearly even line. Tradition says it is about there that Balaam sat and looked down upon

the plain, and upon the Israelitish camp, which was pitched over on the eastern side of the Jordan. Balaam had come to curse Israel, but how could he curse whom God had not cursed. So he remained to bless, and to close with that splendid saying, uttered through him by the Spirit of God: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." It was worth the prophet's while to come away across from his eastern home to speak, by inspiration, that glorious truth.

What else happened on those rocky heights? It was not so long after this that an old man, 120 years of age, who had seen a great deal of life in courts and palaces, and in the wilderness, who had a grandeur about him that impressed every one who beheld him, stood on those mountains, and looked over the plain. That old man was Moses, the monumental character of the world's history. Moses is not second to any mortal, except Christ, and he was immortal and divine. Here stood Moses, hoary with age, bronzed by the fierce sunlight and wind of the desert, an old veteran of God, to look upon the Promised Land, the garden at his feet, the winding river, the silent sea; on the hills of Naphtali, Ephraim, Benjamin and Judah; the city of Jericho on the other side of the valley, and Jerusalem, under another name, in the distant west, like a crown upon the mountain's brow. There he stood, gazing upon the Promised Land, which he was never

to enter, and thence God called his servant home. Josephus says that he was standing talking to Eleazar and Joshua, bidding them farewell, when a cloud came down and rested over his head, wrapped him up in its bosom, and disappeared with him around a mountain side. The Bible tells the simple story of how God took Moses up into the mountain, how there he died, and that God buried him.

There never was another such burial as that. God and the angels laying away the old hero's body. What a scene for a painter; what a spectacle for heaven itself to admire!

And, hard by, another splendid event occurred: Elijah, who fought the battles of a later time, had a chariot of fire to come down from heaven, and, sweeping the roadway of earth, carry him to his eternal home. O mountains of Moab, what glorious visions you have seen!

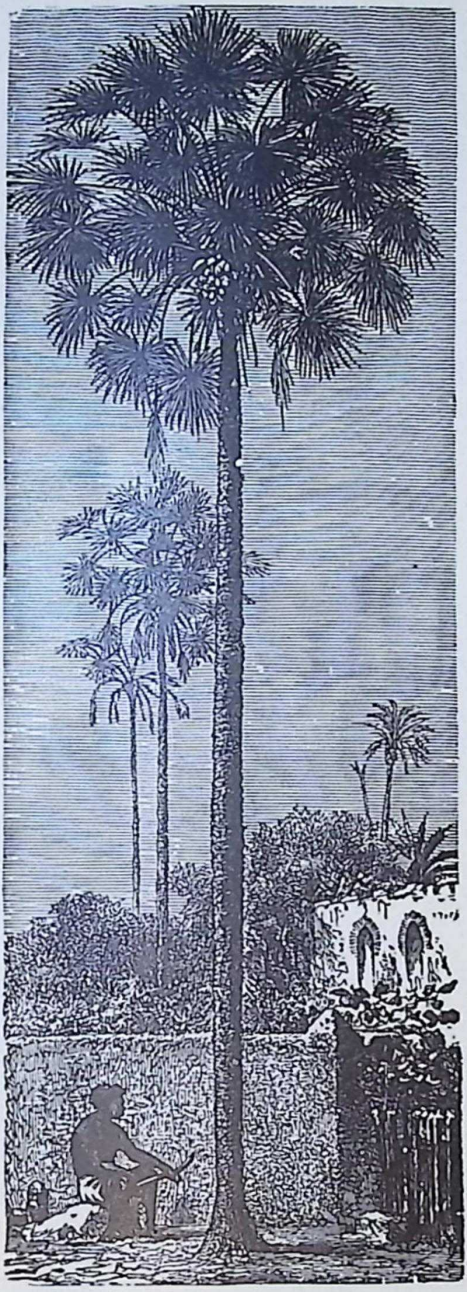
Let us descend from this flinty eminence, going down into the valley, first winding carefully down a gorge, then on towards the ruins of Jericho. We had come down 3,400 feet that day. We pass Elisha's fountain, which he healed of its bitterness. The dogs run all over the roofs of the mud hovels, and bark at us as we go by, and lazy men, who are not too indolent to come out and gaze, give us their "salaam Elekooms," and the children also greet us as we ride through the street.

Jericho means "fragrance." What beautiful names

some of these old places have! It was the city of roses and of palm trees. Jericho use to be enveloped in a grove of palms; they all died away, though, years ago, but there are new trees coming up, and that little oasis all around Jericho is intensely beautiful. Hanging over the walls were great masses of roses, while oranges, ripe and golden, and lemons, tempt us from every garden. It is a singularly unique place, being so deep down in the bosom of the earth, and has, in consequence, a tropical climate. The waters of the Fountain of Elijah are warm, too, from the same cause. All the fountains are warm, and here the most tropical fruits are produced in the greatest abundance.

Jericho is the place where the Israelites gained their first great victory in the land of Canaan.

Joshua was a great general, but He who directed Joshua was omniscient. He was going to let the Israelites capture Jericho, and take the glory to His own name. So he led them through what seemed to be a very absurd performance, marching around and around, blowing rams' horns, while the people of Jericho sat on the walls and laughed. And some of the Israelites themselves might have thought this a very strange procedure; but they had learned by this time to obey God, and believe in him; so at last the walls fell, and the Israelites entered and captured the city and gained a great victory. Now, when Christ told his disciples to go around the walls of this world and preach the



THE PALM TREE.

gospel, it may have seemed very absurd to men, but in the doing of this thing they exercised faith, and thus brought themselves into copartnership with God.

Our tents were pitched down at Gilgal, not far from Jericho, in an orange grove. The walls around the grove were festooned with white jessamines, and the air was rich with their perfume. Hard by we saw some very savage-looking thorn trees, and the guide told us that these were of the kind from which the Master's crown of thorns was made. It no longer grows near Jerusalem, as if ashamed of the use that had been made of it there, at the time of the Saviour's death. With great care, we broke off a few branches, and one long spray which seemed of just the character to make into a crown of thorns. With bleeding hands from getting it off the tree, we sat down to plait a crown. We did feel, somehow, guilty to make a thing that resembled the crown of Christ, and it was hard to keep back a tear when we thought that a crown like that rested on the brow of Jesus; and I said, "I will bring that crown of thorns six thousand miles home, and show it to those who love the Master, and who believe in his death and resurrection."

It was at Jericho the Lord healed poor blind Bartimeus, who stood at the wayside begging—blind, among the palm trees and the roses; blind, between the great mountains so grandly beautiful; blind, under the sunlight of that transparent sky. But he was most afflicted,

because he could not see the face of Jesus of Nazareth passing by. But he did see it, for Christ opened his eyes, and the first person he looked upon was the one altogether lovely. From Jericho, our Lord set out on his last sad pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

On going down to the Jordan, we pass first over the wide plain, and then enter the dense jungles that furnish a hiding place for the lions of the desert, that come over here for water in the dry season. We meet here and there a lonely pilgrim—a hermit, it may be; a Greek monk from the monastery of St. John; or, perhaps, a Mohammedan dervish. We saw one man with a garment of sheepskin, or camel's hair, bound to him with a girdle, who also wore a long, striped cloak of brown and white, and who carried a staff in his hand. He reminded us of John the Baptist, who used to stand on these banks to preach to the people about their sins—not only to the humble folk of the plain, but to Herod the king. Anthony had given Jericho and its plain to Cleopatra. It was afterwards bought by Herod and made his favorite winter residence, and now he comes down and joins the throng that hang on the fiery accents of John the Baptist. John had no prudence about him; no tact, nor policy; he preached alike to all. He may have been told, "The king is coming to hear you; be careful how you speak about sin, as the king is not too good a man;" but John was no fearer of men, and when the king came, he laid his finger on

the black spot of Herod's life, and said, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife!" Oh! that was heroic; but it cost John his life; that woman would have it; but it placed him among the immortals; it enrolled him with Joseph, Moses, Elijah and St. Paul. God never lets goodness die; human greatness may crumble, the brilliancy of our earthly fame may fade, but goodness is immortal in itself; it belongs to eternity; is born of God, and will survive the wreck of the world. Who cares for Herod now? His name is a by-word, but John is an inspiration to every good and honest man. John had the great privilege of baptizing Christ at the river Jordan. He shrank from it, saying, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But Jesus said: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." John obeyed his Master, and baptized him. I read once about an old soldier walking with his king, and when they came to a narrow place in the garden, where they could not pass abreast, the veteran fell back that the monarch might precede him. "No," said the king, "you go first, and I will follow." "I must obey my master," said the old man, and he walked on before royalty. John was too true a subject to disobey, and he baptized Christ, but Christ also baptized him, not with water—Christ never baptized any man with water; it would have given too much importance to a mere symbol—he baptized John the Baptist with his Holy Spirit from heaven. When

Christ was baptized, the heavens opened, and the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove—not a lion, nor an eagle, as men would have had it, but a gentle dove—descended upon his head.

Let us ride down and take a look into the waters of the Dead Sea. There is four per cent. of saline matter in the ocean, but twenty-six per cent. of it in the Dead Sea—various kinds of salt, chloride of sodium, chloride of magnesium and chloride of lime. It is so heavy with salts that the human body will not sink in it; and the fishes of the sea brought here die when they touch it. No shells lie on its beach, no sea-weed floats on its surface. They used to say birds could not fly over it and live. That is not true; it is perfectly healthful to breathe the air, but nothing can live in its bosom. It is the sea of death. Sodom and Gomorrah are supposed to lie buried in its depths.

It is well called the Sea of Death, but as we stand on its shore and look up over towards the west, we see, twenty-five miles away, something strangely beautiful. What is it? Jerusalem—Jerusalem the magnificent. We see the tower of the Russian church on Olivet, and the dome of the Mosque of Omar, that now stands on the ancient site of the temple. This suggests that when we stand with our feet in the cold sea of death at last—when the journey of life is ended, and the waters of eternity are laving our feet, as we feel them rising higher and higher—the Christian can lift his

eyes up to the hills from whence cometh his help, and can see from death's dark rim the city of life; the eternal city—Jerusalem the Golden. But while his poor body sinks in the waves, his soul refuses to die, springs upward, and flies away into the skies, never tarrying until it rests at the pearly gates.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM JERICHO TO BETHANY.

LET us leave Jericho, and march up towards Bethany, by the road that leads through the wilderness of Judea. If there is a wilderness in the world, that is one. It is a succession of wild mountains, with not a green thing upon them, except only along the banks of a small stream, or little rill, where Elijah is said to have been fed by the ravens. This is probably the same path the Master trod, on his last journey, when he "set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem," as if it required on his part a sort of determination to go up to the end which awaited him there. It is a great ascent—from 900 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, to 2,500 feet above it. We started from Jericho in the morning, but were not cheered once by a glimpse of the city along the way. These lonely mountains are still infested by robbers, but fortunately we were not attacked; we did not come down from Jericho that day, to fall among thieves, and need the services of a good Samaritan. As we passed along the road, our guide said, "Do you know who those people were who have just passed? Well, they are Bedouin robbers, who would take all your property in a minute, if you were without a guard."

We stopped for luncheon about noon, some six or seven miles out from Jerusalem, at a little place called the Khan of the Apostles. It is a small stone building, with one or two windows in it, where we spread our mats on the ground, fed our horses, and took a little refreshment. When we mounted, though it was very dusty, and the horses had had a great climb, they, as well as their riders, seemed to be inspired by what was passing in all our minds, that we were to see Jerusalem before sunset, and that when we dismounted it would be at the gates of the City of the Great King. There was a strong wind blowing from the northwest; the dragoman had said three days ago that the rainy season was coming, and he was glad we were so near Jerusalem. So as we rode up the steeps of the wilderness, we saw great black clouds piling up in the sky, while whirlwinds of dust were swept up from the ground.

I do not suppose there is a Christian in the world that does not love the name Bethany, because it has such sweet associations with the Master's life. The occasion of the visit which made Bethany forever illustrious was the death of his friend Lazarus. Was ever message more sweetly phrased than that, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick?" Christ was away beyond Jordan at the time. How anxiously the sisters of Lazarus waited and watched for him, looking down that road to catch a glimpse of his well-known form in the

distance. At last, when it was too late as they thought, he came, and Martha went out to meet him. We tried to think just where this meeting took place. Oh! sacred dust; oh! blessed road, where the Master came in compliance with the call and prayer of faith to raise the dead to life. They call the village now "El Azariyeh" for Lazarus. It will always be a place of precious memories, and the world will call it Bethany for ever. There, with the people around him, stood Christ confronting death, the king of death and king of life, to call his friend back from the tomb. On ordinary occasions Christ spoke softly; but here we read that he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." It was not necessary for him to cry aloud into the chamber of death; he could have whispered, and it would have been heard to the ends of eternity. It was for the sake of the people, that their faith might be strengthened; that their hearts might be impressed. How intently they must have looked for the first sign of life, and with what a thrill they saw him that was dead come forth, clad in grave clothes, with a napkin about his face, and stand among them, a trophy of divine love and power! If the apostle Paul had been standing there then, it would have been a good time to say "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" But the Master calmly said, "Loose him and let him go." How the people must have looked at Lazarus, and crowded around him to gaze

into his face, and clasp the hand of their friend! With what feelings they looked on Christ, believed in him for his mighty power; and loved him for the undried drops still glistening in his eyes.

That was the culminating miracle. He had raised Jairus' daughter and the widow's son; but here, a man well known in the community, who had been dead four days, was brought back to life. It electrified Bethany and Jerusalem, and set all men to talking, so much so that the chief priests saw something must be done, and they conspired to put both Lazarus and Christ to death. But his hour was not yet come, and he retired into the north country. A very short time afterwards he returned, and Bethany witnessed another remarkable scene. It was at the beginning of the Passover week. The people who had come up to the feast, having heard about the resurrection of Lazarus, were, many of them, willing to accept Christ as King, and they came out from the city to see him. They met him surrounded by a great company approaching the city. Bethany means "house of dates," and the dates grew on palm trees. The people broke branches from the trees, and spread them in the road—the same road probably which now leads over the shoulder of Olivet. The company which came out from Bethany met these from Jerusalem perhaps at the brow of the hill, from which point the whole splendid vision of the city bursts upon the view.

Christ stood on this spot while the people cried: "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;" but instead of a feeling of exultation he showed only sorrow. While the air rang with praises and glad acclaim, he beheld the city, and wept over it.

When we approached this spot, I remained behind as our caravan moved on. I wished to be alone where my Master had wept over the sins of man, and got down from my horse that I might walk along that road. As I did so, I looked over to my right, where there was a crumbling bank falling to the road, and a lily bulb hanging by a few shreds. I plucked it tenderly, carried it away with me, brought it home and planted it, and here it stands in my window to-night, with two months' leaves on it, waiting to bloom in the coming summer, and not knowing its Syrian name we have called it "the lily of the tears of Jesus."

There is one more event that took place in or near that sacred village. After the resurrection, when the Lord's person was surrounded with a halo of added glory in the eyes of his disciples, and when they were doubtless full of expectation and hope as to what he would do next, whether now he might not put another crown beside a crown of thorns upon his royal brow, he led them out to some spot on this same Olivet. But instead of proclaiming himself the Lord of Lords, he lifts his hands above them to bless

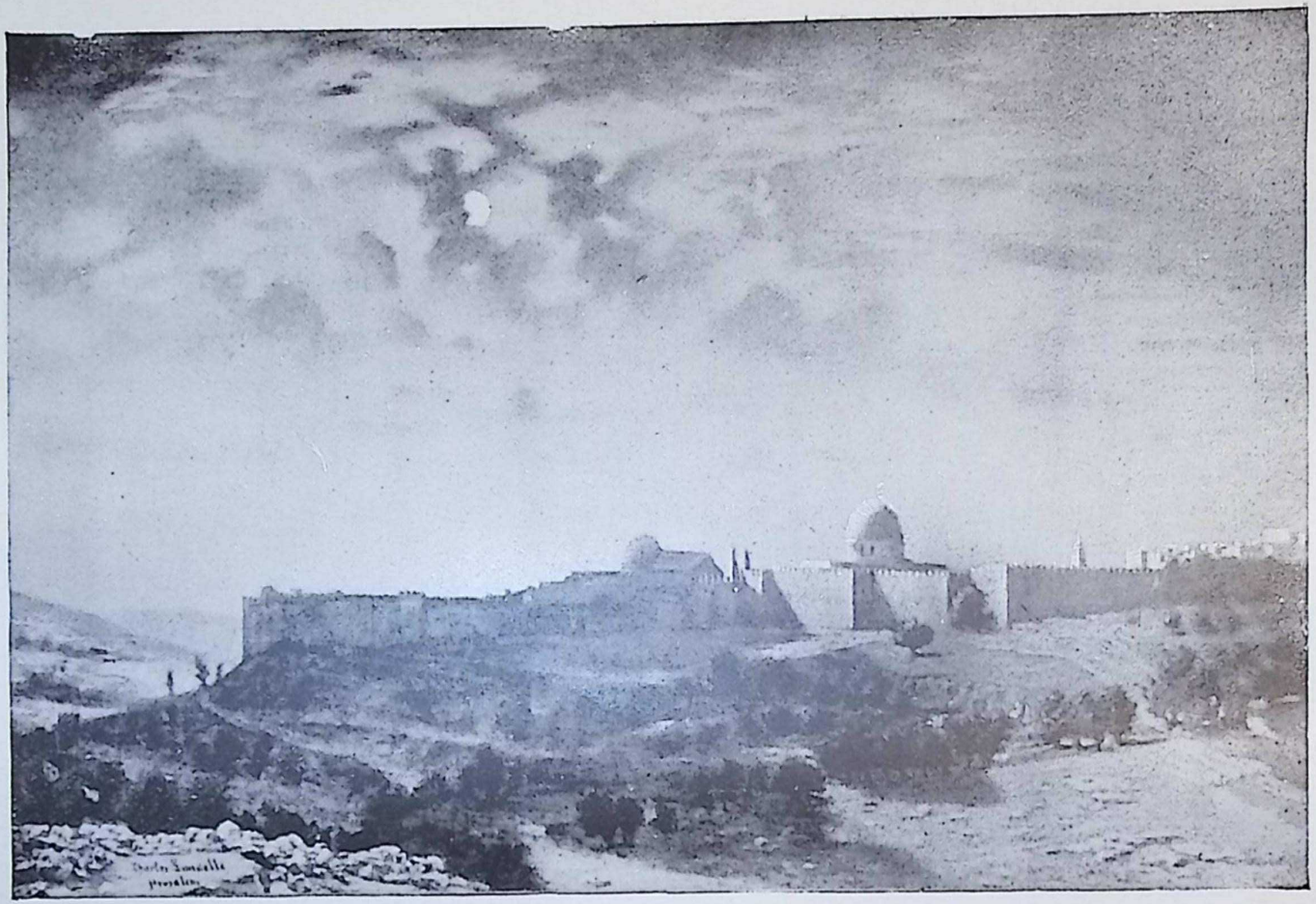
them, is wafted away to heaven, and they have seen their Master for the last time on earth.

And so this dear land has brought us once more to Jesus. Is it not strange? Wherever we start, whether at Mount Lebanon, or Damascus, or the Sea of Galilee, or Jericho, we always come to the Lord Jesus Christ. Palestine is a land of desolation and ruins; but it is easier to think of Christ amongst those ruins than it would be in a metropolis. Better as it is. It is like a faded flower laid away—a violet or rosebud—that you plucked from the wreath on a coffin long ago. You would rather have it just as it is—a faded flower that reminds you of a loved one gone—and so we would rather have Palestine in its ruins, laid away between the leaves of time with a perfume that speaks to us of Jesus our Saviour.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING.

WE will not tarry long, but go right on; we are in haste, you know, because on rounding that hill before us we are going to have a splendid vision. Some of the party cannot wait, but spur their panting steeds up the ascent. A few of us linger behind and are the last to arrive. I could never rush on glory; I would rather hesitate and shrink back a little from what is overwhelming and transcendent. But I could see them on before us, when they stopped their horses on the brow of the hill, and the very steeds themselves, as they faced the wind, seemed to behold something inspiring. When we arrived at the spot they were all riding down the Hosanna road towards Kedron. I took off my hat as my horse turned the curve, and gazed in solemnity upon the most illustrious of cities, the great central orb of the Land of Holy Light, for I felt: there is the City of David; the City of Solomon; the City of Nehemiah; the City of Christ, my Lord; there is the city which is the prophecy of heaven. I I could hardly keep back the tears. There it stood before me, seen from the best possible position, and one which all books of travel recommend as the proper



JERUSALEM.

VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR ON MT. MORIAH FROM THE VALLEY OF THE KEDRON.

one from which to approach Jerusalem, because you come upon it all at once; and, because you see it all at a glance, as it stands on its hill, one hundred and fifty feet above the great chasm of Jehoshaphat, with the Brook Kedron at its base.

Let us ride down across the Brook Kedron, by Gethsemane and the alleged tomb of Mary, the mother of Christ, pass up by the Damascus gate, and go on around until we reach the Jaffa gate. We are just about to go through the eye of the needle when the guide says: "No, we are not going into the city." But we say: "We want to go through the eye of the needle;" he replies: "You will go through that often enough." The eye of the needle turns out to be a little gate in a large one. This gate is large enough for a locomotive to pass through, but there is a little gate in the great one; the little gate is called the "needle's eye." It is thought by many that it was to a gate like this the Master referred when he said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." The ordinary application of this statement is that a rich man can enter the kingdom of God, and a camel can go through a needle's eye; but that it is difficult for both. A camel in order to enter must have the pack taken off his back, and then he must get down on his knees, when he can just barely get through; and the rich man must lay down the great pack of his worldly goods at Jesus'

feet, and humble himself that he may enter into the kingdom of heaven. A careful examination of the matter must lead to the conclusion that this popular interpretation of the Lord's words is unwarranted; in which opinion the best commentators agree. We have no reason to suppose that in the time of Christ the small gate of a city was called a "needle's eye." There is no case of the expression being used in this way to be found in the sacred or secular literature of that period. But if the common interpretation be the right one, why did the disciples ask in reply to Christ's statement, "Who then can be saved?" and why did the Master add, "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible?" It was not impossible, or unusual, for a camel to go through the small gate at the entrance of the city. The literal interpretation is the true one. When our Saviour said "needle's eye" he meant "needle's eye," and that it was "impossible, with men," for a camel to go through it; and that it was impossible also, "with men," for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but that God can, by a miracle of his grace, bring a rich man, or any other man, into his kingdom, and it is as much a miracle as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. The explanation is further given by the infallible Teacher, that the kind of rich man referred to is the one who "trusts in riches." Indeed, it is a miracle for any sinner's heart to be changed, for

him to be made to repent, to renounce his wickedness, and to believe in Christ, giving him his loyal service. But the Holy Ghost is at hand to perform this work, and he gently draws men to this new life, holy and divine.

But the dragoman said we would not go in, that the best hotels were outside of the walls, and that it was not healthful in the old city. Our hotel was on the Jaffa road, about three-quarters of a mile away. It was called "Hotel Jerusalem," and was kept by an industrious Jew. Mr. Floyd had prepared for us, and had the American and British flags flying; our rooms all ready; the name of each one of our party on a card placed in his room, and his baggage all there ahead of him. There was a place prepared for every traveller when we came to Jerusalem. This is like the arrival at the great Jerusalem on high, whither our Lord has gone before to prepare a place for us in his house of many mansions, where the name of every pilgrim is recorded, where the best things are ready for him, and the sweetest thought about it all is, that it is an eternal home.

Mr. Kaminitz, the proprietor, made us feel very much at home. The whole house was astir; the Syrian servants were running up and down, bringing us what we called for, and the children all seemed so glad that the strangers had arrived. Little Goldie Kaminitz, a sweet girl of nine or ten years, whom we became

very fond of, ran out in the garden and gathered some flowers, with which she presented herself at our door. Right gladly were they accepted, while we looked down into her face, which was lit up with a smile, and warmly thanked her for such kindly attention. Dear, sweet little girl!—God bless her wherever she is to-day. We had hardly taken our seats around the table, for dinner, when we heard the wind howling more loudly than ever, and the rain pattering down on the roof just above us; for the hotel had only one story, and sure enough the rainy season had begun. For one month we had been on horseback, travelling over valley, hill, and plain, without a rain to make it disagreeable, and we had not been in the hotel at Jerusalem one hour, before the rains descended, and the floods came, and the heavens poured down their glorious showers. We were glad to be inside the stone walls, with stone floors under our feet, and a good roof over our heads. There is a kind of resentful pleasure against the storm, when you know it cannot reach you, and we were glad that a kind hand had kept it all back until we were safely housed in Jerusalem. We kept in doors resting until the next morning.

The rain has ceased, so let us go out now that the roads are well sprinkled, knowing that we have seen the dust in Palestine for the last time. Let us walk among the almond trees, which are not blossoming, but full of ripe nuts at this season; and under the

lemon trees and olives, all laden with fruit. Goldie, let us gather a few of those beautiful roses and a spray of the white jessamine hanging over the wall, and make a bouquet for the table. "Good enough," she says, and she not only brings us some of the flowery spoils of the garden, but also gathers some handfuls of almonds shaken down from the trees by last night's storm. A number of things that I wore in the desert, and had no further use for, I gave away to a faithful Syrian servant who waited on us. When I gave him the garments, he grasped my hand and kissed it and pressed it to his brow, as he rested on his knees. He was one of the most faithful and efficient servants I have ever known. I wish he loved God and served him, as well as he feared man and served his master. Perhaps he does; or perhaps he will.

We will go out now for a walk—a walk about Zion, and mark well her bulwarks, that we may tell it to the generation following. We were driven down to the Jaffa Gate, and as we passed through the streets, among the well-built houses, we overtook great numbers of camels in procession, coming from Jaffa, bringing things that are made all over the United States and Europe, and others going back to carry dates and figs.

There are sixty thousand people in the city, and thirty-six thousand of these are Jews. Ten years ago there were only eight thousand Jews in Jerusalem.

They have come from all over the globe, but principally from Spain, Germany, and Russia. Sir Moses Montefiore and the Barons Rothschild have built homes and hospitals for them all about the city. The Christians say the second advent is at hand, because the Jews are coming back to Jerusalem. Well, we don't know what is going to happen, but it is very interesting to hear of these things. Some great things are to come to pass, and when they do we will know it. As to when Christ is coming, no one in heaven or earth but God knows. Some great thing is going to happen in connection with the history of Jews, and the gathering together of God's ancient people from all parts of the world; just what it all means God knows, and we will all know some day—*some day*. There are a great many glorious things wrapped up in that term "some day." "Some day" a wandering son will come back again, you hope and pray; "some day" father will return from the distant lands beyond the sea, says the sailor's child. All the world is dwelling upon a glorious "some day," that waits in the future. "Some day" we shall know as we are known; "some day" we shall know each other, as God knows us; "some day" we shall understand the secrets of time, the past, and the sequel of all history. "Some day" we shall know God and heaven—"some day," "some sweet day by and by."

Let us walk around the city. We have to go a little way down the hill, along the road to Bethlehem, and

then turn off to the left. I must tell you about that building over there on the right hand side—that is the leper hospital. Lepers are sent there not because leprosy is contagious, for it is not; but is contracted by ordinary generation—by heredity, and these people are isolated that they may live and die there to themselves, and the disease be stopped. Leprosy commences with a chill, and aches, and pains, and strange sensations; red splotches appear on the body, and after awhile lumps rise in the red splotches—dark, movable lumps. On the face they gather like bunches of grapes, and form eating sores, and the nose goes, and the lips, and the mucous membrane is exterminated, eyelids are eaten away, the ends of the fingers come off, and a man is little better than a walking corpse, horrible and loathsome to himself and all about him. There is another kind they call the smooth leprosy, which is not quite so common as this. But as those poor people sat in front of their hospital, stretching out a piece of a hand for a penny, and holding a piece of another hand over the eyes that have no lids, that the sun may not smite them, your heart sinks with sympathy, and you would to God that they had never been born, or that by his almighty grace they might even now be healed.

Let us walk on down the declivity. Here are some old Jebusite walls above us on the hill of Zion. And there is a terrace that the English have bought for a

cemetery. The English who fall sick in Jerusalem, and think they are going to die, have the consolation of knowing that if they do, they can be buried upon the bosom of Mount Zion—not a bad place to await the judgment day.

We go down "Ge-Ben-Hinnom," or the Valley of the Son of Hinnom. Leave out the "Ben" and you have Ge-Hinnom, and slur these two words together and you have "Gehenna," which is the scriptural word for Hell. Why? That old valley of the son of Hinnom is the place where they used to throw all the refuse of the city, to be consumed; and there was a fire kept burning day and night. As the smoke of this fire, that never died out, ascended continually towards heaven—a constant advertisement of destruction—it came to be that, as Jerusalem had its namesake in heaven, Gehenna found its namesake in hell.

We cross the aqueduct that brings the water from the pools of Solomon, beyond Bethlehem. Above us, on the left, is Mount Zion, on the other side the hill of "Evil Counsel," where Judas went to hold consultation with the chief priests, and make that awful compact of death. The side of this hill is honeycombed with tombs, into some of which we peered. Some of them large enough for a whole family. But they are all empty now, or inhabited by lunatics, who come out and rail on those who passing by disturb their melancholy domain.

Just here is the alleged Aceldama, or field of blood, where Judas committed suicide, and which was purchased with the price of treason. A little further down the valley is the fountain of En-rogel, just below the point where the valleys of Hinnom and of the Kedron, or Jehoshaphat, come together. Not far above us is the reputed tomb of Absalom, which the Jews pelt with stones when they pass by, because it is the grave of a man who despised his father. We are at the pool of Siloam, just below the eminence of Mount Moriah, now surmounted by the Mosque of Omar. Before us are the graves of the Jews on the slope of Olivet, and of the Mohammedans on the sides of Moriah. This is a very historic valley. The Mohammedans and the Christians of Jerusalem, basing their opinion upon Zechariah xiv. 4, say that the final judgment will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and that all souls are to be gathered there. It is not much of a valley, not very wide, so the Mohammedans think that Mount Olivet is going to back away off towards the east, and there will be plenty of space for the whole world together in the valley. Christ is to stand on the wall of Jerusalem, and Mohammed on Olivet, and these two are to judge the world. There will be an iron wire stretched across the valley of Jehoshaphat, from Mount Olivet to a pillar which stands now on Mount Moriah, and all the millions of the earth will have to walk this precarious bridge. The

good people will be sustained by the angels, but the bad ones will fall off and go down to destruction and everlasting death.

The sensation among Christians in Jerusalem now is that the city is rebuilding, according to prophecy. We had a long talk about this with Mr. Floyd, as we ascended the valley. The thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah, beginning at the 38th verse, contains the prediction. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord, from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook of Kidron, unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more for ever." This is read in connection with Zechariah xiv. 9–11: "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one. All the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon south of Jerusalem: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place, from Benjamin's gate unto the place of the first gate, unto the corner gate, and from the tower of Hananeel unto the king's winepresses. And men shall dwell in it, and there shall be no more utter destruction: but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited." There was one point in

this prophetic survey which could not for a long time be identified: it was "the ashes." But some inquisitive explorers dug down and discovered a whole hill of ashes north of the city, and on examining them, they were found to be the ashes of animals; and so they think they have proven—and it is very probable—that the ashes from the temple sacrifices had been poured down there for hundreds of years. All travellers go out to look at the ground; and the interesting thing is that nearly all the building about Jerusalem is within the range of the prophetic semi-circle. What it indicates, I do not know. It may not mean anything; and it may mean a great deal.

Following the course of the Tyropœan valley, one can enter by the dingy gate, and see just beneath the temple site some stones of the old wall—on the top of which a new one has been built.

It is said that these blocks were laid by King Solomon. Near by is what is called "Robinson's arch," the remains of the ancient bridge connecting Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. The stones look old enough to justify their reputation. On Friday afternoons the Jews of Jerusalem come by scores to these old stones, and walk up and down with their prayer books and Hebrew Bibles in their hands, to lament and weep over the destruction of their city. They kiss the stones, moisten them with their tears; and bow down on their faces and pray. No one could stand by and witness

this pathetic scene without a feeling of sympathy for these people, who belong to one of the most illustrious races that have appeared in the annals of time—the race of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, of David and Isaiah and Jeremiah, and Christ and Paul and Peter and John—that imperial race that has come down from the past, like the Gulf Stream flowing separately through the great wide waters of the Atlantic. The world is going to honor the Jews as it has never yet done; and as we stand and look at these people, we cannot restrain a prayer that they may have their petitions granted; that their greatness may be restored, and their city be rebuilt. This is a part of the liturgy they use at their wailing place, in their Friday afternoon lamentations:

The leader says: "For the palace that lies desolate;" and the people respond, "We sit in solitude and mourn."

The leader says: "For the palace that is destroyed;" and the people reply, "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"For the walls that are overthrown": "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"For our majesty that is departed": "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"For our great men who lie dead": "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"For the precious stones that are burned": "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"For the priests who have stumbled": "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"For our kings who have despised Him": "We sit in solitude and mourn."

"We pray thee have mercy on Zion": "Gather the children of Jerusalem."

The leader says: "Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion;" the people say, "Speak to the heart of Jerusalem."

"May beauty and majesty surround Zion!" "Ah! turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem."

"May the King soon return to Zion." "Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem."

Then the leader closes with: "May peace and joy abide with Zion;" and the people respond, "And the branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem."

To this we Christians heartily respond, and say, "Amen, and Amen!" God bless the Jews, and grant them in all lands the exercise of their heaven-given rights of conscience and of freedom to worship God; and that throughout the world they may receive the right hand of brotherly kindness, a good word, and a benediction, from all with whom they come in contact.

As we return to our hotel we are thinking of the history of Israel, and of the future of religion. Jerusalem is God's prophecy. Sometimes a man takes a little picture on a plate of glass, and puts it into a stereopticon. You see it, and it is a very dead-

looking thing, but put a brilliant light behind it, and there flashes forth a great beam that dazzles those who see it when it is reflected upon the screen. God put into his Holy Word a picture, with some fine figures on it, and we call it the Jerusalem of the past. He flashes the light of prophecy behind it, and it drives a splendid beam into the future; what is it then? Jerusalem becomes the prophecy of heaven, of eternal life, and love and glory. And so, as we stood behind the old city, looking upon it in the light of the sunset that was aflame in the west, we seemed to see the battlements in the skies, the pearly gates, the golden streets, the hosts of saints and angels, and above all things, the figure of the divine Man that used to walk about Jerusalem in humble attire, now standing gigantic on the face of eternity, surmounting all else, and filling all vision, crowned with everlasting glory, power, and might.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"WITHIN THY GATES, O JERUSALEM."

A RAPID drive in carriages from our hotel to the Damascus gate, and we dismount in sight of a little hill which is considered by many as the site of Calvary. The profile of the brow does unmistakably resemble a skull, but there are reasons which make it very probable that the walls of the city included this spot, and extended far beyond it at the time of the crucifixion of our Lord.

We cannot drive in, as the streets are not wide enough to admit of the passage of wheeled vehicles, but descend from our carriages and "enter through the gate into the city." Persons can ride in on the back of any beast, and do constantly; the pedestrians, equestrians, and riders upon donkeys and mules mingling in the most familiar way along the streets, which are not provided with side-walks. Some years ago, when his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, approached this gate on horseback, and was about to enter the city, he dismounted and said he thought it more fitting that a Christian, no matter what his rank, should walk within these sacred walls when he entered them the first time.

The first visit we made in Jerusalem was to the residence of "The Americans," that from the high roof of their house we might get a general view of the city, and be able to localize our ideas of its geography. These "Americans," who are of various nationalities, are a religious company who came here to be present at the second advent of Christ, which they expected to take place soon after their arrival, twenty years ago. Having been disappointed, they still patiently wait, meantime doing much good work among the poor, the sick, and any whom they can reach. Whatever may be said of their views of prophecy, they must be admired for their simple faith and their holy lives. With the utmost cordiality they received us, and gave us some account of their hopes and fears, of their disappointments and sorrows. About half of the original company have gone to meet their Lord, who so long delays his coming, but the rest are submissive, cheerful and hopeful. We spent an hour most delightfully among these lovers of our dear Saviour, and were reluctant to part from them after we had made the ascent to the roof and taken an optical survey of the city. On bidding them good-bye, I could not refrain from saying that, with all my heart, I wished their expectations might be fulfilled, and Christ come that very day. The cleanest, sweetest, homeliest place we saw in Jerusalem was the home of "The Americans.'

We make our way to the Church of the Holy Sepul-

chre. Just in front of the church is the tomb of a crusader named Dr. Philips. Passing this and entering the arched portal, which is in the style of architecture of Europe, and seems quite strange in the midst of such inharmonious surroundings, the first persons we meet are some Turkish officials kept here to guard the church, and to prevent disturbances among the various Christian, or "Infidel" sects, as the Mohammedans call them, who contend for possession of the fraudulent tomb of Christ. In the building are thirty-seven stations, at which worship is held by the various denominations of Christians—the Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics, the Armenians, and the Copts. The following are some of the principal stations: The Stone of Unction, where the sacred form was laid and anointed after it was taken down from the cross. An iron cage covering the spot where the Blessed Mother stood to see what would be done with her Son's body. In the centre of the space under the dome stands the Holy Sepulchre, having two chambers, the first called the chapel of the Angel, said to contain a piece of the stone on which one of the guardian angels sat, and the second inclosing the sepulchre itself. Forty-two gold and silver lamps are kept always burning within. Not far away are the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, and the place where our Lord appeared to His Mother. In this chapel is a piece of Moses' miracle-working rod. The devout put an end of this rod through an opening

and touch a piece of a stone column to which they say our Lord was bound, and withdrawing it, reverently kiss the end that is fresh from the stone. The sword and spurs of Godfrey the crusader are shown, the spot where the soldiers parted the sacred raiment, and cast lots for his vesture, and an altar to Helena, the mother of Constantine, who discovered, by divine assistance, the true cross.

Each of us furnished with a taper, we descend, by several steps cut in the rock, to the place where were found the three crosses, the crown of thorns, and the nails. It is not without a sense of reverence that we look upon these places held sacred by more than half of the Christian world, though we do not believe any of the traditions of the place; but a feeling of disgust and of contempt arises as we go on and are shown stones which mark the centre of the world, and the tombs of Adam and Melchisedec! There is no other building in the Christian world where so many untruthful things are gathered, and so much imposture practiced. But the worst imposture of all is the alleged descent of the sacred fire by the gift of the Holy Ghost at Easter, every year. The Latin or Roman Catholics have given up this superstition, but the Greek church still holds to it with fanatical tenacity. An immense multitude gathers here at the annual period of heavenly visitation to witness the miracle. The Greek Patriarch at the proper moment enters the chapel, and after prayer re-

ceives the holy fire from the adorable Third Person of the Trinity, and passes it out to the crowd which throng every foot of ground on the floor, in the galleries, and in the street outside. All being ready to receive the celestial flame, the fire seems to flash in a moment all over the vast building, when rushing away in all directions the happy people bear to their homes the cherished gift from heaven. When we say that it originates from a *Lucifer* match, or some other such device for kindling a flame, we mean no pun on the word Lucifer. Lucifer, however, must have something to do with keeping up such a shameful imposture through the Patriarch, who must know better.

A thoughtful person must come away from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with a feeling of disappointment and indignation, for behind and below all the minor frauds of the place is this, that it is impossible that this can have been anywhere near the site of the tomb of Christ, which must have been situated far outside of the walls of the city, away towards the northwest, at some spot unknown to all on earth. The wisdom of heaven in not letting the identity of the place be known needs no further confirmation than the monumental superstition of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

A short distance from the church are the ruins of the Hospital of St. John. In the eleventh century two hospitals were built there for the reception of

Christian pilgrims visiting Jerusalem. In 1869 the Sultan gave the ruins, or a part of them, to the Crown Prince of Prussia, under whose direction the excavations were made which have laid bare a considerable portion of the ruins. By inspecting this spot one gets an excellent idea of the amount of rubbish on which much of the present city stands; for he can climb down as deep as fifty feet into the cisterns and streets of ancient Jerusalem. This process of accumulation has been a great means of levelling the hills on which many cities of the old world stood. Rome's seven hills are nearly even with the Campagna; and on its elevated plateau the Jerusalem of to-day sits upon an almost level surface.

After the day's rambles and explorations were over, we returned at sunset to the hotel, in a cold wind from the northwest, finding it comfortable to take our dinner by the genial glow of a crackling fire, and to drink a cup of fragrant tea while we discussed the thrilling experiences through which we had passed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"*ABOUT ZION.*"

ZION was the name applied originally to the hill at the southwestern end of Jerusalem, but was often used, and is still, for the whole city. We came to this locality on the second day, by the approach of the Jaffa gate. Just at our right rises the severe fortress of the "Tower of David." It is entirely possible that some of the foundation stones of this structure were laid as far back as the time of the warrior king and singer of Israel. This certainly was the site of the stronghold of the Jebusites, where they maintained themselves so long against the arms of Israel, but from which they were ultimately routed by Joab, David's captain.

On the left is a large building which stands over the site of the tower of Hananeel, a part of its foundation actually resting upon the wall of that ancient structure. From this point north and eastward Jeremiah declared that the city should be rebuilt never more to be destroyed.

The soil beneath our feet is condensed history, and it seems as if the very stones would cry out. The considerable open space just inside the Jaffa gate has on its sides some of the best shops for purchasing photo-

graphs, olive wood souvenirs, and such merchandise as the American and European traveller is likely to desire. We are elbowed by men of every nationality, and brushed by beasts of burden, carrying on their backs the commerce of the East. Some of the shops are only large enough for the owner and his modest stock, which is handed to the purchaser standing in the street. The merchants squat on benches or on the ground, making, in full view, what they expect to sell. Red morocco shoes, jewelry, and olive wood trinkets are the staples; but fruit-shops and groceries here and there lend a rich mixture of odors to the air, which is not altogether pleasant. In front of a café sit, in solemn silence, a row of unspeakable Turks, smoking their nargilehs, or sipping small cups of black coffee.

It is not far to the Armenian convent, which is said to be able to accommodate eight thousand pilgrims. Within it is the church of St. James, which was erected to mark the spot where tradition declares this martyr was put to death by Herod's order. Here are his tomb, and chair, and three stones, one from Mt. Sinai, where Moses received the law; one from the Jordan, where the Israelites crossed dry shod, and the third from the scene of the crucifixion. Of course, we take these stories not without some misgivings.

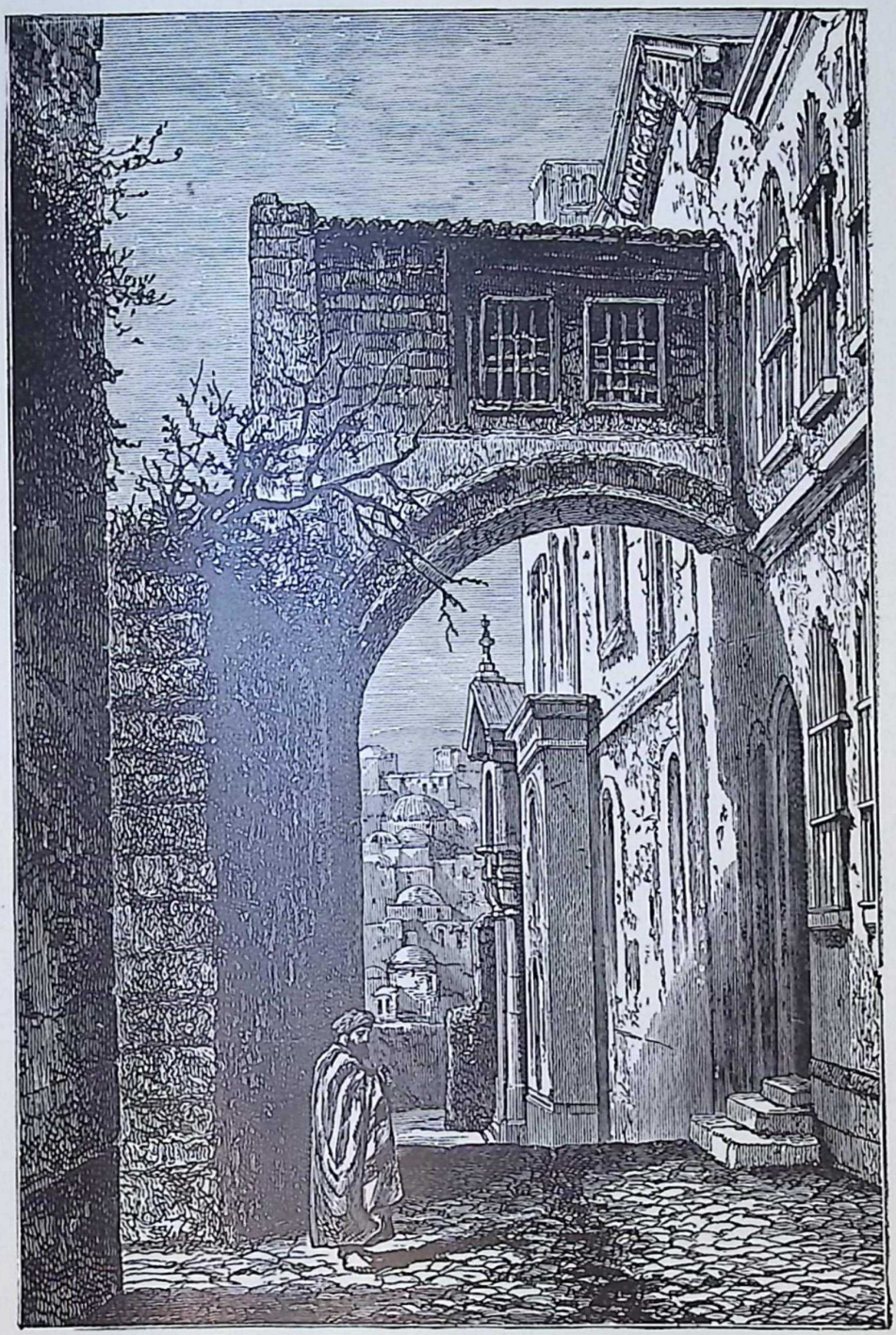
Walking about this historic neighborhood, one falls to thinking of the long line of great events which have transpired on these hills.

The original name of Jerusalem was "Salem," which means "peace." It was also called "Jebus," from the Jebusites, who for centuries held it as their capital and stronghold. Another name was "Ariel," which signifies "the Lion of God," because there the lion of Judah crouched and held his own for many generations. It has also been called the "City of David," the "City of God," and the "City of the Great King." There have been eight cities on the spot. Jerusalem has been besieged twenty-seven times; has been captured, sacked, and despoiled seventeen times; it has been ruined and rebuilt eight times. As one walks along the streets of Jerusalem he is thinking of what is under his feet, and where here and there excavations have been made, he is permitted to go down ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty feet below the present level of the city. He finds there the pavements of ancient times, over which the feet of men and beasts tramped and left their marks thousands of years ago.

The first was the city of the Jebusites; the second was the city of David; the third was the city of Nehemiah; the fourth was the city of Herod; the fifth the city of Hadrian; the sixth, the city of the early Moslems; the seventh, the city of the Crusaders; the eighth, the present city of the Mohammedan domination. Was there ever a spot of ground with so much history built upon it; with so many glorious deeds and mem-

ories buried in it, to be called forth by the poet, the archæologist, the historian, and through the revelation of God's providence by the fulfilment of prophecy in the history of time? Jerusalem has had a wondrous tale to tell in the ages that have passed, and prophecy must fail unless it has splendid tales to tell in the world's great sequel.

Jerusalem was in the hands of the Jebusites four hundred years after Joshua established the people of Israel in the Holy Land. David had his capital down at Hebron, and yet old Jebus held its own. David had a valiant captain in Joab, and the king gave a promise of reward to the first one who should take Jebus. Joab captured it and gave it to his king, and it was called the City of David. Jerusalem means the foundation of peace, or the possession of peace, or the vision of peace, or the city of peace, according to various translations; and yet, more than any city in the world, it has been the theatre of war. It contradicts its name, and yet it is the place where peace has been established between God and man. Jerusalem has been the scene of war, blood-shed, and the high carnival of death in the ages that have passed; it has, nevertheless, been the place more than any other, which is connected with that peace which is established in the human heart, which passeth understanding, which war cannot affect, which death cannot destroy, but which is eternal. We are glad to find in the name Jerusalem, the idea



VIA DOLOROSA.

of peace embodied, because Jerusalem has an illustrious name-sake. God named heaven after Jerusalem. We count it a great honor for some friend to call his child for us—to name for us anything which is dear to him; and what greater distinction could be bestowed on that hoary city, than for God to name the capital of eternity after what we may call the capital of time? There is the city of peace; there is the city where war can never come; against whose battlements hostile armies shall never pitch their tents; there lies the city longed for and sighed after, in all ages, by mankind ever seeking rest.

There is a state in the American union called Alabama—a very delightful part of the country it is, too, and it is said that the Indians named it Alabama because it was so very beautiful they wished to remain there, and that the word means "Here we rest." And yet they did not rest in Alabama. Where are they today? Those who dwell in that commonwealth now, in their love for the state, will repeat the name Al-a-bam-a with patriotic pride; but they shall not rest there. The fact is, the whole history of time has been the searching after an Alabama in this world, whereas the constant frustration of man's plans by the providence of God has been intended to be a silent finger pointing to an Alabama in the skies, where there are no changes; where there shall be no removals; where there shall never be a shadow, nor a tear, nor a pain, nor a death.

As one walks about the walls and gates of Jerusalem, it is hard for him to keep his thoughts down, his faith and hope will rise above the dust and ruins, and he will be singing in his heart the "Home, sweet Home" of heaven.

Jerusalem is established as a city that is compact altogether. It is only two miles and a half in circumference. Members of our party walked around it in fifty-five minutes. It used to be four miles in circumference in the time of Herod, and it is said that six hundred thousand people had taken refuge there when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Emperor Titus. The streets are very narrow; you may ride a donkey, a horse, or even a camel, but you rub against the people as they pass in the narrow places, and they will look up and dodge you as you go on your way, or stand with their backs close to the wall, to let you get by.

There is not much to inspire one as he walks along the streets of Jerusalem, unless he has a memory, a faith, an imagination, unless he has something in his soul that he has brought with him to the place. If he has, he will be very compassionate with the imperfections of his old mother; the wrinkles on her face will not seem ugly to him, and if she is soiled from the misuse of enemies, and the neglect of friends, and ragged and tattered and torn, the son that recognizes in her the great mother of us all, will feel that she is sacred—that she is holy.

O glorious city of the past,
So desolate to-day;
Thy walls are crumbling, and thy towers
Are falling to decay;
But in thy ruins thou art great
Art rich with mem'ries stored;
Thy name resplendent stands on high
By every land adored.

Imperial Mother of the world
All tongues thy praises sing,
From every country, every sea,
Thy sons their tribute bring.
To those who toil and those who weep,
Thy blessed hopes arise,
Until in death they soar to seek
Thy namesake in the skies.

Celestial city of the soul,
Jerusalem above,
How dear the light that gilds thy walls
How sweet thy life of love!
While in the wilderness of earth,
Afar from thee we roam,
We sing thy glory and thy rest,
And call thee Home, sweet Home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TEMPLE.

WE generally have a wrong idea about a temple; a temple is not a place for people to worship in; it is a house for the habitation of God. The people did not enter the temple proper; they worshipped outside in the courts. When man sinned, God became invisible to him; before that, the Creator used to walk with man among the trees of the garden, perhaps teaching him the wonders of nature, and of divinity. Was there ever such a teacher? was there ever such a privilege? But when man sinned, he lost his vision of God, and then it became necessary to localize the idea of divinity in some particular place. If man had not sinned, there would never have been a temple, and when sin is done forever there will be temples never more.

And so the temple was a monument to the invisible God. Men were called to gather around this building where God condescended to dwell. They turned their faces towards it to worship; whether they were on Mount Moriah, or on the distant horizon, where the pious Jew, making his annual pilgrimage to the holy city, first got a glimpse of the glorious crown that rested on it, or whether they were in the fastnesses of

JERUSALEM.

MOUNT OF OLIVES, GETHSEMANE, AND THE TEMPLE SITE VIEW FROM THE NORTHERN WALL OF THE CITY.

Ephraim, or far away in captivity by the rivers of Babylon, all faces turned towards the place where God's honor dwelt—the holy temple, the temple of his glory.

David wished to build the temple, and it is to him the credit must be given for the origination of the magnificent design. But God willed it otherwise. David was to go into history as a man of battles—a man who did, indeed, accomplish great things for his nation, and for the glory of his divine Lord, by warfare. War is not an unmixed evil. Some of the greatest blessings of history have come out of the most direful wars; for out of the hot blast of conflict and from the dull, dead silence of the battle-field there have sprung glorious fruits. Some of the most splendid harvests have come from the blood that has been sown on the bosom of the earth.

In the present condition of mankind, when the wicked oppress the good, man has to strive for his rights, for his liberty, and for eternal truth, often at the point of the sword. One of the controversies that God had with Israel was that they did not wage their wars thoroughly enough, and that they sheathed their swords before their divine commission was fulfilled. When God kept David from being a temple-builder as well as a soldier, it was no censure on him, because in war he had done God's will; only there was a great impropriety in the warrior, with his bloody hands, laying

the foundations of the temple of peace. So God said: "When thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, which shall proceed out of thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom. He shall build a house for my name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom forever."

It was in the year 1210 or '11 B. C. that the foundations of the temple were laid. The Jews were not architects; they did not understand building; they were a race of shepherds. In Egypt they were given the land of Goshen, where they could tend and feed their flocks. "Thy servants be shepherds," said Jacob to Pharaoh, and though they had now come at last to a great land, in which all the industries of peace and war were to be prosecuted, yet they were not sufficiently skilled in these things to erect such a building as would be an honor to God and a glory to Israel; and so it became necessary to employ foreign labor. Then King Hiram of Tyre came to the assistance of his neighbor Solomon, and with thousands of workmen brought down from Lebanon, and with materials gathered from all quarters, they undertook the building of the temple. The stones for the temple were cut at a distance, and were put together in solemn silence and proper dignity. The sound of the hammer was not to be heard while the Temple of Jehovah was building, as if it were to be something like the original construction of this world by the same great architect

who planned the glorious building on Mount Moriah. There was no sound of machinery; there were no thousands of hammers and chisels and trowels in motion, ringing in the air. God built the heavens in solemn silence, and when they came full and glorious into being, the silence was broken, when the sons of God in heavenly music shouted for joy at the inauguration of the visible universe.

God was the architect of what is called the Temple of Solomon. Sometimes we hear people sharply criticise a congregation for building a handsome and costly house of worship, and they are often right, though not always. If a congregation can build a noble structure to the glory of God—are able to do it, and do not thereby forfeit the means of carrying on their religious duties of helping the poor and spreading the gospel—they are right to erect a costly building.

It is impossible to tell just what the temple cost, but a Bible dictionary, published by the American Tract Society, sets it down at the astounding figures of $2,000,000,000. There never has been such a building; there never was such another before, and there never will be another like it. When Justinian had completed the splendid church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which is now desecrated by the Mohammedan occupation, he exclaimed: "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" but it was the merest folly and nonsense. Michael Angelo could not say that, after

having built St. Peter's at Rome, which is ten times a greater structure than St. Sophia. No one could say, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" except the great Architect of the universe.

The temple itself was a small building, about 110 feet long, 55 feet high, and 36 feet wide, according to the most probable estimate: about the size of an ordinary church of our own time. It had a dividing wall, with a curtain at the door running across from side to side on the interior—not dividing it into equal parts, but cutting off a square or cubical portion at the rear, which was the "Holy of Holies." There the outreaching wings of the cherubim met above the ark of the covenant, and there in this chamber, without a window, enclosed by a thick curtain, was the presence of God, in all its light and glory. Outside were the golden candlesticks and some other temple furniture in the holy place. At the front door were two great pillars called Joachin and Boaz, about 36 feet high, and 7 or 8 feet in diameter. There were steps which descended into a court that extended around three sides of the temple—called the Court of the Priests—and in this court there stood the altar of sacrifice. It is said by Josephus that sometimes there were offered there, at the Passover period, two hundred and fifty thousand animals, as an atonement for the sins of two and one-half millions of people that had gathered around the Holy City. It may be an exaggeration, but it

indicates the magnitude of the operations of the temple worship.

Leading from that into the next court, a little lower down—for the temple itself stood on the highest point—there was a flight of steps to what was termed the Court of Israel, that too being surrounded by a colonnade; then descending still more, we come to the Court of the Women, where the women must wait and worship, except when they came to bring an offering for sacrifice, at which time they could go into the Court of the Priests. Outside of that still was the Court of the Gentiles, separated by a lattice work, only about nine feet high, from the Court of the Women. This was surrounded by a magnificent colonnade about thirty feet wide, made of splendid columns seven feet in diameter—Solomon's porch it was called, on the east side; the Royal porch, on the southern side. The temple area was about 900 feet long, and 600 feet wide.

The courts themselves were paved with variegated marble, and the temple was covered with glittering gold. There never was a more impressive spectacle than that which any Jew could look upon if he stood on Mount Olivet and contemplated Mount Moriah with all its magnificence. It has been called a "mountain of snow and gold." It was worthy of its great designer; it was worthy of its royal builder; it was worthy of God's chosen people, then in their prime.

Of it they sang, around it gathered the dearest associations of their religious life, and from it sprang, like an angel on its wings, their hopes of a Messiah, and of everlasting glory. It was a sad thing that that glorious temple should be desecrated; but Nebuchadnezzar destroyed it, and God allowed it because of the sins of the people. It did not come by accident. What does? Are any of the great events of history accidental? Do they fall out as the dice from the box? No; there is no accident—a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without your Father, and empires do not tumble to their doom except at the divine behest; so, when the temple was burned, Nebuchadnezzar was the unconscious instrument of the Almighty, in showing his utter abhorrence of sin, and that sin the sin of idolatry.

Idolatry has been the besetting sin of the human race. When we say it was the besetting sin of the Israelites, we are only applying to them what may be applied to all mankind. They did fall into idolatry, and were carried away captive to Babylon, that there they might see their holy things which had been taken from the temple used in idolatrous worship by the enemies of their nation, and of their God. But let it be remembered, that from the captivity in Babylon to this day, the Jews have never worshipped idols; and they never will worship them again.

During the reign of Cyrus, in the year 536 B. C., a

decree went out giving the Jews liberty to return to their native land, and rebuild the temple, the generous king furnishing the means. They were opposed, however, by some of the people, and they themselves rejected the offer of the Samaritans to assist in its rebuilding. The Samaritans thereupon stirred up the suspicion of the authorities of the kingdom, so that there was a postponement of the enterprise, and it was during the reign of Darius that the work was rebegun and carried on to completion.

The second temple was larger than the first; it was not, however, so grand, and some of those present, who had seen the first, wept bitter tears when they remembered the former building. It continued down through a great number of years, but was desecrated by having placed in it by Caligula an image of himself and also an idol, and being entered profanely by Pompey, who penetrated the Holy of Holies. It was fought over, its courts were stained by blood, and it had a sad history. When Herod the Great became ruler of the country he put all of the Sanhedrin of the Jews to death, except two; but being very fond of glory, and of building great structures, he conceived the design of tearing down this old temple—which by that time was not very beautiful—and rebuilding it in more elegant and costly proportions; so he called together the representatives of the Jews and asked their permission. They were very suspicious of

Herod, as well they might be, and it was not until he gathered the materials and massed them upon the ground that they consented to have the old structure removed and another one built in its place. This he did, beginning it twenty-one years before Christ, and it was not completed until sixty-four years after the birth of our Lord. The temple itself was erected in a year and a half; but the outer courts, the great colonnades and the house of many mansions, that surrounded it, were not finished by our Lord's time, and workmen were engaged on them then. There were stones in that building said to be fifty feet long, and very great in all dimensions. It was a magnificent structure—the largest of all—although none of them were so costly and beautiful as that of King Solomon; but as the Saviour walked along the brow of Olivet and looked at the temple standing one hundred and fifty feet above the valley of Jehoshaphat and the valley of Hinnom, with the city rising in the background, it presented a glorious spectacle. If Jesus was a Jew, he was also a universal man, with a patriotism as great as the race; but he was first of all a Jew—a son of David—and as he stood and looked on the City of Jerusalem, seeing above it the gathering clouds of divine wrath, and knew that, in the year 70 A. D., Titus was going to wage war against it until it was destroyed, his heart grew heavy, the tears sprang to his eyes, and he wept, as any patriot might weep over

the wreck of his country, and its being set aside from being one of the great nations of the world.

Vespasian came down from the north, taking one strategic point after another, with Jerusalem as his destination, until he at last pitched his tents before the city. He turned the siege over to Titus, his son, and the Jews made a most fierce and determined resistance. They fought inch by inch for their city and their temple, but they were to be driven out; the battering-rams were thundering at the walls on Mount Moriah and Mount Zion, and at last the Jews themselves, in desperation, burnt some of the courts of the temple. They had been reduced to eating human flesh, and were wild with the frenzy that comes on one when he is starved almost to death. Mad prophets in the streets said that cohorts of angels would descend to-morrow to save the city; that to-morrow Messiah would come and lead the people to victory and glory. But it was not to be. "Ichabod" had been written over the face of Zion by a prophetic finger, and the glory was departing.

Titus gave orders that in the capture of the city the temple should be preserved, but a Roman soldier—and the world might almost curse that soldier—threw a torch into the sacred precincts, and soon the devouring flames had levelled it with the dust.

Eighteen hundred years of gloom have come and gone. Israel, according to prophecy, is scattered over

the wide face of the earth; has suffered untold misery from persecution, while their city has lain in desolation; but out of the clouds that hover over the head of this people, great lights of prophecy and promise still gleam, and God has wonderful things yet for the children of Jacob in the economy of redemption, and in the closing chapters of the history of time.

It was unspeakably interesting to us to betake ourselves to the sacred spot. We did rejoice to tread those courts, to walk over the dust and ruined stones, that are associated with so much history. Dean Stanley visited Jerusalem a good many years ago, when it was not permitted to go inside of the area of the old temple site. No Jew nor Christian could enter the enclosure. It is the second most sacred place to Mohammedans, and black dervishes stood, with daggers under their cloaks, before the gates; and they stand there still, but any one can go in now who has permission from the authorities. It is wise to carry with him two or three guards from the British or American consuls. Any one is safe enough to enter, if thus protected and can bid these black dervishes at the gate "Salaam Elekum," with perfect composure. As we pass in we find ourselves on the elevated plateau, which, in order to extend to proper dimensions, has been built out towards the north. The great stone arcade, which supports this added portion of the area, is called King Solomon's Stables. Perhaps Solomon did stable his

horses in these subterranean chambers. As we walk across this broad plateau—paved with marble, but very much discolored by weather and time—we see the Mosque of Aksa, on the left, and before us the Mosque of Omar, built by the Caliph Omar, and supposed to stand over the very spot made sacred by the temple. It is an octagonal structure—not very large—the exterior being of blue and white porcelain, and the interior mostly of fine marble. We are not permitted to enter until we have taken off our shoes and replaced them with soft slippers, because it is holy ground. Mohammed came to Jerusalem, we are told, on his flying horse, led by Gabriel the angel, and descended here. Inside of the mosque there is a great rough, brown stone, standing some ten or twelve feet above the level. This stone has been there, no doubt from the beginning, and in the centre of it is an opening, through which, if we were allowed to climb up upon the stone (which we are not) we could look down into a deep chamber below. The story goes that when Mohammed was allowed to go to heaven, the attraction was so strong, and the stone was so anxious to go with him to heaven (what stone would not be?) that it was necessary for Gabriel to hold it down until Mohammed got pretty well up. They say that this stone does not rest now on the earth at all; that it got up from the earth and has never gone back, and in proof of this you may go down under it and see for your-

self. They tell you that you must believe that this stone stands in mid-air, and if you have not your eyes about you to see where it rests on good solid foundations you will believe what they say.

We came out of the place with a strange mixture of emotions. This is the spot where Solomon stood and led the nation in worship when the glorious temple was dedicated. It was here that Abraham is said to have offered his son Isaac as a sacrifice. It was here that the religion of the people of Israel was centered, and held its highest exercises for thousands of years. It was here that Christ walked; it was in a colonnade outside that Peter preached the gospel, and at the beautiful gate near by he healed the lame man.

As we came up and walked around the sacred spot we found a priest at the door, who called our attention to a block of porphyry, or some such precious stone, which had been pressed into the floor. Into this stone it was said that Mohammed had driven nineteen golden nails, and by an evil spirit many of them had been drawn out; but we were informed that if we would place a coin on the head of each of the remaining nails, our salvation would be assured. We thought it worth our while to make so small an expenditure for such a recompense. In playfulness one of us did place on these nails a few coins, and asked, through an interpreter, if his soul was forever saved? The solemn priest responded that "it was as good as if in

heaven." "Well, then, if I am saved, I will take my money and go." So the "infidel" gathered it all up and started away. The priest looked very much disappointed and protested against such a proceeding, whereupon the stranger gave him back the money, and the priest then said his soul was secure and he might go on his way rejoicing.

Well, will that temple ever be rebuilt? God knows. The probabilities are that it will not. The Jews are looking for the reconstruction of the glory of Israel, and it is going to come in some way or other, in the best way, and in such a way as to show the glory of God; and whatever sins the people have been guilty of, after the hundreds and thousands of years they have been exiled from their native land, they will be forgiven, whether they come back to the land of Palestine, or simply to divine favor. God builds temples for himself to dwell in, and since Adam fell has been building a temple of another kind than that which we have just described. He has been building a temple which is spreading its great dimensions all over the face of the world—a temple in which the stones are men and women, and sons and daughters of God, polished after the similitude of a palace, a temple not made with hands—a great temple for God's eternal residence. This is the most beautiful temple—the church of the living God.

As we look forward to the new Jerusalem, we have

some ideas and expectations as to what we shall see. The new Jerusalem is the crown and glory of eternity, and John—the holy John—in the isle of Patmos, had some sweet visions of it. We find on reading the book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse, that when John was privileged to look into heaven and to walk about that glorious city, one of the things that impressed him most was that there was "no temple therein." Jerusalem in its glory, without a temple. Imagine how we would feel on entering some city like London or New York, to go up and down the streets, and find no place of worship dedicated to the Almighty. So John measured the walls of the new Jerusalem, told well its towers and its bulwarks, and marked the splendor of the place; but he missed the temple—the very first thought that would strike a pious and patriotic Jew. We have already indicated why there was no temple there—because there was no sin there; because there was needed no visible representation of God: God himself was the temple; God himself was visible everywhere. If an angel looked above, he saw God; if he looked down in the depths, he saw God; if he looked back into time, he saw the face of God all over it; and if he gazed forward into the future, the coming generations were full of God. When the sons of earth came up to join the angelic choir, this is what they felt: Job anticipated it, and in triumph over death he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though

after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another." This is the consummation of God's great mercies to man—that they shall live in a city where they shall need no temple of marble and gold to represent the Almighty; no sacrificial flame and smoke rising to prophesy a coming Saviour and Deliverer; all things fulfilled; every prophecy accomplished; every word and promise of God realized; nothing left undone; all time and history of earth behind us, and we face to face with God in eternity. That is heaven—that is heaven. The soul that once catches the vision of God as he reveals himself in that eternal home, will be so fascinated by that transcendent love, and glory, and might, that if there were a temple there he would not see it; if there were ten thousand temples surmounted by one greater than all, he would turn his back upon them to bow before God himself. Shall our feet press those golden streets? Shall these eyes look upon the King in his beauty? Shall these fingers touch the strings of a celestial harp, and join the angelic choir? Shall our tears be wiped away by the hand of God, our Saviour? Yes, if we simply put our trust in him and receive this robe of righteousness, being washed in his atoning blood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JERUSALEM AND CHRIST.

CHRISTIANITY is simply completed Judaism. Judaism is the tree in bud, and Christianity is the same tree in bloom. Yes, more than in bloom—the same tree of promise that God planted in Paradise, that flourished and budded in Israel, now blooms and bears fruit for all the world.

About eighteen hundred and eighty years ago, in the spring of the year, there were a great many people coming to the city of Jerusalem, from all portions of the holy land. They came as best they could, travelling according to their means; but in obedience to the command of Jehovah they were assembling at the capital city, at the time of the Passover, that they there might worship God, for the sacrifices could be offered nowhere else but at Jerusalem, and in the temple.

It is often asked whether or not the sacrifices are kept up in Jerusalem now. Oh no; the place of sacrifice is now devoted to the worship of Islam, and that most historic spot is desecrated by the presence of the Mosque of Omar. So, of course, there is no sacrifice. One hundred and fifty Samaritans—who are a kind of off-shoot of the Jews—do continue to offer sacrifices

on Mount Gerizim, once a year; but Jerusalem is without a sacrifice, without an altar, without a temple, without the flame and incense ascending to God. Jerusalem is without the great multitude that gathered about its holy walls once a year, singing as they came: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

But about eighteen hundred and eighty years ago, there came down from the north at the great feast, a little company—a man and his wife, bringing a child of the age of twelve years. They had doubtless seen Jerusalem before—the father and mother—but it was the first time their son, or her son, had ever come to the mother city of his nation. This child had a very remarkable history. It had been prophesied in the Old Testament, that the sign of deliverance and salvation should be that a virgin should conceive, and bear a son, and now it was rumored throughout the land that this child had been born of a virgin, at Bethlehem. There was one—his mother—in whose whole history we have no hint of her having doubted his divinity, but who was the first one to suggest the putting forth of his divine power. There was one who had kept all these things, these prophecies, and the revelations from heaven by angels, concerning the wonderful child, in about the most sacred spot outside of heaven—a mother's heart. If there is any place

more sacred than a mother's heart, it would be hard to find. Oh! the tender yearning, the faithful prayer, that rises from the altar of a mother's love, as she rocks the cradle, as she teaches her child to walk, and as she tells him his little prayers. As she kisses him when he first leaves home for school, it seems to her that her child is going out into the great world. When any young man undertakes the burden and duty of life, with a mother's blessing on his brow, and a mother's prayers all around him—if perchance he come to what she and all would call an untimely end, no tears are bitterer—that fall like rain upon his silent face, than the tears of her who bore him, and who has loved him all through. We have heard of a husband leaving his wife; of a wife deserting her husband; of a son forsaking his father; of a father his daughter, or of a son his mother; but where do we find, or if at all, how rarely, that a mother forgets her child? Christ and his mother—how beautiful! maternity and sinless childhood! God put them together, and they stand as the admiration of all ages.

Mary and Jesus came to Jerusalem, Mary pointing out to his expectant gaze the whole topography of that glorious scene: Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, with its palaces, Mount Moriah with its crown of temple glory, like fire-kissed snow. They may have sung: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord;" and Mary's voice trembles, and the tears

come to her eyes, as she exclaims, "Our feet shall stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem."

Mary was a Jewess, and, like every true woman, a patriot, and loved her nation, and its capital, its religion, and its God. Her heart burned under the thralldom of the Roman domination, and she dreamed great dreams of her son, and had greater longings and expectations than any other mother that ever rocked the cradle of a great character in its infancy; and when they joined the mighty host in worship, how this Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, must have looked on the sacrificial offerings, without spot or blemish, and watched the smoke and fire that waved the prophetic banners of redemption before the eyes of the people! What great thoughts in his heart! what great thoughts in her heart! and no more devout worshippers in all the multitudes than Joseph, the hard-handed carpenter, and Mary and her child. We remember that he tarried at Jerusalem after his parents had gone away. They, after travelling some distance on their journey, having supposed he was with some of their friends, going back to Nazareth, missed him at length, and returned to seek him in the holy city. They found him in the temple, sitting among the doctors of the law, hearing them, and asking them questions, and chided him for giving them this anxiety, and causing such delay Oh! would you not like to know what questions he put to those doc-

tors, and what questions they put to him? He said to his mother and father: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" For even then, in early childhood, acknowledging his allegiance to his mother and father on earth, he still recognized above them a higher paternity, and claimed sonship with God. Maturing this first statement, which at last expanded into a more aspiring claim, he long afterwards said: "I and my Father are one;"—"Before Abraham was, I am." And he was, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The little company takes its way back over those same hills, towards Mizpah, Bethel, Samaria, across the plain of Esdraelon, up to that little city in Galilee that used to be despised, and of which it was said by Nathanel when Christ made his public appearance: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" not knowing then that, in time, the despised name would come to be a glorious crown to rest upon that village—for "Jesus of Nazareth" means something in the world to-day.

And as they have gone away, over the hills, let us come down to the city, entering at the Jaffa gate. We find ourselves at once by the side of David's Tower, which is on the right; and on the left is what is called Christ's church, an English Episcopal house of worship. It is Sunday morning; we enter and find a goodly congregation. Several ministers are officiating in the chancel—one of them a dear friend from this

country; but the minister who delivered the sermon was a converted Syrian. He preached in English an excellent gospel sermon. It was heard by people from England, Australia, India, the United States and Canada; by French people, some Germans, a few Christian Israelites, and how many other kinds of people I cannot tell, but it seemed like a pentecostal occasion, and the Holy Ghost did appear to rest on the preacher, the sermon and the audience.

The next day we return, to go over Mount Zion. We first visit a small Turkish mosque, which is said to have been erected over the tomb of David. It is a small building and extremely plain, but it contains within its four walls an immense deal of sacred fiction. There is the tomb of David; the room where Christ ate the last supper with his disciples, and the place where he met them after his resurrection, as they sat in the upper chamber. This is where the pentecostal scene occurred; the house in which Mary lived after Christ's ascension, and where she died; and here Stephen was buried—and there is probably not a word of truth in any of it. Not a word. You can see how historically contradictory some of these statements are to one another. If it be the tomb of David, it could not have been a place of residence in the time of Christ, for the royal mausoleum would not have been kept as a public inn, hired out to carpenters and fishermen. Think of the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey being

made the place of abode for the common people. Cyril writes of this conglomeration of legends in connection with the place, saying that, away back in the early ages, all these events were associated with that spot, and that the reason of it was, that when Titus burned down Jerusalem in the year 70, that was the only building left. So, not having any other places with which to connect sacred events, they just put everything together in this one structure; all the associations that they could not find a place for somewhere else, they gathered together here, which was a very convenient arrangement. You know they have a custom in many parts of Europe, as well as in Asia, of enclosing some spot, calling it by a saint's name, making up a pretty story for it, and charging people a frank or a shilling to enter the sacred precincts. This thrifty spirit inspires many of those in various parts of the world who profess and call themselves Christians.

It does not take much time to do this mosque of David, so we go down to what is a more interesting spot, the orphanage and school of the Sisters of our Lady of Zion. We approach it through the Via Dolorosa, which means, the "sorrowful way." This is the street through which the Saviour is said to have passed, bearing his cross, on his way to Golgotha, and those who have studied the matter think it is not without some reason that this statement is made.

Our feelings may be better imagined than described as we pass along this street, endeavoring to bring up the scenes so memorable in the history of the world.

The tradition is, that the Saviour came down this narrow way until he reached the wider one, which runs at right angles to it, coming from the Damascus gate, and that there he turned and walked towards the present site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is impossible that this can be true, because the "Place of a Skull" was outside of the walls. The probability, indeed almost certainty, is, that he turned to the right on entering the wide street, and passed on through a gate which must have stood somewhere to the north.

Many of the most trustworthy authorities believe that the Orphanage of the Sisters of Zion includes within its walls the site and some of the remains of the ancient judgment-hall of Pilate. Our knock is answered by one of the good sisters, who greets us kindly in French, and extends the hospitalities of the house. An air of refinement pervades the hall, and the simple parlor into which we are ushered betokens, in its tasteful appointments, the presence of that indefinable something which the hand of a Christian woman alone can give. The ladies bring out and show us crosses made of olive wood, strings of beads, and a large collection of pressed flowers, gathered from sacred places like Bethany, the Mount of Olives, and Gethsemane, which, without any urgency, we are requested to make

selections from, at a very moderate price, the money going to support the good work of the institution.

When excavating for the foundations of the present building the workmen unearthed a heavy stone arch, which, it is believed, is the veritable one under which Christ stood at the entrance of Pilate's house, when the Roman governor brought him forth and said: "Ecce Homo!"—"Behold the man." We are led down some steep stone stairs into what is the *sanctum* sanctorum of the place, and find the Ecce Homo Arch just behind the baldichin of a Latin Catholic altar. It is all below the level of the present street, and a deep silence pervades the chapel, dimly lighted by a cluster of lamps in a chandelier. Hard by is an old Roman pavement well preserved, though worn, with the marks of feet that trod its square blocks long ago. It is highly probable that the august Son of God once walked over these stones, wearing the purple robe and the crown of thorns, while the rabble of Jews and Gentiles pressed before and behind deriding his mock-royalty. To lay one's brow against that arch, and to kiss the stones his feet once pressed would not be superstitious; for whatever may be our cold belief that there is no virtue in material things, the fact that Jesus has been there lends a spell one could hardly, if he would, resist.

Here are also two large blocks of stone cut evidently for seats, or for pedestals to stand on, from which it is believed the decisions of the court were promulgated.

It may be the cowardly Roman stood or sat on one of these, while was going forward the most memorable of all trials before an earthly tribunal.

There is in the city of London, in a gallery in New Bond Street, a painting by Gustave Dorè, called "The Descent of Christ from the Praetorium." It is an immense picture, representing our Saviour coming down the steps after the trial. It is one of the most impressive of all pictures. The artist had a brave genius and a bold hand. He has not followed in the track of other painters, who have depicted Christ after a certain fashion, but with an original conception of the Master, he has put upon canvas a most inspiring figure. Behind him stand Annas and Caiaphas in deep conference; in the distance are Pilate and Herod shaking hands; down here at the foot of the steps, on the right, is Mary, the mother of Christ, fainting in the arms of Mary Magdalene and other women, with John helping to support the prostrate form. Over here on the left is Judas Iscariot, his arm lifted before his face, lest he might catch a glimpse of that eye that melted Peter's heart after he had denied his Master; and by his side, in contrast, a young Jewish maiden, beautiful and noble-looking, is leaning forward, trying to catch a glimpse of the royal countenance. Down before the Master is an ugly Ethiopian, bearing a great cross, with a rope and hammer and nails in his hands; while behind him, on the marble steps, stands the immortal Son of God,

clothed in white, the precious drops of crimson trembling from his thorn-crowned brow. There has been put into that face a combination of emotions which has never been achieved in any other picture. It is not all tenderness—there seems to be about the eyes a flash of fiery indignation, and there is something in the whole countenance which would not surprise you if it burst out into lightning to blast Judas, Pilate, Caiaphas and Herod into ashes and eternal doom; and yet, in those same eyes there is an expression of infinite tenderness and longing, and a sort of resistance from looking down on his mother, and on those around her, as if he held back waiting tears. About him is all love of man for woman, and woman for man, and men for men, and angel for angel, and angels for men; all true loves are condensed into those parting lips which seem about to say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I have seen people go into that gallery in Bond Street, sit down before this picture, and gaze upon it and weep, start for the door, turn and look back, and sit down again; and when they have gone away at last, they would still turn and gaze longingly back as if they would photograph it on their hearts forever. If the genius of a man can be so great as that, on canvas, what did God put into reality when Christ stood before the world? What shall we say of the real spectacle, when Pilate led him out and said, "Ecce Homo,"—

"Behold the man?" The generations as they have risen since have come to look at the man, Christ Jesus, and have lived to love him, and have loved to live for him, and millions have died with their gaze fastened on his face.

Let us go up to the street again. We resent the sunshine, and rebuke the azure of the sky; we almost refuse to think there is anything cheery and happy; but the world goes on, the men and women are in the streets, the children at their play, the camels come and go on their pilgrimages; and the Mohammedan is crying from the minaret, calling to prayer.

On a Sunday afternoon we went over to Mount Olivet. On its summit stands a great campanile or bell tower erected by the Czar of Russia, from which, with his eye, one can sweep the whole of southern Palestine. We spend an hour or two in studying out the sacred map spread before us, until we are reminded by the chill evening air that the day is far spent.

The sun is setting; and the glory of the heavens is poured down upon the city from the western sky.

Let us hurry down the mountain by the path over which David fled once barefooted, and which, no doubt, the Lord Jesus often walked. We approach Gethsemane. The gate is open, and we enter. The olive trees of generations gone stand hoary, their leaves and trunks alike silvered in the cold light of the moon, which is full. It was full moon when the dear Saviour

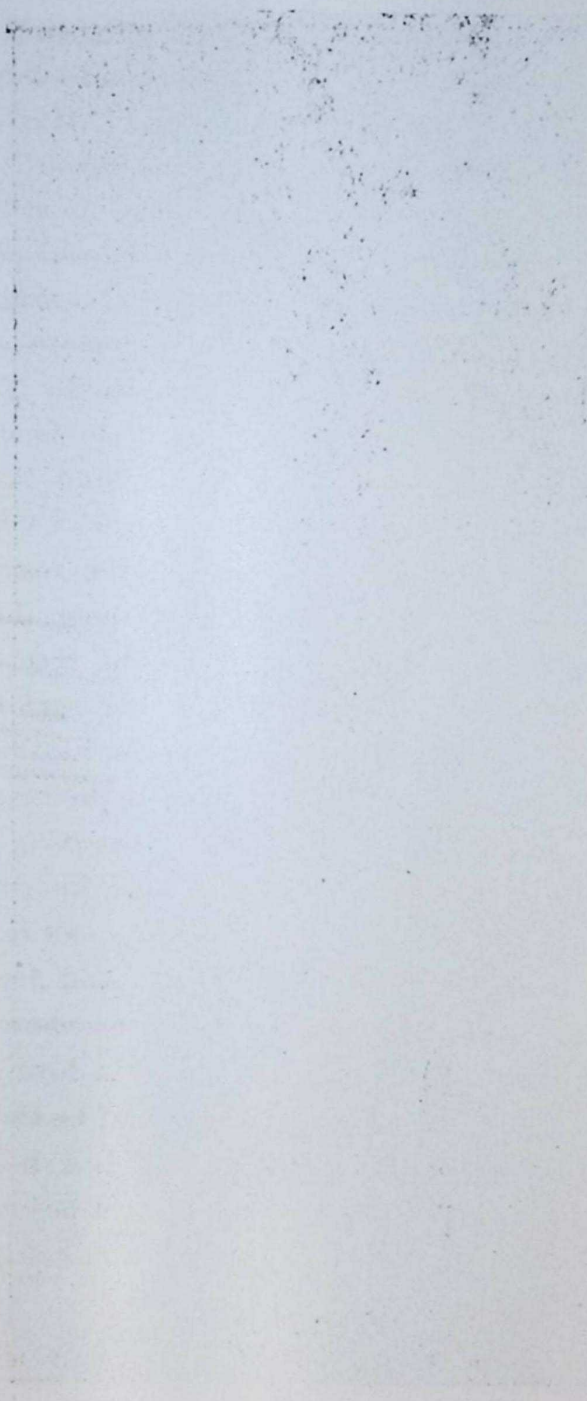
agonized beneath these shades. How still, how sacred the spot! It is holy ground. We all bow reverently in prayer, repeating the Lord's prayer together, and one closes with—"nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt—thy will be done." Rising from our knees we pluck a few small branches from the olive trees, and return sadly towards the city by the very way they led the Master after the arrest. We cross the brook, and ascend the hill, stopping to gaze back into the moonlit valley. It was a sacramental time, and we felt as if the blessed presence of Jesus were vouchsafed more than ever before to us, and that the same eyes that wept here long ago were beaming tenderly upon us then. And we have brought away in our hearts, from that solemn scene, something from which we shall never part until our earthly pilgrimage is done.

They say Golgotha is just outside the Damascus Gate; but it is hardly possible that it is true, because the city, in the time of Christ, was four miles in circumference. It is only two and a half now, and at that time the place they call Golgotha must have been within the walls. The crucifixion must have taken place outside the walls, but we are glad, I know, it was within that horizon; that the great events of the world's redemption were transacted inside the rim of that chalice of hills, and that Judea, prostrate, humbled in the dust, even so doth hold in her hands the cup that gives the world the wine of everlasting life.

and the story of the Son of God. We are glad that somewhere within that stretch of land that rises towards the north was the sacred tomb, whither on a morning early, before the sun was up, some women came with spices and myrrh to anoint the body of their Lord. They found, in the gloaming of dawn, the sepulchre empty, the stone removed, and two angels sitting—one at the head, the other at the foot. A great earthquake had just occurred, and the keepers were prostrate as dead men—for the Romans had sealed the tomb, setting a watch over it, and declared this man should not arise. But all prophecy had said "Rise!" All heaven was awaiting his resurrection; all time depended upon it, and the earth trembled so she could not hold longer the sacred secret locked up in her heart; she must tell the world who this was. Nevertheless, he rose, not in haste, nor in exultation, as triumphant over enemies, but with calm dignity, the napkins folded and laid by themselves, and the garniture of the tomb doffed, that he might walk again among men. The angels who were vigilant at the tomb, proud to minister, are going to be distinct among angels forevermore, because they sat in the Saviour's sepulchre. They could not be saved by his death; they could not die and be raised as he was, and as we shall be, but they could stand guard.

When Christ told the world that the battle was fought, the victory won, and the grave robbed of its terrors, it

was first to a poor woman from Galilee, groping in the darkness, with tears on her face. He announced he had risen, by pronouncing that woman's name "Mary." Christ appears to those to whom he doth appear, by personal and direct revelation of himself; not in earthquakes; not in signs from heaven; but in the whisper of some personal benediction, in the pardon of a man's sin, in the wiping away of his tears, in the removal of his sorrow and anxiety, as if he called him by his name. If you should meet Christ, and he should thus speak your name, you would understand that he lived, and that you should live, forever. Oh! it was a glorious morning; a prophecy of the resurrection-day; and He, the first fruits of them that slept, was about to ascend up on high, to receive gifts for man. In the 2d Psalm the Father said to him: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance," and now he ascends the steps of the throne to ask of God the gift of America, of Europe, of Asia, of Africa—the world—for himself. He shall rule and over-rule, until all people call him God: shall rule in love and tender mercy. And Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, in the concentering lines of Providence, are joining hands now in love of Him; and when the end comes at last, it shall be this: all nations uniting to lay a crown that has been woven, not of thorns, but of all power and all beauty, and wealth, of knowledge, and of love, upon the head of the universal King.



Bethlehem.

CHAPTER XXX.

HEBRON AND BETHLEHEM.

THE traveller in Palestine is struck, among other things, with the absence of trees. What a wonderful thing a tree is! One can build a house and transplant saplings around it, but only nature and years can build a tree. In our young America—which is really such an old America—in which we have such a great number of splendid forests, we hardly appreciate the value of trees.

If there were but a single tree in the world, which one had to cross two oceans to see, he would think it equal in interest and attractiveness to Niagara. A tree with life in it; a tree with its great number of leaves, no two of them alike; a tree with its cool shade, with its graceful form and motion, is a wonderful creation. Some of the trees that are associated with childhood's memory are very dear. A time long ago, in your country home, there was a great tree in your yard that you played under for years. When it was cut down, how it grieved you, and what a great vacancy it left in the world, to your childish eye and heart.

There are no forests in Palestine. We saw the green grass and the shrubbery, but we longed for the great

towering oaks, the tall, graceful pines, such as we have so many of in America, or for some of those great forests which are still to be found all over our land.

Another thing that you notice in travelling through Southern Palestine, in the neighborhood of Hebron and thereabout, is the absence of fences, or even stone walls. There is stone enough to make walls, but there are very few of them. You will, however, constantly find land-marks, which are sacredly regarded, and which have been standing in their respective places, many of them, for hundreds and hundreds of years. "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's land-mark," say the Scriptures, and there are more quarrels and more blood-shed in Palestine to-day with reference to the alleged removal or changing of these little corner-stones, that mark off the farms of the peasantry, than for all other causes.

Riding through this part of the country, one is also impressed with the great number of caves which the people use for storehouses for their precious treasures and their grain crops, to protect them from robbers.

Hebron is a very pretty city of ten thousand inhabitants, nearly all Mohammedans—a thoroughly fanatical and dangerous population, none more so in Palestine. Hebron is one of the sacred shrines of the Mohammedan religion. It is the oldest town in the country. Abraham found a village there and bought, near by, a parcel of ground, in which to bury his wife.

There is something very pathetic and significant about that. It was the fulfilment, in a small way, of God's promise to him, that He would give him this country, and the first piece of it he got was a place to bury his heart in, and to shed tears over; but it was a beginning —it was a stake driven down in sorrow, and Abraham knew very well, and showed his faith by what he did, that his descendants were going to be like the stars of heaven, and to cover all this land; therefore, he wished to bury his dead there.

The Israelites were very different from the Egyptians. The traveller through Egypt would fancy that the principal business of the ancient inhabitants of that country was constructing monuments. Great men built their own tombs while they were still alive, lest when they died the people would not have sufficient gratitude for their services to prompt them to rear monuments befitting such important personages. Egypt is full of monuments, and they took every precaution for the preservation of the bodies of the dead, wrapping them up, and using all kinds of chemical preparations to prevent disintegration and decay; putting them away, where they have lain almost unchanged during three or four thousand years. While nations have been born, have run their course and passed away, the bodies of the Egyptians have remained, as if determined never to be dissolved until the great Judgment calls them to the final resurrection. And more than that, they always

wrote something on the tomb, or on the wrappings of the body, or on both. A very favorite custom was to write the history of a man on his winding-sheet, and wrap him up in it. It is a very fortunate thing that they did, because now we can get a mummy, unroll its winding sheet, and read its history. There are acres and acres of inscriptions and writings to be found in Egyptian tombs. But every man, in a sense, is buried wrapped up in his own history—the story of his good and his evil, of his love and his hate. We carry into immortality the story of our human life, which, if not legible to mortals here, will be unrolled and read in our very being itself when we stand in the revealing light of the Judgment Day.

But Palestine is not like Egypt; one may search caves and monuments, and dig down into the ruins of old cities, but there is never found so much as the scratch of a chisel on a tomb-stone—not a word, not a letter. Whether or not it was because the Jews were such a spiritual people—for they were the great representative nation of spiritual worship, and of the triumph of the mind over matter, teaching as they did that the soul was immortal, in a clearer and purer way than any other nation—they did not pay much attention to the preservation of men's dust and ashes, nor of their earthly fame.

Hebron means "The Friendly;" and its modern Arabic equivalent signifies "The Friend-of-God City."

Hebron contains the Westminster Abbey of Palestine. There is a great mosque there, which is said to be built over the cave of Machpelah, and there is good reason to believe it so. Hebron is undoubtedly the burial place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Jacob's body was brought back here from Egypt. It is very probable that Abraham's body lies beneath that mosque; and now that some of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt have been brought back to us, and we have been able to look upon them, so well preserved that we can even see the characters of the men in their faces, it is not incredible that the mummies of one or more of the patriarchs may some day be laid out for the Christian world to see. We know that at least the body of Jacob was embalmed. As strange things as these have happened, and we do not know what is under that mosque. No Christian nor Jew may enter its walls. Mohammed was on his way at night up to Jerusalem, travelling through the air with the angel Gabriel for his companion; and when they came to Hebron, Gabriel said: "Come down here, for this is where thy father Abraham is buried. Come down and make some genuflections, and say a prayer, and then come up with me to Bethlehem, where thy brother Jesus was born." So goes the legend.

Hebron is the place to which Caleb and the other spies came, when they were hunting through the country to see how it lay, and went back to encourage the hearts of the Israelites.

Let us go to Bethlehem by way of the pools of Solomon.

These pools are very much like our modern reservoirs. There are three of them,—one rather high up, another a little lower, and the third lower still; reservoirs where water was collected and carried hence to Jerusalem, some thirteen or fourteen miles, through an aqueduct constructed as well as any engineer of our day could do it; and the wonder is that the water runs through Solomon's old aqueduct to Jerusalem, at this very hour, and when the Mohammedan stops at the fountain in front of the mosque of Omar, to wash his feet before going into worship, he uses water which is brought through the aqueduct from Solomon's pools, that have been standing there as monuments of his engineering skill and wisdom, for all these thousands of years.

We go on up towards Bethlehem, but just before we reach the gate, we pass another symbol of sorrow, the tomb of Rachel. You remember that Benjamin was born as they came up here, and his mother died at the time and was buried by the road side. Whether that is the spot or not, we cannot tell; there are some reasons for believing it is, and then there are some for believing it is not. There is no doubt about Abraham and Jacob being interred near Hebron, but we are not so sure of Rachel's tomb. Yet it is a sacred place to Jews and Christians from all over the world, and sad

to say thousands have marked their names on it in pencil, so that it makes one feel ashamed when looking at it.

Here we are by Rachel's tomb, and here is the highway from Jerusalem, a great limestone road, a splendid thoroughfare. It winds along, ascending gradually, so that the heaviest wagons can be drawn over it.

Here is Bethlehem—on this hill—a place of some 5,000 people, and I am glad to say a Christian community. There would seem to be a great impropriety in the Mohammedans holding the spot where Christ was born. There are only about 500 Mohammedans in the town, the rest of the inhabitants being Christians, principally Greek and Roman Catholics. There are many places in Palestine about the identity of which there is contention; there never has been a question raised concerning Bethlehem. The name is significant, meaning the "house of Braed." We feel a certain sense of relief at finding one spot about which we can be absolutely certain, and, after all, one of the most sacred.

It is hardly necessary to say that, because Bethlehem is a Christian city, it is prosperous. It is the most industrious community in Palestine, and wherever the Jews live, or the Christians, the cities thrive, while in the places inhabited chiefly by the Mohammedans, the people seem to be dreaming, or asleep.

As we stand here at the gate of Bethlehem, we look upon as fair a scene as will greet the eye of the trav-

eller through the Valley of Virginia, or the Mohawk Valley in New York, or some of the fertile and picturesque districts in New England—as fair a scene as can be beheld anywhere in Scotland, or in rich, green Ireland. It is very interesting to be told that, just here, near the gate, is the well of David. It may be the same well; perhaps it is—wells are long-lived. The well of Jacob, at Sychar, is undoubtedly the same old well that our father Jacob dug, and where our Saviour sat, hundreds of years afterwards. This may be the well of David, as it is called. We remember that when David was at war with the Philistines, and the enemy were in possession of the town, on one occasion, when he was weary, he longed, and said, "Oh! that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." When his heart was heavy and disappointed, his body sore, and his brain aching, it seemed to him that there could be nothing in the world so sweet as the water from that old well.

Did you ever, when sick with fever, dream of the well in the yard at your old home, where you were brought up, or of the spring down in the pasture? So king David longed for a drink of water from this particular well; and why was it? Because it was the well of his childhood. Childhood is a green valley, in the cool shades, a sort of sacred place, and out in the dreary journey of the world's life, we look back with envy upon those days of long-ago. Some of David's chivalrous

knights, at the hazard of their lives, went and brought him some of that very water, and proudly pressed it to his lips, but he, equally chivalrous, declined to drink it, and poured it upon the earth, because it had been obtained at such an immense risk.

Speaking of David reminds us of his ancestors. Down in that field, over there, is where Boaz went to work, and where Ruth met him—Ruth, the Moabite woman. Every one loves Ruth; her sweet womanliness, her devotion to her Jewish mother-in-law, and because, to espouse the religion of Jehovah, she gave up her friends and the home of her childhood. This is a very beautiful story, among the many beautiful ones of the Bible. And what did God do for Ruth? There is a line of stars that stud the history of redemption from Adam to Christ, from Abraham to Joseph, and she was placed among them. Ruth adopted the religion of Jehovah, and God placed her in that line of royal ancestry that connected the Saviour of the world with the father of the faithful, and with the great Father of us all, and Ruth became one of the ancestors of the Son of God.

We are not going to tarry long at the well; a greater than David is here. We are thinking of something else: of a man and his wife who came down here when Cæsar Augustus sent out a decree that all the world should be taxed. We are thinking about a man and his wife who came here eighteen hundred and

ninety-five years ago to give in their names for the census. He being of the lineage of David, must come up to David's town. The place was crowded, of course, and they, being humble folk, could not get the best accommodations; there was no room for them in the inn, and they must make their abode among the beasts of the stall. It was probably not so bad as is thought, and this kind of living is common in Palestine now. These buildings are arranged this way: the beasts occupy the centre of the place, their troughs being about eight or ten feet from the wall. From there to the wall is a raised stone platform about three feet high. On that platform the people spread their mats, and here they make their resting place while they tarry in the town. Here is a man's horse or donkey tied in front of him, and the little family and their beasts are near together, in humble sociability; and sometimes you will see, if it is a particularly kind beast who knows the family and children well, one of the children lying down on the straw of the manger by the horse's head, perfectly at home; nor would it be such a very remarkable thing if sometimes a little infant should come into the world in a caravansary, and be laid in a manger. So it was with the Saviour of the world:—

"Cold on his forehead the dew-drops are lying;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining;
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all."

Let us go into this town of Bethlehem—sweet and sacred place. Let us look into the bright and intelligent faces of its people, and at their little shops as we pass by, and see them busy at their trades, with their wares offered for sale along the pavement. Let us stop and purchase a few articles to carry back to America with us. Now we are wending our way towards the centre of all interest in Bethlehem—the Church of the Nativity. Away back in the fourth century, Helen, the mother of Constantine, built a sanctuary here, a part of which remains, over the supposed site of the manger, where Christ was born. There never has been much question as to this being the exact spot, as Justin Martyr, who was born only a few years after the death of St. John, refers to it as an established fact that that was the place; and other writers, coming down from age to age, have mentioned it also. St. Jerome came here the latter part of the fourth century, and established himself hard-by the sacred place, that he might there translate the Scriptures from the Greek and Hebrew, into the Latin tongue, a translation still extant under name of "The Vulgate," and here it was he died and was buried.

We are going into the Church of the Nativity; it is held in common by the Greek and Latin Christians, and I believe the Armenians also. How small the door is—no, it is a large, very large one; but there is a little door cut in the great portal, which is braced by beams

and rafters. What does that mean? It means that the Mohammedans have sometimes ridden their horses into the church and galloped up and down its sacred aisles, so that they had to close up the door, and now you have to bend your head to go in to the great sanctuary; but that does not matter at all. One would be willing to crawl in on his hands and knees, to stand in that sacred place. It seems appropriate to bend one's head as he enters, and when we find ourselves inside, we are delighted, not only with the architecture of the place, which is graceful, though heavy, but with the fact that there is a large company of worshippers gathered for evening services. We found the congregation, many of them standing, some sitting on little camp stools, and others on the stone floor, in perfect order and decorum, while in the gallery over the altar was a choir of about seventy-five boys and monks, singing their vesper hymns. Well, it was a Christian church, erected to the honor of our Master, and these were Christian people. They had some views that we did not sympathize with, but they were worshipping God and Christ, and our hearts went out to them. The spirit of Christianity is independent of sect, and where we find men on their knees before the Saviour, we may well join with them in their worship. It was to me one of the sweetest and happiest hours I ever spent. As I sat there I was handed a prayer-book in Latin, and following the chant of the choir, I did from my heart wor-

ship God. When it was all over, an old Franciscan monk, with a rope binding his flowing robes about his waist, came and offered, in the French language, to show us down into the crypt, or cave, under the church, where the Lord is said to have been born. Bearing a wax taper in his hand, and each one of us being similarly provided, we descended to the sacred chamber, and there, on a little block of stone, were shown a silver star, fixed, to mark the spot where heaven kissed earth; where eternity laid a love-token on the heart of time; where divinity flashed into humanity. We do not blame those devout people for kissing it, and for bedewing it with their tears, as they reverently crowd around. Just below, they showed us the manger. It was good to be there; no man or woman of devoutness could enter that solemn little stall without feeling a thrill, notwithstanding the doubt as to whether, after all, this is the very place where Christ was born.

We go back up into the church; the service is over. It is sunset, and a few lamps are burning at the altar. I am glad it is twilight; it is a good time to think. We walk along the dim aisles of the old church, pass quietly out into the street, and out to the hillside, where we can look over the fields in which the shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night. We went out there to hear the angels sing, and we heard them, for there are some songs that never die. There is a music that lives by its own near connection with eternal truth. We heard

them singing down through the great arched nave of centuries, for that holy religion of Bethlehem and Bethlehem's King has continued from that day to this, and where it has gone it has carried with it "peace on earth and good will towards men." We felt that we could then worship God with the angels, and that their song of "Glory to God in the highest," was the world's song. Heaven gave the hymn that night; the angels raised the tune, and started mankind to singing, and they have kept on singing ever since: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Oh! what a wonderful, what a transcendent event it was; but it did not look so. A humble woman, with her first child; and what was that? Is not that a scene that can be looked on anywhere, any day? Yes. And yet among the poorest and among the richest alike in the cottage, in the hovel, and in the palace, a mother, with her first born on her breast, constitute a scene of more mingled sorrow and joy, more hope and retrospection, more of the pathos and poetry of human life, than any other which transpires in the history of men. It is so common, and yet it is the very heart of the world's poetry. It is an exaggeration of all this, to make so much of it, as some people have done; but it is right for the world to lay at least a crown of laurel upon the brow of Jesus' mother, for it was said, "all nations shall call thee blessed." The angel had said: "A

sword shall pierce through thy own soul, also, that the secret thoughts of many hearts shall be revealed." "Secret thoughts!" What "secret thoughts?" Your secret thoughts, and my secret thoughts—thoughts about death, about sin, about the soul, about God, about eternity. The great secret reasonings, and mighty questioning, of our humanity, were to be revealed in Christ, the revelation of God and salvation —yet to do it, Christ must suffer. That was the sword which was to pass through Mary's soul, and it was fulfilled when she stood by the cross of her Son on Calvary to see him die.

CHAPTER XXXI

JERUSALEM AND JAFFA.

BUT we must go—sorry to leave you, Mr. Kaminitz, our kind Jewish host, a gentleman, a kind and good man; sorry to leave your old father; sorry to leave these ancient Jews and Jewesses, staying in your house and waiting to die and be buried on Olivet's side. Sorry to leave that faithful Arab servant who waited upon us so attentively and so humbly, who, though he could not comprehend a word I said, understood every look and motion, seeming to have an insight into the wishes of those he served; sorry to leave those faithful Syrians who attended us through the land. They have come out in full array, and stand at the gate of the court yard around the hotel, to say good-bye.

Well, we get into our carriage, one or two still clinging to their horses, to ride the forty miles to Jaffa, and set out early in the morning. Little Goldie Kaminitz, who had become so much at home with us, insisted upon going to Jaffa with the party. Her older brother kept the hotel at Jaffa, where we were to stop. Mr. Floyd, who has conducted so many parties, is our companion, friend and guide, and as we go along he rides back and forth between the carriages, explaining the interesting features of the country, and the sacred as-

sociations connected therewith. We are on the Jaffa road. I have told you so many bad things about the Palestine roads, that I am glad to say something good about them; and that is, the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa is better than most public roads in America. It is macadamized, thoroughly hammered, rolled and packed, until it is almost as solid as stone itself, and well graded, so that to drive over it is very delightful.

"What is that, Mr. Floyd?" "Oh, yes; over there," pointing with his riding whip, "is Emmaus—a village called Emmaus." What about Emmaus? About eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, on the first day of a certain week, in the evening, two men started out from Jerusalem to walk over to that village. As they went they seemed very sad, and were talking about a great disappointment that had come upon them recently; but while they talked, a stranger joined them, and asked why they were so mournful. Who was that stranger? Never mind, we will find out as we go along. He asked them questions, and seemed to be desirous of teaching them something. There was a certain loftiness about his bearing, and a wonderful look in his face and eyes, which these men did not seem to notice—they were so sad and preöccupied with their recent bereavement. They kept on their journey until they came to the village of Emmaus, and the stranger made as if he were go-

ing to continue on towards the west, but they had become so interested that they were loth to part with his company, and besought him: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent"—mingling their desire for blessing and help, with a hospitable wish to have him housed with them. So they went in together, and sat down to meat, and the stranger seemed to take things in charge and preside; the others thinking it was all right for him to do so, as there was that about him which made it proper that he should preside anywhere. When he broke bread and blessed it and gave it to them, those two men, who seemed so sad before, looked as if the sun had suddenly passed out of the cloud upon them; as if a great light from heaven had been brought down into that little room; and when the stranger disappeared miraculously from their presence, they looked into each other's faces and knew He was the Son of God. They were so delighted that they did not stay at Emmaus that night, but went on back over the road they had come, twice as rapidly, perhaps, as they had passed over it in the early evening, that they might fill the hearts of their friends in Jerusalem with joy. The good news they heralded, the line of light they carried; and the good news the woman had told in the morning, and the line of light she had carried; and the good news that was brought by various people some days afterwards, and the lines of light they carried; crossed and wove themselves together into one great cable of

glory and blessing, which has come down through the ages, from generation to generation, and is now the telegraphic cord between the sepulchre and our hearts —yes, between the sepulchre, our hearts and heaven.

How we would like to walk with him! But we do walk with him, only we do not know it. Yes, we do know it; oh, that we knew it better! Many a man has walked twenty-five years with Christ, but did not know it. Christ has watched him with loving care more than a mother's, but he never looked up, saying, "Lord Jesus, I love thee." We may know him—know him before night falls; know him on the hills, that he may show us the world and its beauty; know him in the valley, that he may give us light in darkness; know him in joy and in sorrow, in adversity and prosperity, in life and death. Out of this simple story has come one of our best hymns:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide."
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

Sweet Emmaus! Sweet Emmaus!

But on our way to the sea, we go along those great rolling, billowy hills that stand between Jerusalem and the plain of Sharon. We catch glimpses of pretty villages nestling here and there among olive groves that seem to cover all the landscape; but as we get further on, we find these hills suddenly stop, and before us there lies a great broad plain. The

upper part of it is a little higher than the southern; the northern is called Sharon, which means "plain;" the southern is the plain of Philistia.

The Philistines did not belong in Palestine; they were strangers there; Philistine means stranger; and Philistia was easily changed into Palestina and Palestine, and so we find, from the root of it, that it means the land of strangers. The Greeks called the whole country Palestine. The people worshipped a god called Dagon, and there is now a village in the plain called "Beth-Dagon," which means the "House of Dagon." Dagon was a fish god, which indicates that the people came from the west, and from the sea.

The Philistines occupied a wonderfully fertile region, and in times of famine the people from far off used to come down here to get provisions. It was a perfect paradise for corn, for vineyards, and olive gardens. You remember Samson's very clever expedient for wreaking vengeance upon the Philistines, when he caught a large number of foxes from the mountains tied fire-brands to their tails, and sent them down among the corn-fields of the Philistines, and burnt up so much of their grain.

Just a little higher, like a table-land, is the plain of Sharon; up above, is the plain of Phœnicia, and near that is the plain of Esdraelon. The plain of Phœnicia is an interesting country. Tyre and Sidon were there. Tyre was a great place; it had been an island, but

Alexander made it a peninsula by joining it to the mainland. Tyre comes from *Tsur*, which means rock—just changed a little to make it Tyre. Change it a little the other way, and *Tsur* becomes Syria; and so the Greeks made that a name for the northern part of the country, because the town of Tyre was built on a rock.

Sidon is a pretty good town now, in the way of manufactures—raw silk, etc.,—and it would have a good harbor, if properly cared for. But what impresses one most on that western coast is its loneliness, no signs are left of the industrial and military activity of former times. Gibbon says: "A mournful and solitary silence now prevails along the shore which once resounded with the world's debate." Here the armies of Alexander the Great deployed; here the Crusaders came and went with the banners of the cross; here the star and crescent have shone and glistened. Now it is lonely, and the jackals bay among the pillars and arches that have tumbled to the earth; and the fishermen spread their nets where once were palaces, and ugly weeds that have no good in them, wrap themselves around the ruins.

The plain of Sharon is a pretty country,—very level and fertile—and as we ride along over it we are thinking of the second chapter of Solomon's Song, first verse—something that Christ said about himself. There never was but one person in this world who

could compliment himself highly, without doing wrong. "Let another praise thee, and not thyself." But there was one—there is one—who never could say too grand a thing about his own character. If he said: "I and my father are one," it was but true; if he said: "Before Abraham was I am," all men must bow in reverence. But one thing he said about himself is in connection with this plain, and is very beautiful: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." In another place he says: "I am the bright and morning star;" and as you stand on Sharon's plain, with the roses blooming before you, and the lilies looking up brightly from the field, and as the stars come out and glisten in the sky, we say: Well, the three prettiest visions we see in nature are a rose, a lily, and a star; and Christ has taken these three things and put them together to represent himself before man. The stars are the flowers of the sky; the rose and the lily are the stars of the field.

Over yonder, towards the north, in the valley of Ajalon, is where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. Do you believe that story? Oh, yes. Why? Because it is in the Bible. That is all we need say about it. We are not going to try to explain it, or defend it. Think of a man trying to prop up Mont Blanc with an alpenstock! Can any man overturn the great marble peaks of the Alps? No: Take away your alpenstocks. We are not going to defend God. We

want him to defend us. His word shall stand when mountains and hills and valleys and plains have gone to dust and ashes. Do you believe that story about the great fish swallowing Jonah? Yes. Some people say it cannot be true, because a whale has not a throat large enough to swallow a man. That seems to settle it, does it not? Well, the truth about it is, that the Old Testament says: "God prepared a great fish." It was not a whale at all, though God could have, by his miraculous power, put Jonah into the whale's belly. God prepared this great trial for his servant, and, down in the bowels of the sea, made Jonah learn a lesson that he could not learn on the plains and hills of the Land of Holy Light; and he does the same thing with us. Oftentimes, we go down, down, down; the weeds wrap themselves around us, the salt brine of sorrow is our drink, and the very foundations of the earth seem tumbling beneath us; yet, out of the depths, we cry unto God, and he always answers.

Jonah's strange adventure was also a type and prophecy of the resurrection of Christ. It is not safe to take anything in the Old Testament and make a type out of it, unless we find it so interpreted in the New; we could not dare to intimate that this thing that happened to Jonah was the type of the burial and resurrection of Christ, unless he himself had said it. The Bible is its own best interpreter; the man who has the Bible on his knee, the Holy Ghost in his heart, and

Christ bending over him, will hardly fail to learn the harmony and sweetness of God's most holy Word.

Well, we must go on and have a look at Ramleh which, they say, was Arimathea. There is no way of proving this, but it does not make any difference where Joseph came from. Men came out of the darkness, and suddenly became visible when they approached the person of our Lord. Herod passed by him, and he was photographed forever on history's page; Pilate, Mary Magdalene, Peter, James and John, and every one that stood by Christ, is known to all the world. No one cares where Joseph came from especially, but we are glad to know whither he went. Stand by the railway, and see the train go rushing through the darkness, full of passengers; stand on the great thoroughfares of our cities, and look at the crowds that stream by, and the question comes to your lips, where do they come from? But a better question is, whither are they going? We know where Joseph went—to glory and to rest.

Ramleh is a pretty town, surrounded by palm gardens and orange groves, with cactus hedges and sycamore trees. These sycamore trees are a kind of a wild fig tree, which bears a little, hard fruit that you might, by courtesy, call figs, but only beasts would care to eat them. They completely cover the road on either side. We almost wish that we could get over that cactus hedge, which is about ten feet high, among those orange trees and date-bearing palms. They tie

nets under the bunches of dates, lest some of the ripe fruit might fall to the ground when the trees are shaken by the wind.

We saw a number of lepers in Ramleh, sitting by the roadside begging—a most hideous spectacle in their utter and hopeless misery.

From the top of a ruined tower, of unknown origin, we had a fine view of the plain from Gaza on the south to Mount Carmel on the north.

Approaching Jaffa, we ride through the most luxuriant gardens and orchards, and look out through the tree-tops on Jaffa and the Mediterranean. The calm beauty of the sea and the breezes which come from it are most refreshing. It is God's sea, and always will be. Man can never make any impression upon the sea. It is just as it came from the hand of the Creator, and shall remain so to the end; pure, majestic and beautiful.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JAFFA, AND FAREWELL.

JAFFA means "beautiful," and is the Hebrew word which occurs in the song of Solomon—"Behold, thou art *beautiful*, O my love."

On this great plain of Sharon, with the Judean hills rising behind, and the Mediterranean lying in front, Jaffa is just a sort of made-to-order hill for a city to stand upon; as if the plain had heard the whisper of the sea and had risen up on its elbow to look, and then was so fascinated with the scene that it never lay down again. So the people built a town there, and laid off gardens all around it.

We come into Jaffa and stop at the hotel. Little Goldie introduces us to her elder brother; the servants are already out to meet us. Next day we go out to explore the town. The first thing we see is a funeral procession coming down the main street through the market. We strangers have curiosity enough to follow the procession, and see where it is going. It is the funeral of a little girl. No females follow it to its resting-place. The body, wrapped in cloths, is carried on the shoulders of men. Those who bear it, and the Mohammedan priests who walk before, chant in a strange monotone, which might be called music, but, better,

JAFFA.

moaning. We come to the gate of the cemetery, but men stand guard there; we "infidels" may go thus far, but no farther; so we stop at the gate, inside it is holy ground. We do not wonder at it—where men bury their treasures the ground is holy to them, and they do not wish the feet of the infidel, or of the curiosity hunter and the thoughtless, to tramp around the graves of their dead; we do not care to enter. We look at the newly disturbed earth lying yonder—it is just like what we see so often at home; and the little company went moaning on, to lay that little body down in the bosom of the earth, just as we Christians do. The one universal end of human life is the tomb.

We go down the street to see the place—a hospice or inn—where Napoleon I. is said to have poisoned the poor people who were sick of the plague. We hope it is not true. Not far from there we visited an old Greek Catholic church, very ancient and not without its architectural attractions, and then further still, near the water's edge, we come down to an old stone building, which they tell us was the house of Simon the tanner, with whom Peter sojourned while in Joppa. Up at Lydda, Peter made Æneas well of his palsy, and after that, he was sent for to come down to Joppa, on account of the death of Tabitha.

We can hardly climb up these stone steps, they have been so much worn, and catch hold of the friendly branches of a fig tree to keep from falling, as we ascend

the outside of the house said to be that of Simon. You remember that Peter was on the house-top at the hour of six, which was mid-day, and he was hungry, when a vessel came down from heaven, like a sheet tied at the corners, containing all sorts of living creatures, unlawful for Jews to eat, and when commanded to "kill and eat," he would not do so. But he was told: "What God hath cleansed call not thou common nor unclean," and straightway the vision was lifted up to heaven. Just then some one called, "Simon Peter," and he went down. There were messengers standing at the gate. Cornelius, a centurion, had sent for him to come up to Cæsarea and teach him the gospel. An angel from heaven had told the Roman soldier to send for Peter. No man can be saved who does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but if a Roman soldier did the best he could and served God in simplicity and truth, God would send him an angel if necessary, to put him in the way of getting everlasting life. So Simon Peter hasted away. He would not have gone to this Gentile without heavenly direction. When he went and taught the centurion and his family, he showed them the truth and made them all happy.

We remember that once Christ came over to these coasts of Tyre and Sidon. On one other occasion only were his sacred feet outside of the Holy Land. It was when as a child he was carried by his parents to Egypt. On his appearance in this country, a poor Gentile wo-

man besought him to have mercy upon her sick daughter, and she was so earnest and believing that Christ answered her prayer, and healed the child.

We have almost gotten away from the beautiful Jaffa by the sea. Let us go out and walk through the garden of the Russian nobleman; visit the Episcopal mission-house on the hill, and the Christian hospital. We pass along by the new railway. Think of a railway train on the plain of Sharon. There were two American locomotives waiting for the completion of the road to Jerusalem. Will it not be a strange thing when the scream of a locomotive is heard on Mount Zion?

Before starting for Palestine, an old gentleman called to see me, to say that he had a sister who had gone to Jaffa before the war between the States. He gave me her name, and said, "I wish you would try to find her out, when you are there." So I made inquiries for her as soon as I arrived. Oh! yes, they knew her; she was a very old lady now, and had come out there as a missionary. So I went to her house, and found her on her bed, where she had been lying for many months, aged and infirm, up in her four score of years. I told her about her brother, and his people. She was delighted to hear from them. "I will never see them again until I get to the New Jerusalem," she said. I asked her if she did not wish to come back to America. "No," she replied, "I love this land; I have been here many years, teaching the Syrians to love Christ, and

they not only love him but me, and I want to be buried here among my people." My people! Who is my brother, my sister, my mother? It is those who know God's will, and do it. Here this woman had surrounded herself with friends, making almost family ties, during those long years of faithful service. Far away from her native land in Palestine, in a comfortable but plain house, with a palm tree leaning over the front door, this dear old Christian lady is waiting for an angel to come and call her home; and she will not have to wait long for that call. It may have come ere this.

After a number of days' sojourn in Jaffa, we must take our departure. The attendants who have been with us so long, some of them having come down from Jerusalem, almost look as if they will shed tears—so demonstrative are these Orientals—when we speak of sailing on to-morrow's steamer. But we must depart; our passages are engaged. The day is magnificent, and this dangerous landing place is perfectly safe. The little narrow channel, guarded by savage rocks, through which we must be rowed out to the ship, is as still as a brook in a valley; and we quickly shoot through it, propelled by strong Arab muscle and oars.

Human nature is very tender, and the reader must not think it making too much of a little thing when we say that, looking back towards the shore, the object that all our eyes dwelt upon was our little Goldie, who stood on a rock, waving her handkerchief and wiping her eyes,

JAFFA FROM THE SEA.

as the boat sailed away to the sea. We climbed up the side of the vessel, but did not go below to see our rooms; that could be done after the glorious vision before us had faded. We sat down at once, not talking, but full of thought—looking back over Sharon, the plain of Philistia, the hills of Judea and the glorious visions of those weeks just past. We felt reluctant to let them go. The sun was going down in the west, and the grey light of evening began to fall over land and sea. The ship was sailing rapidly away, and the last thing we saw was Mount Hermon, up in the north, beyond the Sea of Galilee, clothed in snow, resplendent in the light of the setting sun. Standing up so much higher than where we rested on the bosom of the sea, it could look over the horizon and catch the last light of the king of day after he was hidden from us. It was one of the most magnifient spectacles I ever looked upon, that mountain of snow, first with the glory of sunset all over it, turning to purple, then pink, and ashes of roses, and at last dissolving in the night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DOWN IN EGYPT.

THE rigidity of oriental quarantine was illustrated while we were at Jaffa in such a way as to make us all remember it. We had booked to sail by an Egyptian steamer from Jaffa to Port Said, but to our great disappointment the ship failed to appear at the appointed time. A telegram soon informed us that she was detained in quarantine at Beirut, and could not leave that port for ten days. She was not allowed to go into Beirut, and proceed on her way southwards, because she had touched further up the coast at Latikia, which was clean when she arrived, but placed under quarantine two hours afterwards. There was no cholera at Latikia, nor had been, but a man from the infected districts of Aleppo had made his way into Latikia, and though he was perfectly well, the port was placed under quarantine for ten days until it could be known whether the cholera would show itself in his case. This occurred while the Egyptian steamer was in the port, and as soon as the captain heard of it, he lifted anchor and set sail to Larnika in Cyprus. But the news had preceded him, and he was not allowed to make a landing; he had come from a port which was

in quarantine, and that was the end of it. So there was nothing left but to go down to Beirut and drop anchor at a safe distance from land, to stand on probation for ten days.

The same vigilance was exercised all over the infected region, and the result was that the cholera spread very little after it made its appearance in the summer. The roads leading from the cholera cities were guarded by soldiers, and no one was allowed to pass. The stoppage of all communication was complete. As a result, there was no general epidemic, no panic. We were at Baalbec, within seventy-five miles of cholera, but had no trouble with it, nor have we been inconvenienced by it at all except by the detention of the steamer, which was to convey us from Jaffa to Port Said. This caused us a delay of two days in Jaffa, until we could catch an Austrian ship going down to Egypt.

We had our first glimpse of the land of the Pharaohs, as the good Austrian steamship came sailing up to the entrance of the harbor of Port Said. It was quite dark when we approached the coast, and the engine slowed down, because the captain knew it would be pleasanter for us to move slowly in approaching the shore than to remain at anchor after arriving there. But when, in the early twilight, we did stop in the harbor, we found it was impossible to land just then, because we had come from a cholera-infected

country. We were held at arm's length until the surgeon could come aboard to examine the passengers, which could be done only by daylight. Meanwhile we were surrounded by a great number of boats, which had come out from the shore, filled with impatient Arabs and Egyptians, waiting to transfer the passengers and their luggage to the land. After awhile, the surgeon having completed his examination, we were permitted to get into a boat and be rowed to the quay.

We found ourselves in a wilderness of shipping. There were vessels anchored there which belonged to almost every country on earth but one. There were many ships from England, flying the Union Jack; a goodly number from France, with the tri-colored flag; some from Germany and Austria; a Spanish vessel or two; some Egyptian, Greek, and Italian ships; but I looked in vain among those hundreds of steamers for the Stars and Stripes of my native land; and the only vessel on which it was discovered at last was a little row boat by the side of the ship that an Egyptian had come out in to take us ashore, and he had raised the flag only to signify his interest in Americans—especially those he could make something out of. I did long to see the emblem of my country floating yonder in the East. Some day perhaps it will be so.

The Suez Canal—at the mouth of which we were anchored—is one of the greatest feats of engineering

skill. It was a dream of the Pharaohs, attempted by them probably, and not completed; but De Lesseps, with the French and Egyptian governments to aid him, constructed this enormous work, and made it the pathway of nations.

We were glad to get ashore, and to feel that we were at last by "Afric's sunny fountains." It was sunny enough; indeed, it was intensely warm, and a hot, dry wind was blowing from the Arabian desert.

It being Sunday, we established ourselves at a comfortable hotel, and, after breakfast, looked about for a church. The English are ubiquitous, and wherever they go they establish an English (Episcopal) church. So we were told that we could attend services not more than half a mile away, at the other end of the town, and set out for the place at once. Our directions being not very explicit, we had occasion to enquire several times for the church. The western language most commonly spoken in the Orient is French, so one soon passes into the habit, when he wishes to get information from a stranger, of addressing him with "Parlez-vous Francais, Monsieur?" We tried this with success on several persons whom we met, getting such information, not very definite, as they were able to give. At last, however, as we wended our way, we encountered a man whose good-natured face attracted us, and I made up to him with, "Parlez-vous Francais, Monsieur?" Saying nothing, he shook his head very gravely, evidently

not understanding the question. I then attacked him with, "Sprechen sie Deustch, Mein Herr?" feeling sure I had him there, for I fancied he looked the Teuton all over. I was mistaken, however, for the man was only embarrassed by his ignorance of my speech. Having one arrow left in my quiver, I came out triumphantly with, "Parlate Italiano, Signor?" This brought down my game, and he blurted out, "No, nothing but English!" I was not slow in letting him know that language would answer, and would he please direct us to the English church. This he did, and we were soon safely seated within its cool, stone walls.

The church, a new one, was built in imitation of the style of a mosque, and but for the cross which surmounted the dome, we should have passed it by as a Mohammedan place of worship. The service was conducted by a clergyman of the Church of England, and at the proper time he gave us a sermon on the evils of religious fanaticism, saying that America was the prolific source of most of the *isms* of the day. This opinion was expressed in rather strong language, and with considerable bitterness in his voice.

As our party composed about half of his small audience, the sermon cannot be said to have lacked attentive hearers, a good deal of it being aimed at the land of the spread-eagle, beyond the Atlantic It is likely he took us for good Englishmen, and felt that we joined in his righteous indignation at the nation which had,

as he declared, sent out most of the *isms* into the world.

We worshipped the God of all grace and comfort, however, as this was His house, and this a service in spirit and truth, addressed to His name. That is an advantage of the Episcopal church: a minister may preach a foolish sermon, but the service is beyond his reach.

It being very warm, we remained in-doors at the hotel during the early portion of the afternoon, and just before sunset went out on the beach, which was not far away, to enjoy the fellowship of the sea, and to breathe the cool breeze which had sprung up from the north.

The next morning, we bade good-bye to Port Said.

To reach Cairo, we had to take a small, but swift, steamer down the famous Suez Canal (five hours) to Ismailia, whence we passed on, by rail, to the capital. This great water-way, built under the direction of M. de Lesseps, was opened for the waters of the two seas to mingle, March 18th, 1869. The, work so important to the commerce of the world, and so enormous in its proportions, cost $95,000,000. The burden of vessels passing through the canal during one year is about 10,000,000 tons, and the receipts from tolls amount to about $15,000,000. Of the original amount paid for the work, $60,000,000, were paid by the shareholders, and the balance by the Khedive. This embarrassed

ruler at length sold out his stock to the British government for $20,000,000. England has always been mighty in business investments, and the future is likely to show that, in purchasing Egypt's stock in the Suez Canal, she was virtually buying Egypt itself. I am told by an officer of high rank in the British army here, that, by an arrangement consummated some time ago, two years from the present the whole Suez Canal becomes the property of the English government, which is very significant, considering that the French built it. Great consequences are likely to flow from this; it is what might be called a prophetic fact. England's pathway from London to India is now complete. It may be said, in passing, that England knows good land when she sees it, and no part of the earth's surface is more fertile than the country of the Nile. It would be a blessing to all concerned, and to the world at large, if Great Britain owned the whole Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to its ruin. Wherever the English rule is established, order and progress ensue. It is not simply because it is English, but rather Anglo-Saxon civilization; and if the United States had completed its own internal development, and should enter upon a policy of foreign colonization, the same results would follow. Great Britain goes to inferior races to civilize them, whereas, in the providence of God, inferior races come to the United States to be civilized.

The English army now occupies Egypt, and the

country is improving every day. Red coats stand guard before the Khedive's palace, and British men-of-war are anchored in the harbors. In Alexandria, as a *valet de place* was showing us over the ruins of the fortifications, which were leveled by English guns when the city was bombarded in 1882, we found a guard of British soldiers repairing the walls. I asked one of them what business they had rebuilding Egyptian fortifications; and, with a significant smile and shrug of the shoulders, the fellow said: "O, we wish to make them strong; we may need them some time." I asked the guide when he thought the English would evacuate Egypt, and his answer was, "Never!" Well for Egypt if my guide's prophecy proves true. It is rather a queer state of things. Egypt, a dependency of Turkey, paying tribute to the Sultan, but garrisoned by British soldiers, and furnishing a large source of supply for England, of cotton and corn, and a great market for John Bull's manufactured articles. France protests against the English occupation of Egypt, and now and again the Sultan at Constantinople sends a note to London, asking when England purposes to withdraw her army, but gets, in whatever diplomatic phrases couched, the reply, "Well, not just yet!" The Union Jack (British flag) floats serenely from ships, ports, and palaces, and the boulevards of Cairo are thronged in the autumnal afternoons with sturdy English men and women on horse, foot and wheel, enjoying life beside the glorious Nile.

Great flocks of birds are whirling high in the sky over yonder lakes on the right, as we pursue this mathematically straight line of the engineers. We look abroad over the desert, and see what is often described, the "mirage." What is that? O, I saw an oasis—palm trees, olive gardens, and the minarets of a mosque. And where did I see them—on the desert? No; I saw them above the desert, up in the sky. It reminds one of the Christian's visions of heaven, when he travels through the desert of time. The mirage of the desert is one of those beautiful, mysterious things which tempt and encourage, but disappoint the traveller. But when the Christian looks up he sees what will never disappoint him; the palm trees he looks upon are real, and the gardens of glory and rest stand on a sure foundation, and the domes and spires that shine before him are the mansions of the blest. Oh! tired traveller on the desert, sit down here where you are, and rest, and let your soul refresh itself in hope, for heaven to us now is the glorious mirage that faith looks upon, and it stands on the promises of God.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM ISMAILIA INTO THE DELTA.

AFTER a delightful sail down the canal, we go ashore at Ismailia. We find ourselves in a beautiful park in which the little town is built; most exquisite trees—acacia, palm, olive, orange and lemon—on either hand, and roses blooming luxuriantly, though it is December. There is something more attractive about that region than palm trees and roses. Many of the most interesting things in this world are stones. Some one who has been to Palestine and Egypt may perhaps read these pages and say: "Well, I did not see all these wonderful things." I suppose he did not. He saw great piles of rubbish. But what is a pile of rubbish if it happens to be the rubbish of some glorious city of the historic past, in which a great part of the destiny of mankind was worked out? What is rubbish, if it once had the impress of the feet of the Immortal Son of God upon it? What is rubbish, and what are ruins, if they stand for the grandest and best things we know? Shiloh on its dreary desert hill, a mass of ruins, is more beautiful in the eye of the Christian, who has any sentiment about him, any imagination in his soul, than the Cologne Cathedral that soars like an archangel above the Rhine. So down there about

twelve miles south of Ismailia is a pile of ruins all covered up, except where the earth has been dug away by patient excavators. There are a few stones, but more bricks—a great square walled place, mostly built of bricks with straw in them, which cannot fail to interest a student. The Israelites, when they were in Egypt, built the cities of Pythom and Rameses, and it was a question for a long time where these two places were situated, but the excavations of recent years have brought Pythom to light. Pythom is about twelve miles south of Ismailia. There are the bricks that Rameses II., called Rameses the Great, caused the Israelites to make, not providing them with the straw or materials with which to do the work, laying the heavy hand of oppression and tyranny upon those in his power. Like other Pharaohs, for Pharaoh was simply the royal title in Egypt, he was proud, cruel and audacious; he feared not God, and before he died he had a great monument of himself made, and placed between two other monuments, and they are down at old Pythom now. Here sits old Rameses in a kind of big arm chair, with his hands on his breast, in stone, in the attitude of a god. What did Rameses mean by that? He meant: I am too great to be mortal; I am going to be immortal, and I am going to take my place among the deities. A man with his breath in his nostrils; a man whose heart would not beat two seconds if God removed his sustaining power from him; a man

made in the image of his creator; a man who in infancy is the weakest of creatures, and who in the strength of manhood is far from being strong, and whose days are few, and ever weary and disappointing; calls himself a god, but God calls him a "fool," and the world takes it up and says: Yes, he was. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," and the man who makes himself a god is thrice a fool.

Let us get into this railroad train and try travelling behind a locomotive over the Egyptian desert. The cars are none of the best, but we are in Africa. Nothing but sand for a long time, but after awhile the patches of verdure and palm trees in the distance, betoken that we are approaching the Delta country. The train halts at a station, and we are told that this pretty little enclosure over here to the left is a graveyard, wherein lie the bodies of the English soldiers killed in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which was fought near by; and that pile over there on the right is where the poor Egyptians, who fell in the same conflict, lie awaiting the Judgment Day. Beyond, about twenty miles to the north, is a place now identified as the probable site of old Tanis or Zoan. It is mentioned in the 78th Psalm, 12th verse, where God speaks of showing wonders "in the field of Zoan." In the Septuagint translation, made in Egypt, this is rendered "in the field of Tanis," which shows that the most learned Jewish scholars of the time of the Septuagint trans-

lation believed Zoan and Tanis to be the same. Within that broad plain once stood the magnificent city, which travellers of early times described as being supernaturally beautiful. In this city the hundreds and thousands of God's people—his chosen race—toiled under the burning sun, while God waited. God is never in haste, but he never forgets. The other day a Russian Jew said to me: "The nation that persecutes the Jews, God will make suffer for it." And I said: "Amen!" History has proved it, and will prove it again.

Look at what has come upon Egypt. "I will show you what I will do to Pharaoh," said God to Moses. Why? Because he oppressed God's people. He was going to make Egypt itself desolate, and how fully have these prophecies been fulfilled, for the blight of the divine curse has rested upon that—one of the fairest lands of earth—for thousands of years. Look out, Czar of Russia, how you persecute the Hebrews! There is a God in Heaven, and his son is a Jew. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Oh! what historic ground this is. Once, a long time ago, a caravan of Ishmaelites came down from the Northeast, and in their company was a youth whose bearing and countenance indicated good breeding. They sold him, and somehow, as is often the case, the virtue of a humble person gets its reward in this world. It is not always so. It always gets its

reward—if not here, hereafter; but this young man came to be sought after, and to have confidence placed in him, and to be elevated from one position of honor to another. He showed himself a man of ability, of character, and of invincible purity, and finally rose until he was second to none but the King, and the King made him virtually the ruler over Egypt. I would like to know how many men there are in the world named Joseph. All nations love Joseph because of his virtue, because of his devotion to God, and because of his forgiving spirit manifested towards his brethren who sold him into slavery, and tried to kill him.

Over here in this eastern district—the land of Goshen, the eastern district of the Delta—Joseph spent his best days. One day across that horizon an old man came. That was Joseph's father. A long, long time after that a great company rose up one night in haste, six hundred thousand men, with women and children, over two millions altogether, and started back the way this patriarch had travelled. These were the children of the old man that came from the Northeast long ago—the father of Joseph. They were going back to establish themselves in the Land of Promise, to carry out the prophecies of God, to show morality and religion to the world, that in the fulness of time out of this great platform of truth there might spring the giant revelation of salvation itself, by

the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. About as precious a thing as they carried with them was the treasure of a corpse—that of Joseph. How long they carried it up and down through the wilderness! We might almost call those forty years a funeral march. But it was a triumphal march, and at the end of it they buried Joseph's body in the Holy Land, to which God had brought them, knowing that this was to be their home.

Abraham and Sarah went down to Egypt in the earliest times, and Abraham got no great credit for his adventures there either. It is right hard to forgive Abraham for his cowardice in disowning his wife, but no harder than to forgive Peter for denying his Master—no harder than for God to forgive us for the things we do.

Well, we are going rather at random up and down through history, are we not? But the most interesting thing that ever happened in Egypt is something which is almost unrecorded. It was when, about eighteen hundred and ninety-five years ago, a young woman came down to that country with a baby in her arms, fleeing from a brutal king who sought the child's life. And her husband—who was not the father of the child, which was miraculously born—accompanied her. Great armies have marched and counter-marched across Egypt, pyramids have been constructed, cities risen and crumbled to decay, and influences have been

started there that have shaped the very history of the world, but I say that nothing sweeter to a Christian's heart ever transpired in the land of the low horizon and the changeless sky, than when Mary and Joseph came bringing Jesus, to take refuge in Afric's shores, that it might be fulfilled as spoken by the prophet: "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Well, we have been a long way off in the past; let us come down to the present. We look out of the window of the railway carriage, and see well-poles, with their gigantic arms reaching up towards the sky. They are used to draw water to irrigate the land. There are no fountains. There are also little water-wheels turned by a patient camel, or a donkey or horse, or by a man or woman, slowly lifting the water which is to give life to the land. As the water comes up a man, standing on the top of a little ridge, with his foot diverts the stream down this row, and that, between the lines of trees or vegetables. The Bible speaks of watering the land of Egypt with one's foot, and contrasts Canaan with it, which is a land that does not need to be watered in that way, but drinks the rain of heaven.

In Proverbs xxi. 1, we read: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water" ("water courses" in the Revised Version): "He turneth it whithersoever he will." The meaning of this passage becomes very plain and very beautiful in the light of

this custom, which has survived from ancient times. God is thus shown as directing the thought and life of the king, in the same way as the husbandman led the streams of water through the channel he had prepared for them. Nor is this providence peculiar to those who wield sceptres; God holds in his hand the hearts of all men, and "turneth" them "whithersoever he will."

The most prominent feature of the landscape was the great number of palm-trees, which at that season were laden with ripe dates. The papyrus ought to grow here, but it does not. I saw it up near the head-waters of the Jordan, but not in Egypt at all. Our word *paper* comes from papyrus. The papyrus was cut in very thin layers, and made smooth, so that it could be written upon.

The people seem very quiet; very meditative: there is not much variation in the Egyptian character, any more than in the weather and the sky. They seem to be a dreamy, contemplative kind of folk—quite in harmony with the changeless aspect of nature. Egypt has been going on for thousands of years very much as it does to-day. It is one of the most conservative of all countries.

DATE PALMS AND GREAT PYRAMID.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CAIRO THE MAGNIFICENT.

WE go on to Cairo, the great metropolis of Egypt, with three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Our hotel proved a most luxurious one, kept by a polite Greek, and we were soon very much at home. It was a great surprise to find Cairo such a modern-looking city. Its elegant four and five-story hotels, business houses, *pensions*, and residences would not be out of place in Paris; and the well paved streets, shaded by trees, and in many parts bordered with grass, reflect great credit upon the municipal management. Plumy palm trees, laden with ripe, red dates, stand above the gardens, while the gayest flowers hang over the walls. In the suburbs are driving parks, horticultural gardens, and many very elegant drives. But the most interesting part of Cairo is the people one meets on the handsome business thoroughfares and in the cafés. The most cosmopolitan of all cities is Cairo. No country under the sun is without its representatives here. English, American, French, Italian, German, Russian, Spaniard, Greek, Turk, Indian, Arab, Copt, Nubian, Abyssinian, Be-

douin, Jew, and Egyptian jostle one another in the gay throngs which surge past as one stands at a shady corner to study the contents of this anthropological museum. It is evident that no one is ashamed of his race, for they all wear their national dress. The Turk struts in his baggy trousers and fez, the Arab in his flowing robes, and the European in the habit of the western world. Egyptian ladies, with veiled faces, only showing their dark eyes, such as turned Mark Anthony's head, would be comely enough but for what appears like a brass candlestick, minus its base, tied perpendicularly between the eyes. They love to gaze at us, but when one looks at them they suddenly become modest and turn their faces away. A queer thing about the oriental ladies is, that though they religiously hide their faces, they wear their skirts of such a length and cut as to show their lower extremities almost up to the knees.

The middle of the street is no less interesting than the sidewalk, for whereas there are hardly any wheeled vehicles, except pleasure carriages, there is every variety of four-footed beasts capable of bearing burdens. Fine Arabian horses, champing their bits, dash by, streaked with foam; small donkeys, in patient subjection, carry large men, or panniers of fruit and grain, their little legs seeming hardly able to sustain such a weight, anon tearing the atmosphere with their melodious cry—a mingling of ridicule, sorrow, love—well

known the world over; and gigantic camels in solemn file wend their noiseless ways to or from desert oases very far distant. The most common locomotion for business or pleasure-seekers is the donkey. The man who rides him kicks his sides continually with his heels, and an Arab runs behind to beat the poor beast or twist his tail to make him go, while the donkey only flaps his ears and moves on, oblivious of his surroundings, deeply meditating. Cairo may be taken as the world's meeting place, vortex, or capital, for here all men, all birds and beasts do congregate in picturesque confusion.

The Copts of Egypt are an interesting people. Away back in the early ages of Christianity there was a great discussion in the Christian Church—some said the Lord had two natures, a human nature and a divine nature; while others held that he only had one nature, and that was divine. The Copts held the latter view. The question was settled against them, but they did not submit, and have maintained their separate existence down to the present time.

The Presbyterians of America have done a great work among the Copts, and converted large numbers of them to their faith. In some cases whole congregations have been received at one time.

The drive out from Cairo, six miles, to the pyramids and Sphinx is very beautiful. One first crosses the Nile by a splendid stone and iron bridge, and then

enters an avenue of acacias, extending the entire distance, which furnish by their panoply of overlapping branches a perfect shade. It is doubtful whether there can be found anywhere a finer drive than this. The Sheik of the pyramids, a decidedly imposing-looking Bedouin, exacts his tribute, and the company ascend the largest of these strange structures which have been the conundrum of history for thousands of years. The desert, the Nile, the Delta, with lakes, canals, green fields, and myriads of palms, compose the wide view. Egypt is a country that can never be poor; no matter how badly farmed, it is a country in which the land cannot be anything but rich. There is no more fertile piece of ground anywhere than the Delta of Egypt, because the Nile overflows every year and sends its fertilizing waters all over it. From the pyramids you see the city, with its domes and alabaster minarets, in the distance. Away up the mighty current you can see the pyramids of Memphis. It is almost too wonderful that this great pyramid of Cheops, on which we are standing, is the work of man. One ancient writer says it took one thousand men thirty years to build it; whether it is true or not is a question; Herodotus and other ancient historians tell wonderful stories. There are two other mounments of the same kind, not so large, near by, and the dreary Sphynx, whose fading face looks mutely out over the Nile.

What were the pyramids intended for? The most

plausible theory is that they were built as tombs for the monarchs of Egypt. The Egyptians might be taken as the great representatives in ancient times of the doctrine of immortality; they seemed always to dwell on this. As the Egyptian sat under his palm tree, and looked out upon the yellow desert and the azure sky, he ever thought of eternity; he wished his body to be preserved after his soul left it, and believed that if he lived properly it would be. So the art of embalming was invented there, and carried to great perfection. To embalm a man in the highest fashion cost about one thousand two hundred dollars. The men who were trained for the purpose removed the viscera, and washed out the cavity of the body with wine. They removed through the nostrils, the brain, using some chemical substance to decompose it. The whole body was then soaked for a number of days in a solution of carbonate of soda; was dried and filled with chips of resinous woods, spices and myrrh, and particles of the carbonate of soda, then wrapped up in bandages which had been soaked in the same material, and also smeared with some kind of pitch. It was all wrapped round and round, then put away in its coffin and laid to rest with its hands folded on its bosom. In a climate where rain is almost unknown, a body thus prepared might just as well last ten thousand years as ten days.

So, in order to make themselves remembered after

they were gone, the great men of Egypt who had the means to do it, spent their substance while living in preparing their tombs. The tombs of Egypt are its most interesting feature. That old pyramid said to me when I stood there: "I am older than you; older than your country; older than your Christianity; I am as old as history, and I am going to stay here, young man; I am going to stay here until you and yours are dead and forgotten. I am going to be here when Gabriel blows his trumpet, and when the world sinks in the wreck at the end of time I shall go down with it. I am going to see this world to its *finis*." And I said: "I believe you will, old monument; I believe you will."

After the descent, the Sphinx is visited—a rather disappointing creature after all; not half as large as it ought to be, for the great company it keeps, and with a face which imagination has put a great deal more into than belongs to it. The Sphinx has been greatly overdone, let it pass.

A slight disagreement occurs between two of the Sheik's subordinates who act as assistants in getting visitors up the pyramid, and as is usually the case among orientals, loud words bring blows, while slaps, cuffs, kicks and a cloud of dust indicate that considerable feeling is developed in the discussion. The Sheik rushes into the fray, his eyes flashing like his tasselled fez, and with his whip, the symbol and instru-

ment of authority in the east, administers even-handed justice to both parties by whacking and lashing every mother's son of them alike. Peace ensues, and the Sheik walks calmly away, the men going about their business evidently quite satisfied with the manner in which the affair was adjusted. This scene is typical, and can be witnessed in duplicate and reduplicate every day in all these eastern lands, where, after six thousand years, the people are in their childhood still.

On the way back to Cairo we visited the "Boulak Museum." It must hereafter be called the "Gizeh Museum," because it has been removed from Boulak to Gizeh. It is to the student of antiquities the most interesting spot on earth, because it contains the mummies of some of the Pharaohs, and so much to illustrate ancient customs. Men have said that the whole story of Moses in the Bible was a fiction, but the old monarchs of ancient Egypt are coming up out of their graves; Rameses II., who was the Pharaoh of the oppression, and one who, they claim, not without good reason, was Seti I., the father of Pharaoh's daughter—these men and others are rising up, in the providence of God, to tell the world that what Moses wrote is true. "I will show you what I will do unto Pharaoh," said God to Moses, and these last things he is doing with the Pharaohs, is about as interesting as the first things. There lies old Rameses II., the Pharaoh of

the oppression, a man in his day of magnificent physique—six feet high, rather low forehead, high cheek bones, with a proud look about him, showing, even as a mummy, that he was every inch a king. It is something to stand by the body of this old monarch. It was only in 1881 that these mummies were discovered away up the Nile. It was found that a number of strange and valuable things were put on the market for sale; they came down to Cairo, and other places, and excited a great deal of curiosity. They were such things as the scarabæus, which is a metal in the imitation of a beetle, which was ordinarily buried with the bodies of distinguished men; some papyrus rolls, and other interesting matter of such a character as to show that they were connected with great people. Finally these articles were traced as coming from up the Nile, near Luxor. A man was found who had been selling large quanties of this kind of spoil, but when asked about it he denied any knowledge of the affair. They were sure, however, that he was the right person, and he was imprisoned; but his brother carried on the trade of body-snatching, and after he was released there was a difference of opinion between the brothers as to the division of the profits, and one of them told the whole story. In this way the antiquarians were led to the spot which has now become forever memorable. Away off on the side of one of those cliffs above the Nile, there was found a passage de-

scending into the earth about sixty or seventy feet, and then leading off horizontally. Being conducted thither the archæologist found himself in the midst of a chamber in which there were thirty-six mummies of kings and high-priests, and all sorts of funeral gear, scattered about on the floor. This was the place where, in order to prevent their being stolen, they had been put away and concealed long ago. These Bedouins, not knowing what they were doing, had found this royal sepulchre, and had been robbing the dead and selling their effects to the ordinary curiosity hunter. It was soon discovered whose these mummies were, and they were carried in boats down the Nile, and placed in this great museum, now located at Gizeh, where they are now for the world to see them, telling over again the story of the past.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALEXANDRIA.

FROM the capital we came down to the seaport of Egypt in a fine railway train, which, though most comfortable, does seem a little out of place in the land of the Pharaohs. We find ourselves housed in an excellent hotel, and after a little rest set out to see the city.

Alexandria has known many remarkable men in its day, beginning with the mighty Greek conqueror who founded it, 332 B. C., and gave it his name. It was a wise selection of a site for a monument for his greatness, and, perhaps, the best material monument he could have devised. The world-wide empire of Alexander soon crumbled, as all empires do, but a city established where a great river pours its tide into the sea, is seldom obliterated. It may become less important, but the commerce of the river and the sea will always demand a city for its handling. The body of Alexander is said to have been brought here, and buried in a coffin of crystal and gold; but, if so, all traces of it have been obliterated, and "of his sepulchre no man knoweth to this day."

The literary life of Greece was soon transferred to

Alexandria. The land of philosophy and poetry had lost its creative power and grown essentially critical. Rhetoric displaced philosophy, and grammar poetry, and Greece became unattractive to scholars. So Alexandria grew to be the literary capital of the world. The Egyptians had by the beginning of the Christian era become disgusted with their ancient religion, and being naturally fond of the spiritual and immortal, they were ready to accept the new system then proclaimed from Judea. The land of the Nile soon became a stronghold of the faith. It here took on a scholastic and dogmatic phase. Christianity is said to have been born in Palestine, but educated in Egypt. A theological school, said to have been founded by St. Mark, grew up in Alexandria, and attained to great influence. This evangelist's name has always been associated with Alexandria. Here, tradition says, he lived and taught the gospel of Christ, and finally obtained the crown of martyrdom. The story is that one day he was taken ruthlessly from his church, and with a rope was dragged over the cliffs in front of the city. Half dead he was imprisoned that night, and the day following, while he was again dragged by the fanatical mob, he breathed his last.

Modern Alexandria is built chiefly upon the isthmus which now connects the mainland with what was once the island of Pharos, and also on the island itself. Before the bombardment by the British, in 1882, the

city had two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. The portion occupied by the Europeans, and which was on the site of ancient Alexandria, was destroyed at the time of the bombardment. It is now, however, being rebuilt, and the traces of English cannon balls are being gradually removed. The British are in possession, and are beginning to bring order out of the political chaos of this unfortunate country. We visited the ruins of the defences about the city, and found English soldiers repairing them, while the Union Jack floated serenely from many prominent points in sight.

"Pompey's Pillar," as a celebrated column on the highest point in Alexandria is called, was not Pompey's. It is supposed to have formed part of an ancient temple. The distant view from the base is very interesting, but it stands at the edge of a wilderness of ugly Mohammedan tomb-stones, having, according to the custom of Islamism, a carved turban on the top of every one of them, those being painted green which stand over the graves of the descendants of the prophet and of those Moslems who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The mosque of one thousand and one columns is said to occupy the site of the ancient church of St. Mark.

To the eastward of Alexandria, at Rosetta, on the Rosetta branch of the Nile, was discovered in 1799,

by Boussard, one of Napoleon's officers, a remarkable stone, now famous under the name of the "Rosetta Stone." It is now kept for inspection under glass in the British Museum at London. It is claimed that this stone is the key which unlocks the mysterious hieroglyphics of the monuments of ancient Egypt, which have been for thousands of years the puzzle of linguists. The stone contains inscriptions in three languages, which are said to be three translations of a decree of Ptolemy V. Epiphanes, in hieroglyphics, demotic, and Greek. With this tri-linguistic key to assist them, philologists have made considerable progress in decyphering the inscriptions on the ancient monuments, and getting, in this way, some idea of the history and customs of the ancient inhabitants of this most interesting country.

In what wonderful times do we live! Every corner of the earth is being investigated and studied by painstaking scientists, and every year adds to the general store of historical information. Not only is this the case, however, but there is also a world-wide tendency towards a regeneration of the neglected portions of the globe. The heathen nations are becoming honeycombed with Christian missions; steam and electricity carry civilization everywhere; and brighter days seem in prospect for this old sin-cursed and blood-stained world. The nations of Europe and America are penetrating the centre of even neglected Africa, and the products

of civilization will soon be carried all over it by railways and steamers; and the dark continent, which in its north-eastern corner was the first home of organized civilization, is apparently about to become its final conquest. The world is getting too small for savages to remain in it. They must reform or die out, as in the case of the American Indian, and unless the debased and ignorant learn civilization, the superior races will inevitably overrun them, and right or wrong, just or unjust, they will go down under the inevitable operation of that force which is called the principle of the *survival of the fittest*. Christianity is striving to elevate the lower races, in the only way it can be done, by the religion of Christ implanted in the head and heart; and if they become worthy to live they will live.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RETURNING TOWARD THE SUNSET.

THE larger number of the people of our pleasant pilgrimage remained a little longer in Egypt than was originally intended, and on a fine December evening two of us might have been seen standing on the deck of a noble English steamer while the anchor was lifting to sail away towards the west. It was not without many regrets that we felt ourselves leaving the shores of what are to the historian and archæologist the most interesting of countries. It hardly seemed true that we had traversed the greater portion of the lands of the Bible, and were now on our way back to the new world, where the great interest of the present civilization gathers. So unlike the rest of our life had been those weeks in the east, that now we were going back to our several scenes of labor, we seemed just awaking from a wonderful dream.

The change was all the more sudden, because now, for the first time since leaving England, we found ourselves surrounded by people who spoke our own tongue. The only relic of the Orient on board was the solemn Egyptian pilot who guided our vessel out into the deep sea. All the officers were English-

men, the stewards and the greater number of passengers were also from the favored isle. We found it a little awkward at first not to say to a stranger, "*Salaam Elekum*," or at least "*Bon soir*," "*Monsieur, bon soir.*" It was by no means disagreeable, however, to take one's seat at table, and have a cockney accost us with: "Will you have a bit of roast beef, sir; and will you have it rare or well done?" The captain, a singularly handsome old gentleman with locks and beard as white as snow, was, as is so often the case with elderly Englishmen, as vigorous as a man of twenty-five. The officers were seamanlike and courteous; the vessel trim and clean, and one that made excellent speed across the calm sea. We certainly have reason to be grateful to the Mediterranean for its gentle treatment of us, for during all our five voyages, beginning with that from Constantinople to Athens, we had no storm, no rough sea, and only about two hours of fog, just at the close, as we came in sight of Italy.

Our destination was Brindisi, ancient Brundusium, which we reached after a sail of forty hours. During the voyage we passed in sight of Crete, and the islands which lie off the western coast of Greece. Brindisi has a bad reputation among travellers, which it seemed hardly to deserve, but there is little in the place to interest the general reader. We shall give no description of the town or its people, but pass on towards more attractive scenes; and though this volume is

intended to present a picture of the Land of Holy Light, it can hardly be out of place to insert, on the return journey, a few sketches of cities which, though modern in comparison with scenes we have so long dwelt upon, are ancient to us denizens of the newest world, and which are luminous in history with the glory of the gospel as it touched them on its way towards the last discovered land, which is now so bright with its heavenly rays. I will beg the reader not to be too impatient for America, but to tarry a little while along the way, and first of all at Naples.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPLES AND POMPEII.

THE beauty of the view afforded by this city and its surroundings has not been exaggerated. It comprehends more, perhaps, in one sweep of the eye than any other place on earth. From a vessel in the bay one sees a magnificent amphitheatre, the city being built on the ascending tiers of galleries which rise from the water, with Mount Vesuvius standing at the right, holding his blazing, smoking torch three thousand four hundred feet high. Above it all is a sky cloudless and intensely blue. Along the edge of the bay is one of the finest drives in Europe, where in the afternoons throng the wealth and fashion of Naples, Except this grand boulevard, the lower streets will not bear inspection, but are filled with sights, smells and sounds which shock the senses. Higher up are found the palaces of the nobility and the homes of the rich.

At the right of the city is seen a tunnel or "grotto," a third of a mile long, for vehicles, cut through solid stone in the time of the Emperor Nero. At the nearer end is the tomb of Virgil; the further opening leads to Puzzuoli (ancient Puteoli) where the Apostle Paul

landed when on his way to Rome a prisoner, and where he found brethren who desired him to tarry with them seven days.

It was not very many years after Paul's visit to the bay, that a memorable occurrence took place, in 79 A. D., on the opposite side, at Pompeii. This city was destroyed and entirely covered up with the debris of a volcanic eruption. Here it lay undisturbed for seventeen hundred years, when excavations were undertaken. Pompeii is now a mile or two from the bay, whereas in ancient times it was a seaport, and even now the stone-paved landing place is seen in a perfect state of preservation. The irruption which destroyed Pompeii also filled up the harbor for quite a distance and made of it a fertile plain.

We visited this intensely interesting place on a clear day. Naples was glistening in the distance. Capri Island, and Ischia, where a few years ago several thousand people lost their lives in an earthquake, loomed up from the sea, and a few miles from us stood Vesuvius, pouring out great billows of smoke which rolled away into the sky. The city looks as fresh as if it had been covered up last year, and uncovered yesterday. It was not long subjected to the destroying influence of heat, or it would not be the interesting place it is to-day. First came the rain of fire, which consumed the combustible roofs, and, it is supposed, gave most of the inhabitants an opportunity to escape.

Then ensued a deluge of ashes and water, which filled up every space, and preserved the city in a singularly perfect state. Eggs, bread, nuts, prunes, and many other things of household use, were preserved as charcoal. The frescoes on the walls, are, in many cases, perfect, and show what the people of that day delighted in. Some of these frescoes tell a terrible tale of crime. Now that the earth has been removed, one sees a city without an inhabitant. Its streets are oppressively silent. There are the tracks of wheels, but no sound of rumbling chariot; the print of hands and feet, that are no more, at fountains which have been dry for eighteen hundred years; theatres without actors or audiences; temples with no priests nor worshippers; market-places, shops, baths, without a sound or shape of human presence; and above it stands Vesuvius plumed with fire and smoke, where he has sentinelled this sleeping city almost twenty centuries.

The fine white ash consolidated by the action of water took the forms of the objects which it enveloped, producing innumerable moulds or casts of utensils, articles of food, beasts and human beings. The excavations which have been carried forward in Pompeii, by which the more important portions of the ruins have been brought to light, have furnished the means of studying the life of an old Roman city, such as could not have been afforded by volumes of description. Some important lessons may be learned from

the excavations, which give us such a complete picture of the doings of the people of the buried city.

A few human forms were found in a wine cellar, in attitudes indicative of agony. One was hiding its face in the ground to keep from inhaling the breath of fire; another on its back with hands uplifted in helplessness. Domestic animals in great numbers and rabbits have been recovered. But most pathetic of all was the finding of sixty-three soldiers buried in the barracks. They could not leave their posts and fly at the first sound of danger, as could the citizens, but must wait for orders, which never came, and die. But their mute forms, now reproduced in stone, tell the world of duty, and how the memory of faithfulness unto death endureth in imperishable records while generations pass. When the ages that now are silent shall be uncovered at the last great day, what revelations will be made! It shall then appear that the crimes, the heroism, the hate, the love, the faith, the unnoticed self-abnegation, have none of them been lost, but may be read by the Judge of all the earth, and by all creatures, from unfading frescoes. Each age is a Pompeii; oh! what a great uncovering there shall be at the last!

This famous city, it can hardly be called a ruin, is the most interesting relic of antiquity in Europe, and perhaps nothing else gives so good an idea of the life of ancient times. It is a complete Roman city that dropped asleep two thousand years ago and awoke but

yesterday. How strange the modern world looks from its ancient streets! One sees great Naples with its commerce and magnificent buildings, its harbor filled with giant steamships where galleys used to float, and just before the gates of Pompeii run thundering railway trains with the iron horses that would have frightened the very cavalry of Rome, and made her legions think that Pluto had come red-hot from Hades. It is something of a shock to pass out of Pompeii, and while you look for a conveyance to *Roma*, to be asked for a railway ticket by a uniformed guard who bears the faintest possible resemblance to one of Cæsar's legionaries. We go on to Rome, not by "Appii Forum," the "Three Taverns," and the "Appian Way," though it is still a public thoroughfare, but by an iron road, with nineteenth century style and speed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

THOSE who expect to find the climate of Florida or Southern Georgia in Italy will be much surprised when they sojourn in Rome or Naples. There are many days which are as delicious as those of our southern climate, but when the wind blows, as it does very often, from the north, or northeast, from the mountains, it becomes suddenly cold, and ice is formed. This is severe on those affected with pulmonary diseases. Even in Naples the orange only flourishes in protected spots. This wind, which is quite trying, is called in Italy the "*tremontana*," in Switzerland the "*bise*," and in France the "*mistral*." After thorough investigation, I am prepared to say that whereas Florida and Southern Georgia lack the magnificent Italian scenery of mountain, valley, and sea, the *climate* of our southern winter paradise is incomparably superior to that of the much-admired "*Riviera*" or sea-coast of the Mediterranean. The air of Florida and Southern Georgia is balminess itself and generally free from malaria, but the *tremontana* that comes whistling down from the snow-clad mountains of Italy is intensely cold, dry, and rasping.

We have seen a great number of paintings by the

old masters. They are masterpieces, indeed, and deserve their fame. But the art of the middle ages has been extremely *cramped* in Europe. It has been largely confined to the portraiture of religious subjects. The artists generally selected their subjects from the calendar of saints. There are hundreds of Madonnas, Magdalenes, Peters, Pauls. There are pious monks, and priests, and nuns, and cardinals, and popes without number. One tires of saints in pictures; saints in galleries and in churches; saints in black, and white, and grey; male saints and female saints; living saints and dead saints; and wishes he might see a picture of something else, though it were Satan. It would be a relief to look at a painting of a good horse! Seriously, art has been cramped in the selection of its *subjects* in Italy. The *execution* of the masterpieces is perfection, but what a field was left untouched while they labored over the imaginary delineations of our Lord, all inadequate, and of characters from sacred history! Nature with its thousand forms and combinations of beauty, divine workmanship in mountain, valley, land, sea, beasts, and birds; mankind in its manliness and strength, in its weakness and pathos, in war, peace, love, hate, singing, laughing, weeping, dying, are fields as rich with materials for the sculptor and the painter, as for the poet. The *world* should be the field of art, and not a small though sacred portion of it.

Rome is full of magnificent churches and beggars. St. Peter's and St. Paul's surpass the wildest imagination. I have never seen any description of them which did them justice. But an astonishingly large proportion of those who worship in them are dressed in rags. There is a connection between these things. The Roman Church has absorbed the wealth of the people and spent it in marble and pictures for its own aggrandizement. The popes have held sway here for a thousand years, and the result is ignorance, superstition, and squalor. It is painful to see poor ragged creatures devoutly kissing the toe of a bronze image of Peter the Apostle, or crawling on their knees up the holy stairs. When one walks among the ruins of ancient Rome, the Colosseum, the palace of the Cæsars, or passes under the arches of Constantine and Titus, or stands in the Forum—the places made memorable by one of the mightiest races that ever lived, it is painful to see their degenerate children lying indolently in the sunshine or leaning against a pillar asking alms.

But there is a brighter side to this picture. The temporal power of the popes is no more; and the Quirinal Palace is now occupied by the young King Humbert. He is strong and growing stronger with the people, and his queen, Marguerita, is almost adored. He loses no opportunity to gather to himself the confidence and affection of his subjects. Ships of war are building; they are fortifying the harbors,

draining lowlands, improving the sanitary condition of the cities; and everywhere there are signs of returning life. A better day has dawned for Italy. In nearly all the cities there has been a great increase of population, and handsome buildings are being erected by the hundreds. The people are waking up; *the Italians are taking Italy.* A gentleman, in a conversation with me, spoke strongly against the influence of the Church of Rome during the past. I said to him, "You are not a Catholic, I presume." His answer was, "Yes, I am a Catholic, *but I am also a man!*" The government is establishing free schools everywhere; and encouragement is given to the Protestant churches. The grand old Waldensians feel that now at last has come the time they have waited for during the dreadful centuries of persecution through which they have passed. They are founding churches, distributing Bibles and other good books. A Waldensian lady told me her mother was banished many years ago for refusing to go to confession, but now they are free to carry on Sunday-schools and every Christian enterprise. The time of liberal ideas has come—the gospel has free course in Italy. It has a mighty task to perform, to rebuild the intellectual and moral ruin of ages; but it is competent to do it, for "it is the power of God unto salvation."

We attended a service in the Pantheon, on a high and holy day. It is older than the Christian era, and

was first used as a heathen temple. Of course we expected to find a large congregation on a great occasion like that. A great number of priests were officiating at the altar, music of a high order was furnished by a concealed choir, but the audience numbered only three persons—two women and one man! On the morning of a holy day we went to St. Peter's, and found a cardinal, attended by a host of priests, conducting service in a side chapel of the great structure which was built to contain a vast multitude, in the presence of a few hundred, a large proportion of whom were Protestant tourists, with red guide-books in their hands.

The truth is, the people are drifting away from the Church of Rome. While the priests are intoning Latin prayers and swinging censers of smoking incense, the Italians are repairing their ruined cities, and zealous Protestants are preaching the gospel and building up the kingdom of Christ.

Setting out on a fine morning, from our hotel opposite the Quirinal Palace, we ride in our carriage out towards the Campagna. We wind through a labyrinth of narrow streets, and finally emerge through the gate of St. Sebastian, in the Appian Way, over which the Apostle Paul came when he entered Rome, "an ambassador in bonds." We are in full view of the Colosseum, the Baths of Caracalla, the Palatine Hill, with its ruins of ancient magnificence, and the Capitol,

standing upon the Capitoline Hill. The day is fine, the frosty air is bracing; the historic Campagna stretches far away to the mountains, which are covered with snow, and overhead is the typical Italian sky—a dome of sapphire. The Eternal City becomes more and more imposing as we leave it in the distance, ascending gradually in our journey. What an historic road is this! What hosts of mighty men, horse and foot soldiers, bearing the Roman eagles, what generals and statesmen, have passed over it going to the conquest of nations, or returning covered with glory and laden with trophies! But of all the mighty men who have trod this thoroughfare, the mightiest, and he who had the greatest influence over the world, was the obscure Jew who came to Rome as a prisoner, who died there for his faith, and whose name was Paul.

Returning to the city after a drive of eight miles over the Appian Way, we visited Mamertine Prison. There seems no reason for doubting the tradition that this was the place of Paul's confinement during a part of the time he lived in Rome, though he dwelt two whole years in his own hired house in another part of the city. The Mamertine Prison is more like a tomb than a place for living occupants. It is at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, near the Forum, and over it now stands a small church, on the front of which are two figures, carved out of stone, representing Paul and Peter, looking through prison bars, for the Roman Catholic Church says that the latter apostle also suf-

fered imprisonment here. The place has, by the same authority, been made to celebrate more the fame of him whom it claims as the first pope, and who quite probably never saw Rome, than of the other apostle who was probably confined in it. Tradition says that here Peter converted his keepers, and to procure water for their baptism, struck his hand upon the rock floor of his dungeon, causing a fountain to burst forth, which is still *miraculously* supplied with water, no doubt by some of the faithful priests who guard it. On the wall, too, are the marks of Peter's features where he struck his face in decending! Entering the church, where service was going on, we find a guide ready with wax tapers to show us the dismal chamber. It is a subterranean one, and we descend by a narrow stone stairway into an apartment about twelve feet wide and eight feet high, absolutely without light, except what shines from our dimly burning tapers. The walls are damp and the air of the place is bad. One thinks what a horrid place to spend even an hour in, much more weary days or months of a long imprisonment. But, to our astonishment, the guide says this is not the place of the apostle's confinement, it is deeper down. He points to a black hole in the floor and bids us descend to the prison, which is just beneath the one in which we are standing. Some hesitate to go any further, but the guide passes in with the light and we follow, and in a moment we stand shuddering, holding our breath lest we inhale

death with this dampness, on the spot made historic by the sufferings of the greatest man of the New Dispensation. It is a small circular chamber, all of stone, arched overhead, where originally was an opening through which at first the prisoner was let down by a rope, and afterwards his food; the stairway being a modern addition for the use of visitors. The walls are dripping with dew of blackness, as if the darkness had liquefied. The place is close and stifling, and our subdued voices are crushed back upon us by the low arch above. We remain only a moment, but that moment is intense with thought. The scenes of eighteen hundred years ago come up before us. It is a solemn time. We seem to hear an old man saying, "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing," And we hear a sound of metal striking against metal; is it the clashing of cymbals? No; it is only the clanking of the chains on an aged prisoner's hands as he lifts them to his head. But there soon will be the sound of harps and cymbals here, and on that weary, weather-beaten head shall descend the promised crown. "Paul the aged," "Paul the aged," goes from lip to lip as we ascend the stairs, and we felt that it was good to be there.

The Apostle, writing from Rome when he appeared before Nero the second time, says: "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain; but when he was in Rome he sought me out very diligently and found me." How tenderly the aged apostle appreciated the courageous devotion of his former friend! In the same chapter he exhorts Timothy: "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner." Who can doubt that at last, Onesiphorus will hear from the throne the gracious words, "I was in prison and ye visited me."

The Apostle may have been in this prison, or in his own hired house, which must have been an obscure one, when Onesiphorus visited the city; but, at any rate, it was not easy to find, or get access to him, for he had to seek him out "diligently;" but for this seeking out, for this attention to one who called himself "the least of all the apostles," but whom we would call the greatest, this man's name has gone into history engraven on the tables of God's imperishable Word.

Tradition says St. Paul was beheaded in Rome, by order of Nero, and it is probably true. But wherever or however it was, the old hero was ready when the summons came, and was glad "to depart and be with Christ."

CHAPTER XL.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

LEAVING London covered by a black fog, on the morning of a cold day in January, we rushed down to Liverpool by fast express, and by the middle of the afternoon were skimming over the Mersey, and out into the sea. The great Cunard steamer, *Etruria*, on which we found ourselves happily sojourning, looked bravely towards the stormy Atlantic, and we were not sorry to feel that the next shores we touched would be those of the "Land we Love."

Without mentioning any names, it may not be out of place to describe the *dramatis personæ* of the tour. A city of Tennessee furnished five pleasant people; the head of that contingent being a Presbyterian minister, who had once been a military man, and who combined in his character the manliness and courage of a soldier, and the gentleness of a woman. He was accompanied by his wife, a most attractive lady, and who, though not very robust apparently, stood the fatigues of the long horseback ride through Syria and Palestine as well as the strongest, and who, by her uniform kindness and sweetness of manner, made sunshine for us all wherever we sojourned. We were

indebted to them for the presence with us of a gallant deacon, who had also served an apprenticeship to Mars, and of his lovely daughter, a maiden "in her teens," who, together with another young lady, a sparkling Virginia girl, furnished just that kind of cheerful society which men and women of all ages never fail to appreciate. The junior gentleman of the company was one who bids fair to make a model traveller through life, as he did through the Orient, by being always ready, maintaining a uniform courtesy, and never complaining at the inconveniences usually attendant upon journeys by land and sea. For industry in study, and a determination to make the most of a rare opportunity for learning, as well as for their unfailing politeness, an excellent gentleman and his good little wife, from Chicago, could not be surpassed. We became very fond of a young Australian, who joined us at Berlin, who had already seen a very large portion of the world, and who seemed determined to master what remained. West Virginia contributed a son of whom she need not be ashamed, one whom we shall ever remember with pleasure. A brave soldier-preacher from the blue-grass fields of Kentucky, and a noble ministerial class-mate of the author, both Presbyterian ministers, and an Episcopal clergyman from Detroit, completed the corps. We had, during the various portions of our tour, three conductors, whose capacity for business arrangements was usually

good. The fact that they were not always posted about historical associations was compensated for by the local guides and dragomen, engaged by them, at all important places.

The Detroit clergyman was my only *companion de voyage*, from Egypt, where we left the party to precede them across the Mediterranean. The refinement and culture, as well as deep piety of my friend, made the journey in his company most delightful, and we should be glad to have it all over again.

As the shores of the old world sank from view beneath the watery horizon, and we sailed away towards the west, we at first experienced a feeling of sadness that our tour was ended. We looked back fondly over the horseback rides among the most classic of earthly scenes, and lingered in thought, amid the hills of Galilee, the garden of Gethsemane, the town of Bethlehem, and the solemn streets of Jerusalem. But when we took up our Bibles to read, sitting on deck, with the silent sea around us, we began to appreciate more than ever before what we had acquired. No page of the sacred volume was without an added interest and a new meaning. Our first thought was to read over at once the entire book in the light of all we had seen. It is said that the Rev. Charles Spurgeon often declared his determination never to visit the lands of the Bible, because he feared he might lose some of the glamour with which his imagination had clothed those sacred scenes.

We confess to having feared something like this ourselves before we set foot upon the holy fields, but never afterwards. We are glad to say that the effect of our travels in Syria and Palestine has been to deepen our interest in everything pertaining to the inspired history of redemption, and the sentiment we had about the country before visiting it has been only intensified. Indeed, these lands seem just the most appropriate setting for the religion of God. There is about them an unlikeness to the rest of the world, and a correspondence with divine thought which must impress the devout traveller. From this point of view it is all the better that Palestine is not in a high state of commercial prosperity. We resent the idea of Jerusalem being a great metropolis of modern commerce. Better to have a Mohammedan house of worship on Mount Moriah than a factory, and a Catholic church over the holy manger than a railway station with its thoughtless throng. Perhaps it may have been a part of the divine plan to keep the land desolate, at least to the present time, when the inspiration of the Scriptures is so savagely attacked, that out of its ruins, and out of its very graves, confirmation might be gathered to show the truthfulness of the Eternal Word. The Bible gets new lustre from time to time from this hoary country, and Palestine remains to-day what it has been since first God promised it to Abraham for himself and his seed forever—THE LAND OF HOLY LIGHT.

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